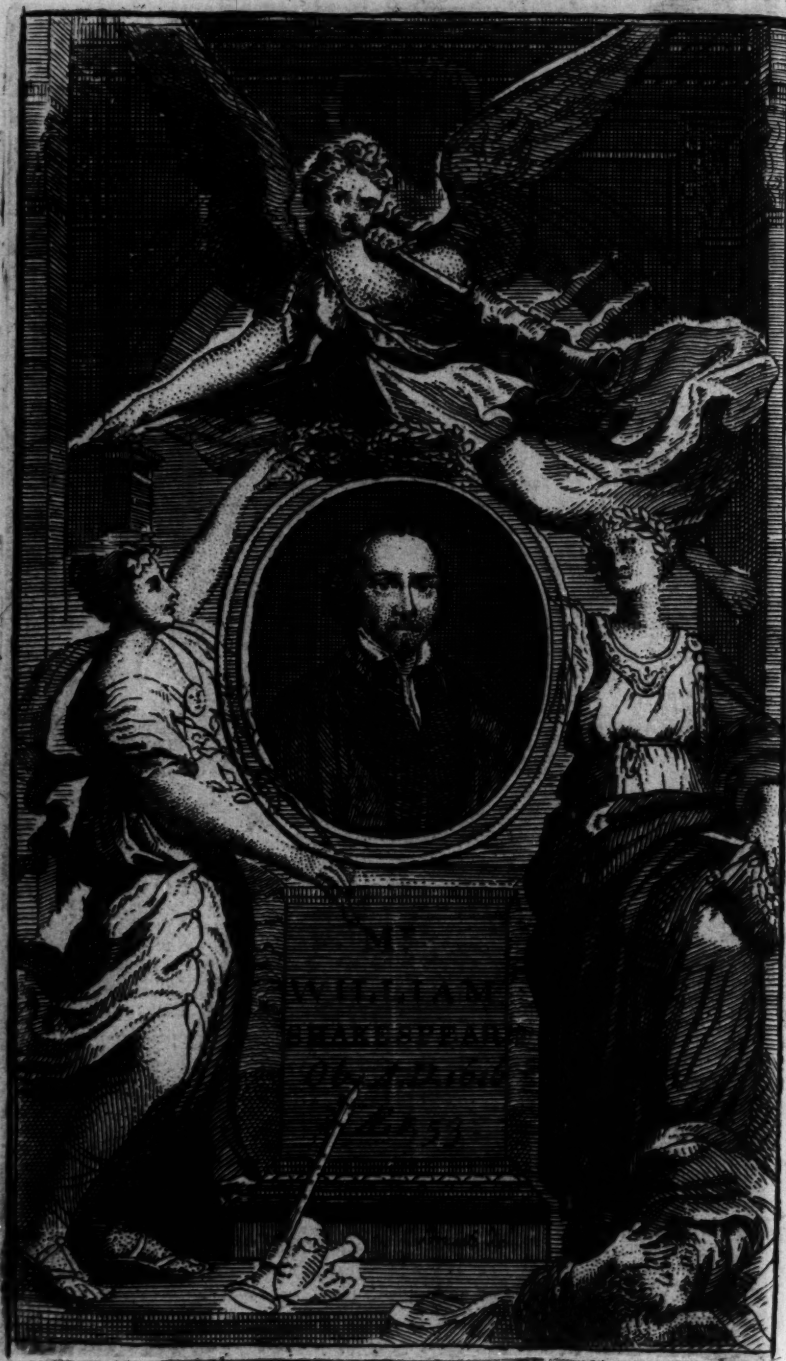
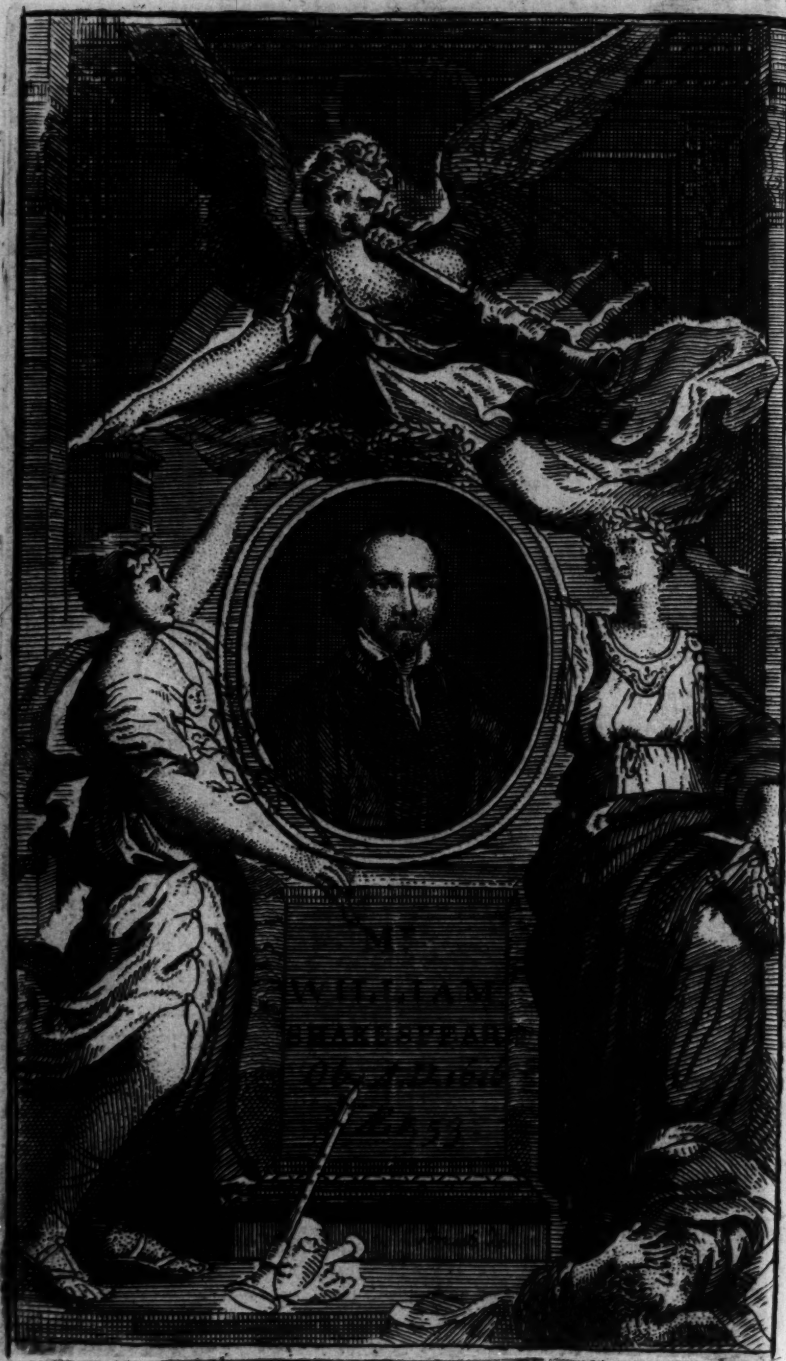




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THE
Dramatick WORKS
OF
William Shakespear.
VOLUME I.

Containing the Six following PLAYS, *viz.*

- I. HAMLET, Prince of DENMARK, a Tragedy.
II. JULIUS CÆSAR, a Tragedy.
III. The Life and Death of King RICHARD III.
with the Landing of the Earl of RICHMOND, and
the Battle at *Bosworth-Field*, being the Last between
The Houses of *Lancaster* and *York*.
IV. The Life and Death of THOMAS Lord
CROMWELL.
V. The TEMPEST, a Comedy.
VI. The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR, a Comedy.



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MDCCXXXIV.

THE
 Dramatic Works
 OF
 William Shakespeare.
 VOLUME I.

Containing the following Plays:
 I. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, a Tragedy.
 II. Othello, the Moor of Venice, a Tragedy.
 III. King Lear, a Tragedy.
 IV. Macbeth, a Tragedy.
 V. Antony and Cleopatra, a Tragedy.
 VI. Coriolanus, a Tragedy.
 VII. Cymbeline, a Tragedy.
 VIII. The Winter's Tale, a Tragedy.
 IX. The Tempest, a Comedy.
 X. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, a Comedy.
 XI. A Midsummer Night's Dream, a Comedy.
 XII. As You Like It, a Comedy.
 XIII. Twelfth Night, a Comedy.
 XIV. All's Well That Ends Well, a Comedy.
 XV. Measure for Measure, a Comedy.
 XVI. The Merchant of Venice, a Comedy.
 XVII. The Merry Wives of Windsor, a Comedy.
 XVIII. The Taming of the Shrew, a Comedy.
 XIX. The School for Women, a Comedy.
 XX. The School for Rascals, a Comedy.
 XXI. The School for Boys, a Comedy.
 XXII. The School for Masters, a Comedy.
 XXIII. The School for Soldiers, a Comedy.
 XXIV. The School for Politicians, a Comedy.
 XXV. The School for Divines, a Comedy.
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 XXIX. The School for Mathematicians, a Comedy.
 XXX. The School for Musicians, a Comedy.
 XXXI. The School for Poets, a Comedy.
 XXXII. The School for Philosophers, a Comedy.
 XXXIII. The School for Statesmen, a Comedy.
 XXXIV. The School for Warriors, a Comedy.
 XXXV. The School for Champions, a Comedy.
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 XXXVIII. The School for Emperors, a Comedy.
 XXXIX. The School for Popes, a Comedy.
 XL. The School for Cardinals, a Comedy.
 XLI. The School for Bishops, a Comedy.
 XLII. The School for Priests, a Comedy.
 XLIII. The School for Monks, a Comedy.
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 XLV. The School for Friars, a Comedy.
 XLVI. The School for Hermits, a Comedy.
 XLVII. The School for Anchors, a Comedy.
 XLVIII. The School for Deserters, a Comedy.
 XLIX. The School for Solitaries, a Comedy.
 L. The School for Celibates, a Comedy.



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 1791.
 MDCCXCVI.



SOME
A C C O U N T
OF THE
Life and Writings
OF
Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



IT seems to be a kind of Respect due to the Memory of Excellent Men, especially of those whom their Wit and Learning have made Famous, to deliver some Account of themselves, as well as their Works, to Posterity. For this Reason, how fond do we see some People of discovering any little Personal Story of the great Men of Antiquity, their Families, the common Accidents of their Lives, and even their Shape, Make and Features have been the Subject of critical Enquiries. How trifling soever this Curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very Natural; and we are hardly satisfy'd with an Account of any remarkable Person, 'till we have heard him describ'd
even

even to the very Cloaths he weares. As for what relates to Men of Letters, the Knowledge of an Author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his Book : And tho' the Works of *Mr. SHAKESPEAR* may seem to many not to want a Comment, yet If any little Account of himself may not be thought improper to go with them.

He was the Son of *Mr. JOHN SHAKESPEAR*, and was born at *Stratford upon Avon*, in *Warwickshire*, in *April 1564*. His Family, as appears by the Register and Publick Writings relating to that Town, were of good Figure and Fashion there, and are mention'd as Gentlemen. His Father, who was a considerable Dealer in Wool, had so large a Family, ten Children in all, that tho' he was his eldest Son, he could give him no better Education than his own Employment. He had bred him, 'tis true, for some time at a Free-School, where 'tis probable he acquir'd that little *Latin* he was Master of : But the narrowness of his Circumstances, and the want of his assistance at Home, forc'd his Father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further Proficiency in that Language. It is without Controversy, that he had no knowledge of the Writings of the Antient Poets, not only from this Reason, but from his Works themselves, where we find no traces of any thing that looks like an Imitation of 'em ; the Delicacy of his Taste, and the natural Bent of his own Great *Genius*, equal, if not superior to some of the best of theirs, would certainly have led him to Read and Study 'em with so much Pleasure, that some of their fine Images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mix'd with his own Writings ; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an Argument of his never having read 'em. Whether his Igno-

rance of the Antients were a Disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a Dispute: For tho' the knowledge of 'em might have made him more Correct, yet it is not improbable but that the Regularity and Deference for them, which would have attended that Correctness, might have restrain'd some of that Fire, Impetuosity, and even beautiful Extravagance which we admire in SHAKESPEAR: And I believe we are better pleas'd with those Thoughts, altogether New and Uncommon, which his own Imagination supply'd him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful Passages out of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a Master of the *English* Language to deliver 'em. Some *Latin* without question he did know, and one may see up and down in his Plays how far his Reading that way went: In *Love's Labour lost*, the Pedant comes out with a Verse of *Mantuan*; and in *Titus Andronicus*, one of the *Gothick* Princes, upon reading

Integer vitæ scelerisque purus

Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu —

says, 'Tis a Verse in *Horace*, but he remembers it out of his Grammar: Which, I suppose, was the Author's Case. Whatever *Latin* he had, 'tis certain he understood *French*, as may be observ'd from many Words and Sentences scatter'd up and down his Plays in that Language; and especially from one Scene in *Henry the Fifth* written wholly in it. Upon his leaving School, he seems to have given intirely into that way of Living which his Father propos'd to him; and in order to settle in the World after a Family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His Wife was the Daughter of one *Hathaway*, said to have been a substantial Yeoman in the Neighbourhood

of *Stratford*. In this kind of Settlement he continued for some time, 'till an Extravagance that that he was guilty of, forc'd him both out of his Country and that way of Living which he had taken up; and tho' it seem'd at first to be a Blemish upon his good Manners, and a Misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily prov'd the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *Genius's* that ever was known in Dramatick Poetry. He had, by a Misfortune common enough to young Fellows, fallen into ill Company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent Practice of Deer-stealing, engag'd him with more than once in robbing a Park that belong'd to Sir *Thomas Lucy* of *Charlecot*, near *Stratford*. For this he was prosecuted by that Gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill Usage, he made a Ballad upon him. And tho' this, probably the first Essay of his Poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the Prosecution against him to that degree, that he was oblig'd to leave his Business and Family in *Warwickshire*, for some time, and shelter himself in *London*.

It is at this Time, and upon this Accident, that he is said to have made his first Acquaintance in the Play-house. He was receiv'd into the Company then in being, at first in a very mean Rank; But his admirable Wit, and the natural Turn of it to the Stage, soon distinguish'd him, if not as an extraordinary Actor, yet as an excellent Writer. His Name is Printed, as the Custom was in those Times, amongst those of the other Players, before some old Plays, but without any particular Account of what sort of Parts he us'd to play; and tho' I have inquir'd, I could never meet with any further Account of him this way,
than

of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR. 7

than that the top of his Performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleas'd, to have learn'd from some certain Authority, which was the first Play he wrote; it would be without doubt a Pleasure to any Man, curious in Things of this Kind, to see and know what was the first Essay of a Fancy like SHAKESPEAR'S. Perhaps we are not to look for his Beginnings, like those of other Authors, among their least perfect Writings; Art had so little, and Nature so large a Share in what he did, that, for ought I know, the Performances of his Youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of Imagination in 'em, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his Fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be Independent on the Rule and Government of Judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so Great, so justly and rightly Conceived in it self, that it wanted little or no Correction, and was immediately approv'd by an impartial Judgment at the first sight. Mr. Dryden seems to think that *Pericles* is one of his first Plays; but there is no Judgment to be form'd on that, since there is good Reason to believe that the greatest Part of that Play was not written by him; tho' it is own'd, some part of it certainly was, particularly the last Act. But tho' the order of Time in which the several Pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are Passages in some few of them which seem to fix their Dates. So the *Chorus* in the beginning of the fifth Act of *Henry V.* by a Compliment very handsomly turn'd to the Earl of *Essex*, shews the Play to have been written when that Lord was General for the Queen in *Ireland*: And his Elogy upon Queen *Elizabeth*, and her Successor King *James*, in the latter

b

latter end of his *Henry VIII.* is a Proof of that Play's being written after the Accession of the latter of those two Princes to the Crown of *England.* Whatever the particular Times of his Writing were, the People of his Age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of Diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *Genius* arise amongst 'em of so pleasurable, so rich a Vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite Entertainments. Besides the Advantages of his Wit, he was in himself a good-natur'd Man, of great Sweetness in his Manners, and a most agreeable Companion; so that it is no wonder if with so many good Qualities he made himself acquainted with the best Conversations of those Times. Queen *Elizabeth* had several of his Plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious Marks of her Favour. It is that Maiden Princess plainly, whom he intends by

— *A fair Vestal, Throned by the West.*

Midsummer Night's Dream,

And that whole Passage is a Compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomly apply'd to her. She was so well pleas'd with that admirable Character of *Falstaff*, in the two Parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one Play more. And to shew him in Love. This is said to be the Occasion of his writing the *Merry Wives of Windsor.* How well she was obey'd, the Play it self is an admirable Proof. Upon this Occasion it may not be improper to observe that this Part of *Falstaff* is said to have been written originally under the Name of *Oldcastle*; some of that Family being then remaining, the Queen was pleas'd to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of *Falstaff.* The present Offence

Of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR VII

fence was indeed avoided; but I don't know whether the Author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second Choice, since it is certain that Sir *John Falstaff*, who was Knight of the Garter, and a Lieutenant-General, was a Name of distinguished Merit in the Wars in *France* in *Henry* the Fifth's and *Henry* the Sixth's Times. What Grace soever the Queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the Fortune which the Reputation of his Wit made. He had the Honour to meet with many great and uncommon Marks of Favour and Friendship from the Earl of *Southampton*, famous in the Histories of that Time for his Friendship to the unfortunate Earl of *Essex*. It was to that Noble Lord that he dedicated his *Venus* and *Adonis*, the only Piece of his Poetry which he ever published himself, tho' many of his Plays were surreptitiously and lamely printed in his Life time. There is one Instance so singular in the Magnificence of this Patron of SHAKESPEAR's, that if I had not been assured that the Story was handed down by Sir *William D'Avenant*, who was probably very well acquainted with his Affairs, I should not have ventur'd to have inserted, that my Lord *Southampton*, at one time, gave him a Thousand Pounds, to enable him to go through with a Purchase which he heard he had a Mind to. A Bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse Generosity the present Age has shewn to *French* Daneers and *Italian* Eunuchs.

What particular Habitudoes or Friendships he contracted with private Men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one who had a true Taste of Merit, and could distinguish Men, had generally a just Value and Esteem for him. His exceeding Candor and good Nature most certainly

VIII *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

ly have inclin'd all the gentler Part of the World to love him, as the Power of his Wit oblig'd the Men of the most delicate Knowledge and polite Learning to admire him. Among these was the incomparable Mr. *Edmund Spencer*, who speaks of him in his *Tears of the Muses*, not only with the Praises due to a good Poet, but even lamenting his Absence with the Tenderness of a Friend. The Passage is in *Thalia's Complaint* for the Decay of Dramatick Poetry, and the Contempt the Stage then lay under, amongst his Miscellaneous Work.

*And he the Man, whom Nature's self had made
To mock her self, and Truth to imitate
With kindly Counter under mimick Shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all Joy and jolly Merriment
Is also deaded, and in Dolour drent.*

*Instead thereof, scoffing Scurrility
And scorning Folly with Contempt is creep,
Rolling in Rhimes of shameless Ribaldry,
Without Regard to due Decorum kept;
Each idle Wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's Task upon him take.*

*But that same gentle Spirit, from whose Pen
Large Streams of Honey and sweet Nectar flow,
Scorning the Boldness of such base-born Men,
Which dare their Fellies forth so rashly throw;
Doth rather chuse to sit in idle Cell,
Than so himself to Mockery to sell.*

I know some People have been of Opinion, that SHAKESPEAR is not meant by *Willy* in the first Stanza of these Verses, because *Spencer's* Death happen'd twenty Years before SHAKESPEAR's. But, besides that the Character is not applicable to

any Man of that time but himself, it is plain by the last *Stanza* that Mr. *Spencer* does not mean that he was then really Dead, but only that he had withdrawn himself from the Publick, or at least with-held his Hand from Writing, out of a disgust he had taken at the then ill taste of the Town, and the mean Condition of the State. Mr. *Dryden* was always of Opinion these Verses were meant of SHAKESPEAR; and 'tis highly probable they were so, since he was three and thirty Years old at *Spencer's* Death; and his Reputation in Poetry must have been great enough before that Time to have deserv'd what is here said of him. His Acquaintance with *Ben Johnson* began with a remarkable piece of Humanity and good Nature; Mr. *Johnson*, who was at that Time altogether unknown to the World, had offer'd one of his Plays to the Players, in order to have it Acted; and the Persons into whose Hands it was put, after having turn'd it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natur'd Answer, that it would be of no service to their Company, when SHAKESPEAR luckily cast his Eye upon it, and found something so well in it as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. *Johnson* and his Writings to the Publick. After this they were profess'd Friends; tho' I don't know whether the other ever made him an equal return of Gentleness and Sincerity. *Ben* was naturally Proud and Insolent, and in the Days of his Reputation did so far take upon him the Supremacy in Wit, that he could not but look with an evil Eye upon any one that seem'd to stand in Competition with him. And if at times he has affected to commend him, it has always been with some Reserve, insinuating his Uncorrectness, a careless manner of Writing;

and what of Judgment ; the Praise of seldom altering or blotting out what he writ, which was given him by the Players who were the first Publishers of his Works after his Death, was what *Johnson* could not bear ; he thought it impossible, perhaps, for another Man to strike out the greatest Thoughts in the finest Expression, and to reach those Excellencies of Poetry with the Ease of a first Imagination, which himself with infinite Labour and Study could but hardly attain to. *Johnson* was certainly a very good Scholar, and in that had the advantage of SHAKESPEAR ; tho' at the same I believe it must be allow'd, that what Nature gave the latter, was more than a Balance for what Books had given the former ; and the Judgment of a great Man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a Conversation between Sir *John Suckling*, Sir *William D'Avenant*, *Endymion Porter*, Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton*, and *Ben Johnson* ; Sir *John Suckling*, who was a profess'd Admirer of SHAKESPEAR, had undertaken his Defence against *Ben Johnson* with some warmth ; Mr. *Hales*, who had sat still for some time, hearing *Ben* frequently reproaching him with the want of Learning, and Ignorance of the Antients, told him at last, *That if Mr. SHAKESPEAR had not read the Antients, he had likewise not stollen any thing from 'em ; (a Fault the other made no Conscience of) and that if he would produce any one Topick finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same Subject at least as well written by SHAKESPEAR.* *Johnson* did indeed take a large liberty, even to the transcribing and translating of whole Scenes together ; and sometimes, with all Deference to so great a Name as his, not altogether for the advantage of the Authors of whom he borrow'd. And if *Augustus* and *Virgil* were really

really what he has made 'em in a Scene of his *Poetaster*, they are as odd an Emperor and a Poet as ever met. SHAKESPEAR, on the other Hand, was beholding to no body farther than the Foundation of the Tale, the Incidents were often his own, and the Writing intirely so. There is one Play of his, indeed, *The Comedy of Errors*, in a great measure taken from the *Mencechmi* of *Plautus*. How that happened, I cannot easily Divine, since as I hinted before, I do not take him to have been Master of *Latin* enough to read it in the Original, and I know of no Translation of *Plautus* so Old as his Time.

As I have not promised to my self to enter into a Large and Compleat Criticism upon Mr. SHAKESPEAR's Works, so I suppose it will neither be expected that I should take notice of the severe Remarks that have been formerly made upon him by Mr. *Rhymer*. I must confess, I cannot very well see what could be the Reason of his animadverting with so much Sharpness, upon the Faults of a Man Excellent on most Occasions, and whom all the World ever was and will be inclin'd to have an Esteem and Veneration for. If it was to shew his own Knowledge in the Art of Poetry, besides that there is a Vanity in making that only his Design, I question if there be not many Imperfections as well in those Schemes and Precepts he has given for the Direction of others, as well as in that Sample of Tragedy which he has written to shew the Excellency of his own *Genius*. If he had a Pique against the Man, and wrote on purpose to ruin a Reputation so well establish'd, he has had the Mortification to fail altogether in his Attempt, and to see the World at least as fond of *Shakespeare* as of his Critique. But I won't believe a Gentleman, and a good-natur'd Man, capable of the

last Intention. Whatever may have been his Meaning, finding Fault is certainly the easiest Task of Knowledge, and commonly those Men of good Judgment, who are likewise of good and gentle Dispositions, abandon this ungrateful Province to the Tyranny of Pedants. If one would enter into the Beauties of SHAKESPEAR, there is a much larger, as well as a more delightful Field; but as I won't prescribe to the Tastes of other People, so I will only take the liberty, with all due Submission to the Judgment of others, to observe some of those Things I have been pleas'd with in looking him over.

His Plays are properly to be distinguish'd only into Comedies and Tragedies. Those which are called Histories, and even some of his Comedies, are really Tragedies, with a run or mixture of Comedy amongst 'em. That way of Trage-Comedy was the common Mistake of that Age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the *English* Taste, that tho' the severest Critiques among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our Audiences seem to be better pleas'd with it than with an exact Tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure Comedy; the rest, however they are call'd, have something of both Kinds. 'Tis not very easy to determine which way of Writing he was most excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of Entertainment in his Comical Humours; and tho' they did not then strike at all Ranks of People, as the Satyr of the present Age has taken the Liberty to do, yet there is a pleasing and a well-distinguish'd Variety in those Characters which he thought fit to meddle with. *Falstaff* is allowed by every body to be a Master-piece; the Character is always well-sustain'd, tho'
drawn

drawn out into the length of three Plays; and even the Account of his Death, given by his Old Landlady Mrs. *Quickly*, in the first Act of *Henry V.* tho' it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any Part of his Life. If there be any Fault in the Draught he has made of this lewd old Fellow, it is, that tho' he has made him a Thief, Lying, Cowardly, Vain-glorious, and in short every way Vicious, yet he has given him so much Wit as to make him almost too agreeable; and I don't know whether some People have not, in remembrance of the Diversion he had formerly afforded 'em been sorry to see his Friend *Hal* use him so scurvily, when he comes to the Crown in the End of the Second Part of *Henry* the Fourth. Amongst other Extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a Deer-stealer, that he might at the same time remember his *Warwickshire* Prosecutor, under the Name of Justice *Shallow*; he has given him very near the same Coat of Arms which *Dugdale*, in his Antiquities of that County describes for a Family there, and makes a *Welsh* Parson descant very pleasantly upon 'em. That whole Play is admirable; the Humours are various and well oppos'd; the main Design, which is to cure *Ford* of his unreasonable Jealousy, is extremely well conducted. *Falstaff's Billet-doux*, and *Master Slender's*

Ah! Sweet Ann Page! are very good Expressions of Love in their Way. In *Twelfth-Night* there is something singularly Ridiculous and pleasant in the fantastical Steward *Malvolio*. The Parasite and the Vain-glorious in *Parolles* in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any Thing of that Kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. *Petruchio*, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon Piece of Humour. The Conversation

of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of *Rosalind* in *As you like it*, have much Wit and Sprightlinefs all along. His Clowns, without which Character there was hardly any Play writ in that Time, are all very entertaining: And I believe *Thersites* in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and *Apemantus* in *Timon*, will be allow'd to be Master-Pieces of ill Nature, and satyrical Snarling. To these I might add, that incomparable Character of *Shylock* the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but tho' we have seen that Play receiv'd and acted as a Comedy, and the Part of the Jew perform'd by an excellent Comedian, yet I cannot but think it was design'd Tragically by the Author. There appears in it such a deadly Spirit of Revenge, such a savage Fiercenefs and Fellness, and such a bloody Designation of Cruelty and Mischief, as cannot agree either with the Stile and Characters of Comedy. The Play it self, take it all together, seems to me to be one of the most finish'd of any of SHAKESPEAR'S. The Tale indeed, in that Part relating to the Caskets, and the extravagant and unusual Kind of Bond given by *Antonio*, is a little too much remov'd from the Rules of Probability: But taking the Fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the Friendship of *Antonio* to *Bassanio* very great, generous and tender. The whole fourth Act, supposing as I said, the Fact to be probable, is extremely Fine. For there are two Passages that deserve a particular Notice. The first is, that *Portia* says in praise of Mercy, and the other on the power of Musick. The Melancholly of *Jagues*, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if what *Horace* says

Difficile est proprie communia Dicere,

'Twill

'Twill be a hard Task for any one to go beyond him in the Description of the several Degrees and Ages of Man's Life, tho' the Thought be old, and common enough.

— All the Words a Stage,
And all the Men and Women merry Players;
They have their Exits and their Entrances,
And one Man in his Time plays many Parts,
His Acts being seven Ages. At first the Infant
Mewling and puking in the Nurse's Arms:
And then, the whining School-boy with his Satchel,
And shining Morning Face, creeping like Snail
Unwillingly to School. And then the Lover
Sighing like Furnace, with a woful Ballad
Made to his Mistress' Eye-brow. Then a Soldier
Full of strange Oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Jealous in Honour, sudden and quick in Quarrel,
Seeking the Bubble Reputation
Ev'n in the Cannon's Mouth. And then the Justice
In fair round Belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With Eyes severe, and Beard of formal Cut,
Full of wise Sawes and modern Instances;
And so he plays his Part. The sixth Age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With Spectacles on Nose, and Pouch on Side;
His youthful Hose, well sav'd, a World too wide
For his shrunk Shank; and his big manly Voice
Turning again tow'rd childish treble Pipes,
And whistles in his Sound. Last Scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful History,
Is second Childishness and maer Oblivion,
Sans Teeth, sans Eyes, sans Taste, sans ev'ry Thing.

His Images are indeed every where so lively,
that the Thing he would represent stands full be-
fore you, and you possess every Part of it. I will
venture

XVI *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as strong and as uncommon as any thing I ever saw; 'tis an Image of Patience. Speaking of a Maid in Love, he says,

— *She never told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th Bud,
Feed on her Damask Cheek: She pin'd in Thought;
And sat like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief.*

What an Image is here given! and what a Task would it have been for the greatest Masters of Greece and Rome to have express'd the Passions design'd by this Sketch of Statuary? The Stile of his Comedy is, in general, natural to the Characters, and easy in it self; and the Wit most commonly sprightly and pleasing, except in those Places where he runs into Dogrel Rhymes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and a Passage or two in some other Plays. As for his Jingling sometimes, and playing upon Words, it was the common Vice of the Age he lived in: And if we find it in the Pulpit, made use of as an Ornament to the Sermons of some of the gravest Divines of those Times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the Stage.

But certainly the Greatness of this Author's Genius do's no where so much appear, as where he gives his Imagination an entire Loofe, and raises his Fancy to a flight above Mankind and the Limits of the visible World. Such are his Attempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be plac'd the first by the former Publishers of his Works, can never have been the first written by him: It seems to me as perfect in its Kind, as almost any thing we have
of

of his. One may observe, that the Unities are kept here with an Exactness uncommon to the Liberties of his Writing: Tho' that was what I suppose, he valu'd himself least upon, since his Excellencies were all of another Kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this Play, depart too much from that Likeness to Truth which ought to be observ'd in these sort of Writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more Faith for his sake, than Reason does well allow of. His Magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: And that extravagant Character of *Caliban* is mighty well sustain'd, shews a wonderful invention in the Author, who could strike out such a particular wild Image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that was ever seen. The Observation which I have been inform'd † three very great Men concurr'd in making upon this Part, was extremely just. That SHAKESPEAR had not only found out a new Character in his *Caliban*, but had also devis'd and adapted a new manner of Language for that Character. Among the particular Beauties of this Piece, I think one may be allowed to point out the Tale of *Prospero* in the first Act; his Speech to *Ferdinand* in the fourth, upon the breaking up the Masque of *Juno* and *Ceres*; and that in the fifth, where he dissolves his Charms, and resolves to break his Magick Rod. This Play has been alter'd by Sir *William D'Avenant* and Mr. *Dryden*; and tho' I won't arraign the Judgment of those two great Men, yet I think I may be allow'd to say, that there are some things left out by them, that might, and even ought to have been kept in. Mr.

Dryden

† *Ld. Falkland, Ld. C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.*

XVIII *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

Dryden was an Admirer of our Author, and indeed, he owed him a great deal, as those who have read them both may very easily observe. And I think, in Justice to them both, I should not on this Occasion omit what Mr. *Dryden* has said of him.

*Shakespear, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to lab'ring Johnson Art.
He, Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather'd all below:
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest,
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the Drops which fell from Shakespear's Pen.
The * Storm which vanish'd on the neighbouring
Shoar,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grow on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's Magick could not copied be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now
That Liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things:
But Shakespear's Pow'r is sacred as a King's.*

*Prologue to the Tempest, as it
is alter'd by Mr. Dryden.*

It is the same Magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with Thoughts and Language so proper to the Parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the Talent of this Writer. But of the two last of these Plays I shall have occasion to take notice,

* Alluding to the Sea Voyage of Fletcher.

notice, among the Tragedies of Mr. SHAKESPEAR. If one undertook to examine the greatest Part of these by those Rules which are establish'd by *Aristotle* and taken from the Model of the *Grecian* Stage, it would be no very hard Task to find a great many Faults: But as SHAKESPEAR liv'd under a Kind of mere Light of Nature, and had never been made acquainted with the Regularity of those written Precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a Law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a Man that liv'd in a State of almost universal Licence and Ignorance: There was no establish'd Judge, but every one took the Liberty to write according to the Dictates of his own Fancy.

When one considers, that there is not one Play before him of a Reputation good enough to entitle it to an Appearance on the present Stage, it cannot but be a Matter of great Wonder that he should advance Dramatick Poetry so far as he did. The Fable is what is generally plac'd the first, among those that are reckon'd the constituent Parts of a Tragick or Heroick Poem; not, perhaps, as it is the most difficult or beautiful, but as it is the first properly to be thought of in the Contrivance and Course of the whole; and with the Fable ought to be consider'd, the fit Disposition, Order and Conduct of its several Parts. As it is not in this Province of the *Drama* that the Strength and Mastery of SHAKESPEAR lay, so I shall not undertake the tedious and ill-natur'd Trouble to point out the several Faults he was guilty of in it. His Tales were seldom invented, but rather taken either from true History, or Novels and Romances: And he commonly made use of 'em in that Order, with those Incidents, and that extent of Time in which he found them in the Authors from whence he borrow'd them,

xx. *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

them, So *The Winter's Tale*, which is taken from an old Book, call'd *The delectable History of Dorsetus and Faunia*, contains the Space of sixteen or seventeen Years, and the Scene is sometimes laid in *Bohemia*, and sometimes in *Sicily*, according to the Original Order of the Story. Almost all his Historical Plays comprehend a great length of Time, and very different and distinct Places: And in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the Scene travels over the greatest Part of the *Roman Empire*. But in Recompence for his Carelessness in this Point, when he comes to another Part of the *Drama*, *The Manners of his Characters, in Acting or Speaking what is proper for them, and fit to be shown by the Poet*, he may be generally justified, and in very many Places greatly commended. For those Plays which he has taken from the *English or Roman History*, let any Man compare 'em, and he will find the Character as exact in the Poet as the Historian. He seems indeed so far from proposing to himself any one Action for a Subject, that the Title very often tells you, 'tis *The Life of King John, King Richard &c.* What can be more agreeable to the Idea our Historians gave of *Henry the Sixth*, than the Picture SHAKESPEAR has drawn of him! His Manners are every where exactly the same with the Story; one finds him still describ'd with Simplicity, passive Sanctity, want of Courage, weakness of Mind, and easy Submission to the Governance of an imperious Wife, or prevailing Faction: Tho' at the same time the Poet does Justice to his good Qualities, and moves the Pity of his Audience for him, by showing him pious disinterested, a contemner of the Things of this World, and wholly resign'd to the severest Dispensations of God's Providence.

There is a short Scene in the Second Part of
Henry

Henry VI. which I cannot but think admirable in its Kind. Cardinal *Beaufort*, who had murder'd the Duke of *Glocester*, is shewn in the last Agonies on his Death-Bed, with the good King praying over him. There is so much Terror in one, so much Tenderness and moving Piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of Fear or Pity. In his *Henry VIII.* that Prince is drawn with that Greatness of Mind, and all those good Qualities which are attributed to him in any Account of his Reign. If his Faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the Shades in this Picture do not bear a just Proportion to the Lights, it is not that the Artist wanted either Colours or Skill in the Disposition of 'em; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forebore doing it out of regard to Queen *Elizabeth*, since it could have been no very great Respect to the Memory of his Mistress, to have expos'd some certain Parts of her Father's Life upon the Stage. He has dealt much more freely with the Minister of that Great King, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the Character of Cardinal *Wolfey*. He has shewn him Tyrannical, Cruel, and Insolent in his Prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful Address, he makes his Fall and Ruin the Subject of general Compassion. The whole Man, with his Vices and Virtues, is finely and exactly describ'd in the second Scene of the IV Act. The Distresses likewise of Queen *Katherine*, in this Play, are very movingly touch'd; and tho' the Art of the Poet has skreen'd King *Henry* from any gross Imputation of Injustice, yet one is inclin'd to wish, the Queen had met with a Fortune more worthy of her Birth and Virtue. Nor are the Manners, proper to the Persons represented, less justly observ'd in those Characters taken from the

Roman

XXII *Some Account of the Life, &c.*

Roman History ; and of this the Fierceness and Impatience of *Coriolanus*, his Courage and Disdain of the common People, the Virtue and Philosophical Temper of *Brutus*, and the irregular Greatness of Mind in *M. Antony*, are beautiful Proofs. For the two last especially, you find 'em exactly as they are describ'd by *Plutarch*, from whom certainly SHAKESPEAR copy'd 'em. He has indeed follow'd his Original pretty close, and taken in several little Incidents that might have been spar'd in a Play. But, as I hinted before, his Design seems most commonly rather to describe those great Men in the several Fortunes and Accidents of their Lives, than to take any single great Action, and form his Work simply upon that. However, there are some of his Pieces, where the Fable is founded upon one Action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The Design in *Romeo and Juliet*, is plainly the Punishment of of their two Families, for the unreasonable Feuds and Animosities that had been so long kept up between 'em, and occasion'd the Effusion of so much Blood. In the Management of this Story, he has shewn something wonderfully Tender and Passionate in the Love-part, and very Pitiful in the Distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same Tale with the *Electra* of *Sophocles*. In each of 'em a young Prince is engag'd to Revenge the Death of his Father, their Mothers are equally Guilty, are both concern'd in the Murder of their Husbands, and are afterwards married to the Murderers. There is in the first Part of the *Greek* Tragedy, something very moving in the Grief of *Electra* ; but as Mr. *D'Acier* has observ'd, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the Manners he has given that Princess and *Orestes* in the latter Part.

Part. *Orestes* embrues Hands in the Blood of his own Mother; and that barbarous Action is perform'd, tho' not immediately upon the Stage, get so near, that the Audience hear *Clytemnestra* crying out to *Ægthystus* for Help, and to her Son for Mercy: While *Electra*, her Daughter, and a Princess, both of them Characters that ought to have appeared with more Decency, stands upon the Stage and encourages her Brother in the Parricide. What Horror does this not raise! *Clytemnestra* was a wicked Woman, and had deserv'd to Die; nay, in the truth of the Story, she was kill'd by her own Son; but to represent an Action of this Kind on the Stage, is certainly an Offence against those Rules of Manners proper to the Persons that ought to be observ'd there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the Conduct of SHAKESPEAR. *Hamlet* is represented with the same Piety towards his Father, and Resolution to Revenge his Death, as *Orestes*; he has the same Abhorrence for his Mother's Guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heighten'd by Incest: But 'tis with wonderful Art and Justice of Judgment, that the Poet restrains him from doing Violence to his Mother. To prevent any thing of that Kind, he makes his Father's Ghost forbid that part of his Vengeance.

*But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy Mind; nor let thy Soul contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leave her to Heaven,
And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.*

This is to distinguish rightly between *Horror* and *Terror*. The latter is a proper Passion of Tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully

fully avoided ; And certainly no Dramatick Writer ever succeeded better in raising *Terror* in the Minds of an Audience than SHAKESPEAR has done. The whole Tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more especially the Scene where the King is murder'd, in the second Act, as well this Play, is a noble Proof of the manly Spirit with which he writ ; and both shew how powerful he was, in giving the strongest Motions to our Souls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the Advantage with which we have seen this Master-piece of SHAKESPEAR distinguish it self upon the Stage, by Mr. *Betterton's* fine Performance of that Part. A Man, who tho' he had no other good Qualities, as he has a great many, must have made his way into the Esteem of all Men of Letters, by this only Excellency. No Man is better acquainted with SHAKESPEAR's manner of Expression, and indeed he has study'd him so well, and is so much a Master of him, that whatever Part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpose for him, and that the Author had exactly conceiv'd it as he plays it. I must own a particular Obligation to him, for the most considerable Part of the Passages relating to his Life, which I have here transmitted to the Publick ; his Veneration for the Memory of SHAKESPEAR having engag'd him to make a Journey into *Warwickshire*, on purpose to gather up what Remains he could of a Name for which he had so great a Value. Since I had at first resolv'd not to enter into any Critical Controversy, I won't pretend to enquire into the Justness of Mr. *Rhymer's* Remarks on *Othello* ; he has certainly pointed out some Faults very judiciously ; and indeed they are such as most People will agree, with him, to be Faults : But I wish he would
likewise

likewise have observ'd some of the Beauties too ; as I think it became an Exact and Equal Critique to do. It seems strange that he should allow nothing Good in the whole : If the Fable and Incidents are not to his Taste, yet the Thoughts are almost every where very Noble, and the Diction manly and proper. These last, indeed, are Parts of SHAKESPEAR's Praise, which it would be very hard to Dispute with him. His Sentiments and Images of Things are Great and Natural ; and his Expression (tho' perhaps in some Instances a little Irregular) just, and rais'd in Proportion to his Subject and Occasion. It would be even endless to mention the particular Instances that might be given of this Kind : But his Book is in the Possession of the Publick, and 'twill be hard to dip into any Part of it, without finding what I have said of him made good.

The latter Part of his Life was spent, as all Men of good Sense will wish theirs may be, in Ease, Retirement, and the Conversation of his Friends. He had the good Fortune to gather an Estate equal to his Occasion, and, in that, to his Wish ; and is said to have spent some Years before his Death at his native *Stratford*. His pleasurable Wit, and good Nature, engag'd him in the Acquaintance, and entitled him to the Friendship of the Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood. Amongst them, it is a Story almost still remember'd in that Country, that he had a particular Intimacy with Mr. *Combe*, an old Gentleman noted thereabouts for his Wealth and Usury : It happen'd, that in a pleasant Conversation amongst their common Friends, Mr. *Combe* told SHAKESPEAR in a laughing manner, that he fancy'd, he intended to write his Epitaph, if he happen'd to out-live him ; and since he could not know what might be
said

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said of him when he was dead, he desir'd it might be done immediately: Upon which SHAKESPEAR gave him these four Verses.

*Ten in the Hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a Hundred to Ten, his Soul is not sav'd:
If any Man ask, Who lies in this Tomb?
Oh! ho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.*

But the Sharpness of the Satyr is said to have stung the Man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He dy'd in the 53d Year of his Age, and was buried on the North Side of the Chancel, in the great Church at *Stratford*, where a Monument, is placed in the Wall. On his Grave-Stone underneath is,

*Good Friend, for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the Dust inclosed here.
Blest be the Man that spares these Stones,
And curst be he that moves my Bones.*

He had three Daughters, of which two lived to be married; *Judith*, the Elder, to one Mr. *Thomas Quiney*, by whom he had three Sons, who all dy'd without Children; and *Susannah*, who was his Favourite, to Dr. *John Hall*, a Physician of good Reputation in that Country. She left one Child only, a Daughter, who was marry'd first to *Thomas Nash*, Esq; and afterwards to Sir *John Bernard* of *Abbingdon*, but dy'd likewise without Issue.

This is what I could learn of any Note, either relating to himself or Family: The Character of the Man is best seen in his Writings. But since *Ben Johnson* has made a sort of an Essay towards it in his Discoveries, tho' as I have before hinted, he was not very cordial in his Friendship, I will venture to give it in his Words.

• I re-

of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR XXVII

* I remember the Players have often mention'd
 * it as an Honour to SHAKESPEAR, that in Wri-
 * ing (whatsoever he penn'd) he never blotted out
 * a Line. My Answer hath been, *Would he had*
 * *blotted athousand*, which they thought a malevo-
 * lent Speech. I had not told Posterity this, but
 * for their Ignorance, who chose that Circumstance
 * to commend their Friend by, wherein he most
 * faulted. And to justify mine own Candour, (for
 * I lov'd the Man, and do honour his Memory,
 * on this side Idolatry, as much as any.) He was
 * indeed, honest, and of an open and free Nature,
 * and an excellent Fancy, brave Notions, and gen-
 * tle Expressions; wherein he flow'd with that Fa-
 * cility, that sometimes it was necessary he should
 * be stopp'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as *Augustus* said
 * of *Haterius*. His Wit was in his own Power,
 * would the Rule of it had been so too. Many
 * times he fell into those things which could not
 * escape Laughter; as when he said in the Person
 * of *Cæsar*, one speaking to him,

* *Cæsar thou dost me wrong.*

* He reply'd :

* *Cæsar did never wrong, but with just Cause.*
 * and such like, which were ridiculous. But he
 * redeem'd his Vices with his Virtues : There was
 * ever more in him to be Prais'd than to be Par-
 * den'd.

As for the Passage which he mentions out of
 SHAKESPEAR, there is somewhat like it in *Julius*
Cæsar, but without the Absurdity ; nor did I ever
 meet with it in any Edition that I have seen, as
 quoted by Mr. *Johnson*. Besides his Plays in this
 Edition, there are two or three ascrib'd to him by
 Mr. *Langbain*, which I have never seen, and know
 nothing

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nothing of. He writ likewise, *Venus* and *Adonis*, and *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, in Stanza's, which have been printed in a late Collection of Poems. As to the Character given of him by *Ben Johnson*, there is a good deal true in it: But I believe it may be as well express'd by what *Horace* says of the first *Romans*, who wrote Tragedy upon the *Greek* Models, (or indeed translated them) in his Epistle to *Augustus*.

—*Naturâ sublimis & Acer*
Nam spirat Tragicum satis & feliciter Audet,
Sed turpem putat in Chartis metuitq; Lituram.

There is a Book of Poems, published in 1640, under the Name of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR; but as I have but very lately seen it, without an Opportunity of making any Judgment upon it, I won't pretend to determine, whether it be his or no.



HAMLET.

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H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK ;

A T R A G E D Y.

As it is now Acted at the

T H E A T R E S.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, in *Turn-again Lane*, near
Fleet-Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

M D C C X X I V .

Dramatis Personæ.

Claudius, *King of Denmark,*
Fortinbras, *King of Norway.*

Hamlet, *Son to the former King.*

Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*

Horatio, *Friend to Hamlet.*

Laertes, *Son to Polonius.*

Rosencraus, } *Courtiers.*
Guildenstern, }

Ostrick, *a Fop.*

Marcellus, *an Officer.*

Bernardo, } *Two Centinels.*
Francisco, }

Reynaldo, *Servant to Polonius.*

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Lucianus.

Two Grave-Diggers.

Gertrude, *Queen of Denmark, and Mother
to Hamlet.*

Ophelia, *Daughter to Polonius, in Love
with Hamlet.*

Ladies attending on the Queen.

SCENE *ELSINOUR.*





H A M L E T,

Prince of D E N M A R K.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

B E R N A R D O.

H O's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: Stand and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo.

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your Hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand ho, who's there?

Hor. Friends to this Ground.

Mar. And Liege men to the Dane.

Fran.



4 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark*,

Fran. Good night.

Mar. Farewel, honest Soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: good night.

[*Exit Francisco.*]

Mar. Holla, *Bernardo*.

Ber. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but a Phantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching the dreadful fight, twice seen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him long
With us, to watch the Minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. 'Twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,

And, let us once again assail your Ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two Nights seen.

Hor. Well, let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yon same Star, that's Westward from the Pole,
Had made his Course 'enlighten that part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self.
The Bell then beating one——

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off;
Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same Figure, like the King that's dead,

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: it startles me with Fear and Wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike Form,
In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 5

Hor. Stay, speak, speak: I charge thee speak. [*Ex. Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale?
Is not this something more than Phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. I could not this believe,
Without the sensible and the true avouch
Of mine own Eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self;
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' ambitious *Norway* combated.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at the same hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not,
But in the scope of mine Opinion,
This bodes some strange Eruption to our State.

Mar. Pray tell me, he that knows
Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subject of the Land:

Hor. That can I: Our last King,
Whose Image ev'n but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Darr'd to the Combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*
Did slay this *Fortinbras*; who by a seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his Life) all these his Lands,
Now, Sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Hath in the Skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a List of lawless Resolutes,
To recover those foresaid Lands,
So by his Father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main Motive of our Preparations.

Ber. I think it is no other, but even so;
Well may it sort that this portentous Figure
Comes armed thro' our Watch so like the King
That was, and is the Question of the Wars.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! lo where it comes again!
I'll cross it, tho' it blatt me, Say Illusion!
[*Spreading his Arms*]
If thou hast any Sound, or use of Voice,
Speak to me — If there be any good thing to be done,

6 HAMLET Prince of Denmark.

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
 If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
 Which happily foreknowing may avoid, Oh speak!
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy Life
 Extorted Treasure in the Womb of Earth, [*Cock Crows.*
 For which, they say, your Spirits oft walk in Death,
 Speak of it. Stay and Speak ——— Stop it *Marcellus.* ———

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here ——— *Hor.* 'Tis here ———

Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong being so majestical,

To offer it the shew of Violence;

It is ever, as the Air, invulnerable,

And our vain Blows malicious Mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard

The Cock that is the Trumpet to the Morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat

Awake the God of Day; and at his Warning,

Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,

Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies

To his Confine.

Mar. It faded at the Crowing of the Cock,

Hor. But look, the Morn is ruflet Mantle clad

Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill;

Break we our Watch up, and by my Advice

Let us impart what we have seen to night

Unto young *Hamlet*: Perhaps

This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this Morning know
 Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. The Palace.

*Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Gentle-
 men and Guards.*

King. Tho' yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death
 The Memory be green, and that it us befitted
 To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom
 To be contracted in one Brow of Woe;
 Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 That we with wisest Sorrow think on him,
 Together with Remembrance of our selves.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 7

Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
Have we as 'twere with a defeated Joy,
Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along; and we now dispatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimond*,
Ambassadors to *Norway*.

Laer. My dear Lord,
Your Leave and Favour to return to *France*;
From whence, tho' willingly, I came to *Denmark*,
To shew my Duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confels, that Duty done,
My Thoughts and Wishes bend again towards *France*.

King. Have you your Father's Leave? what says
Polonius!

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by laboursome Petition,
Wrung from me my slow Leave; and at last
Upon his Will I seal'd my hard Consent.

King. Take thy fair Hour *Laertes*, Time be thine,
But now, my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my Son —

Ham. A little more than Kin, and less than kind. O

King. How is it, that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I'm too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nightly Colour off,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.
Do not for ever, with thy veiled Lids,
Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;
Thou know 't 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing thro' Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone this mourning Suit, good Mother,
Together with all Forms, Modes, Shapes of Grief,
That can denote me truly, These indeed seem,
But I have that within which passeth Shew,
These but the Trappings, and the Suits of Woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your Nature,
To give these mourning Duties to your Father: [*Hamlet.*
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound.

8 HAMLET Prince of Denmark.

In filial Obligation for some term
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate Condolement, does expresse
An impious Stubbornness; 'tis unmanly Grief.
We pray you throw to Earth
This unprevailing Woe, and think of us
As of a Father; and let the World take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne:
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet.*
I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenburg.*

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and fair Reply,
Be as our self in *Denmark.* Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd Accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my Heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt,
Thaw, and dissolve itself into a Dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His Cannon 'gainst Self Murder!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the Uses of this World.
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in Nature
Possess it meerly. That it shall come to this,
But two Months dead; nay not so much, — not two —
So excellent a King, so loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. —
Why she would hang on him,
As if Increase of Appetite had grown
By what is fed on; and yet within a Month! —
Let me not think on't — Frailty, thy Name is Woman:
A little Month! — married with mine Uncle,
My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
Than I to *Hercules*

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well,
Horatio, or I forget my self,

Hor

HAMLET Prince of Denmark. I 17

Ham. very like ; said it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His Beard was grizzled ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his Life,
A Sable-silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night, perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant my Lord it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,
I'll speak to it, tho' Hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my Peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceald this Sight,

Let it require your silence still:
And whatsoever else shall hap to Night,
Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue;
I will requite your Loves: So fare ye well;
Upon the Platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our Duty to your Honour! [Exit]

Ham. Your Loves, as mine to you: Farewell;
My Father's Spirit in Arms! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play: Would the Night were come,
Till then sit still my Soul, foul Deeds will rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them from Mens Eyes.

[Exit]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia

Laer. My Necessaries are imbarc'd, farewell;
And Sister, as the Winds permit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his Favour,
Hold it a Fashion and a Toy in Blood,
A violet in the Youth and Prime of Nature,
Forward not permanent, tho' sweet not lasting,
The perfume of a Minute.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
He may not, as inferior Persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his Choice depends
The Safety and Health of this whole State.

Then

12 HAMLET Prince of Denmark.

Then weigh what Loss your Honour may sustain,
If with your credulous Ear you hear his Passion,
Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear Sister,
The charest Maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keep
About my Heart; but good Brother,
Do not as, some ugracious Pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heav'n;
Whilst like a Libertine,
Himself the Primrose Path of Dalliance treads.

Laer. Oh, fear me not,
I stay too long, but here my Father comes.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes*! aboard, aboard for shame,

Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave my Lord.

Pol. The time invites you, go, your Servants tend.

Laer. Farewel *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my Memory lockt,
And you yourself shall keep the Key of it.

Laer. Farewel. *Exit Laer.*

Pol. What is't *Ophelia*, he has said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry well bethought;
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous;
If it be so, as so it seems to be,
And that in way of Caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is between you? give me up the Truth.

Oph. He hath my Lord, of late made many Tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pah! you speak like a green Girl,
Unfitted in such perilous Circumstance.
Do you believe his Tenders, as he calls them?

Oph. I do not know my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry I'll teach you; think yourself a Baby,
That you have ta'en these Tenders for true Pay,
Which

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 131

Which are not Sterling. Tender yourself more dearly ;
You'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd we with Love,
In honourable Fashion.

Pol. Ay, Fashion you may call it : go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given Countenance to his Speech my
With almost all the holy Vows of Heaven. (Lord.

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue Vows :

This is for all :

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any Moment's leisure,

As to give Words, or talk with the Lord Hamlet :

Look to't, I charge you ; come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What Hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it has struck.

Hor. I heard it not : Then it draws near the Season.
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[*Noise of Warlike Musick within.*

What does this mean, my Lord ?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his
And as he takes his Draughts of Rhenish down, (rouse,
The Kettle-Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
The Triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a Custom ?

Ham. Ah marry is't :

But to my mind, tho' I am native here,

And to the Manner born, it is a Custom

More honour'd in the Breach than the Observance.

[*Enter Ghost.*

Hor. Look, my Lord, where it comes :

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us !

Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd ;

Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell ;

Be thy Intents wicked or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape, Thou

14 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane*; Oh! answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd Bones hearded in Death,
Have burst their Cearments? why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,
To cast thee up again; What may this mean?
That thou dead Coarse again in compleat Steel,
Revisit'st thus the Glimpes of the Moon,
Making Night hideous?

And we *Fools* of Nature,
So horribly to shake our Disposition
With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls:
Say, Why is this? Wherefore? what should we do?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if some Impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous Action
It waves you to a remote Ground;
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*holding Hamlet.*

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I value not my Life;
And for my Soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as itself.
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempts you towards the Flood, my
Or to the dreadful Border of the Cliff, (Lord
And there assume some other horrible Form.
And draw you into Madness?

Ham. It waves me still,
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord,

Ham. Hold off your Hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My Fate Cries out,
And makes each pretty Artery in this Body
As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions Nerve:
Still am I call'd; unhand me Gentlemen, *By*

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 15

By Heaven I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me,
I say away : Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*]

Hor. He grows desperate with Imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. To what Issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will discover it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go

Ghost. Mark me. (no further.)

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulph'rous and tormenting Flames

Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak ; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit,
Doom'd for a certain Term to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires,
Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature
Are burnt and purged away : But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Prison house,
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars start from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to stand an end
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine;
But this eternal Blazon must not be
To Ears of Flesh and Blood : list, list, O list,
If ever thou didst thy dear Father love.

Ham. O Heaven?

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Ham.

16 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with Wings as swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
Now *Hamlet* hear,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden
A Serpent stung me, so the whole Ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged Process of my Death
Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Heart,
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my prophetick Soul, my Uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast,
Won to his shameful Lust
The Will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
But soft, methinks I scent the Morning Air,
Brief let me be: Sleeping within my Garden,
My Custom always of the Afternoon,
Upon my secure Hour thy Uncle stole
With Juice of cursed Hebona in a Vial,
And in the Porches of my Ears did pour
The leprous Disfigurement, whose effects
Hold such an Enmity with Blood of Man,
That swift as Quicksilver it courses thro'
The natural Gates and Alleys of the Body,
And with a sudden Vigour it does possess
The thin and wholesome Blood: so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter bark'd about,
Most lazer-like, with vile and loathsome Crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,
Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once bereft,
Cut off even in the Blossoms of my Sin,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my Imperfections on my Head:
If thou hast Nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark* be
A Couch of Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul design
Against thy Mother ought, leave her to Heaven,
And those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glowworm shows the Morning to be near, And

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 17

And gins to pale his uneffectual Fire; Farewel, remember me. (Exit.)

Ham. Hold, hold, my Heart,
And you my Sinews grow not instant old,
But bear me strongly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a Seat
In this distracted Globe; Remember thee!
Yea, from the Table of my Memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All Registers of Books, all Form and Pressures past,
That Youth and Observation copied there,
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain;
O most pernicious Woman!
O Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain!
My Tables; meet it is I should set down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain;
At least I'm sure he may be so in Denmark. [Writing.
So Uncle there you are: Now to my Word,
It is, farewel, remember me;
I have sworn't.

Hor. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. within. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. within. Heavens secure him!

Ham. So be it.

Hor. within. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come boy, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would Heart of Man once
But you'll be secret, (think it?)

Both. As Death, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain,
Dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant Knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this. (Grave,

Ham. Why right, you are in the right:
And so without more Circumstance at all.

I hold

18 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :
You as your Business and desire shall point you ;
For every Man hath Business and Desire,
Such as it is ; and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and windy Words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ;

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is, *Horatio*,
And much Offence too : touching this Vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you ;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may : And now good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Grant me one poor Request.

Hor. What is't my Lord ? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

[*Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ghost. Swear,

Ham. Ha, ha, Boy, say'st thou so ? art thou there,
old True-penny ?

Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Celleridge,
Consent to swear,

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost below. Swear.

Ham. Then we'll shift our Ground,
Come hither, hither Gentlemen,
And lay your Hands again upon my Sword :
Swear by my Sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost below. Swear. [so fast ?

Ham. Well said, old Mole, can'st thou work i'th' Earth
A worthy Pioneer ! once more remove, good Friends.

Hor. O day and night ! but this is wondrous strange,

Ham.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 19

Ham. And therefore as a Stranger give it welcome :
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, never, to help your Mercy,
(How strange or odd soe'er I bear my self,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
To put an antick Disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With Arms encumbred thus, or Head thus shak'd,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,
As well, well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or there be, or if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this you must swear,

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you ;
And what so poor a Man as *Hamlet* is
May do, t'express his Love and Friendship to you,
Shall never fail : let us go in together,
And still your Fingers on your Lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint ; O cursed Spight,
That ever I was born to set it right!

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Polonius and Ophelia.

Pol. **H**OW now *Ophelia*. what's the matter ?

Oph. O, my Lord, my Lord ! I have
been so a frighted —

Pol. With what ?

Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my Closet,
Prince *Hamlet*, all unbrac'd,
Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,
And with a Look so piteous,

As

20 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

As if he had been sent from Hell
To speak of Horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy Love!

Opb. My Lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Opb. He took me by the Wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his Arms,
And with his other Hand thus o'er his Brow
He falls to such perusal of my Face,
As he would draw it: long itaid he so;
As last, a little shaking of my Arm,
and thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He raised a Sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. This done, he lets me go,
And with his Head over his Shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his Eyes;
For out of Doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their Light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King;
This is the very extasy of Love,
Have you given him any hard Words of late?

Opb. No, my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His Access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:
Come, go with me to the King:
This must be known, which being kept close, might
More grief to hide, than hate to utter Love. (move
Come. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome good *Rosencraus* and *Guildenstern*.
Besides that we did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet's* Transformation,
What it should be,
More than his Father's Death,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court

Some

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 21

Some little time, so by your Companies
To draw him on to Pleasures, and to glean,
Whether ought unknown to us afflicts him thus,
That lies within our Remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you?
And sure I am, two Men there are not living
To whom he more adheres: If it will please you
To shew us so much Gentleness and Good-will,
As to employ your time with us awhile,
For the Supply and Profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such Thanks
As fits a King's Remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the Sovereign Power you have over us,
Put your dread Pleasures more into Command
Than to Intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves in the full Bent
To lay our Service freely at your Feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guildestern*.

Queen. And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Son: Go some of you,
And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our Presence and our Practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen.

[*Exeunt Ros. & Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. I do think, or else this Brain of mine
Hunts not the Trail of Policy so sure
As it has us'd to do, that I have found
The very Cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
Why Day is Day, Night Night, and Time is Time;
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time:
Therefore Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
And Tedioufness the Limbs and outward Flourishes.
I will be brief; your noble Son is mad,
Mad call I it; for to define true Madness,
What it's but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

D

Queen.

22 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Queen. More Matter with less Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all.

That he's mad, 'tis true, 'tis pity ;

And pity 'tis, 'tis true : A foolish Figure,

But farewell it, for I will use no Art.

Mad let us grant him then ; and now remains

That we find out the Cause of this Effect,

Or rather say the Cause of this Defect,

For this Effect defective comes by Cause :

Thus it remains, and the Remainder thus. Consider,

I have a Daughter, have while she is mine,

Who in her Duty and Obedience, mark,

Hath given me this : Now gather and surmise. [*Reads.*

To the Celestial and my Soul's Idol, the most beautified Ophelia : That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase ; beautified is a vile Phrase : but you shall hear——thus in her excellent white Bosom, These, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good Madam, stay awhile, I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are Fire,

Doubt that the Sun doth move,

Doubt Truth to be a Lye,

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers, I have not Art to reckon my Groans ; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it : Adieu, Thine evermore, most dear Lady, whilst this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter shewn me,

And more concerning his Sollicitings,

As they fell out by Time, by Means, and Place.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a Man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so ; but what might you think,

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,

If I had ? No, I went round to work,

And my young Mistress thus I charg'd :

Lord Hamlet is a Prince above thy Sphere,

This must not be ; and then I Precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his Resort,

Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens.

Which

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 23

Which done, she took the Fruits of my Advice;
And he repell'd, a short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Lightness, and by this Declension,
Into the Madness wherein he now raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this.

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I would fain know
That I have positively said 'tis so, (that)
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances lead me, I will find
Where Truth is hid, tho' it were hid indeed
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four Hours together
Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him.
So please your Majesty to hide yourself
Behind the Arras then:

Mark the Encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his Reason fal'n thereon,
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor Wretch comes
reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away.

[*Exit King and Queen.*]

I'll board him presently.

How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would have you so honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord.

Ham. Ay Sir, to be honest as this World goes,
Is to be one Man pick'd out of ten thousand.

24 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog, being a good kissing Carrion——Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; Conception is a Blessing, but as your Daughter may conceive, Friend look to't.

Pol. Still harping on my Daughter; yet he knew [*Aside.*] me not at first, but said I was a Fishmonger; he is far gone: And truly in my Youth I suffer'd much Extremity for Love, very near this. I'll speak to him again: What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, Words, Words.

Pol. What is the Matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the Matter that you read, my Lord?

Ham. Slanders, Sir; for the Satirical Rogue says here, that old Men have grey Beards, that their Faces are wrinkled, their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plumtree-Gum, and that they have a most plentiful lack of Wit, together with most weak Hams; all which, Sir, tho' I most presently believe, yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Tho' this be Madness, yet there is Method in't, Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Marry, that's out of the Air indeed: How pregnant his Replies are! A Happiness that often Madness hits on. My Lord, I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my Life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Save you, Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good Friends! how dost thou *Guildenstern*? Ah *Rosencraus*, good Lads, how do you both? Well, what News.

Ros.

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Ros. None, my Lord, but the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday near; sure your News is not true. But in the beaten Way of Friendship, what makes you at *Elfsnoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other Occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you; Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me; nay speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the Purpose you were sent for; there is a kind of Confession in your Looks, which your Modesties have not Craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what End, my Lord?

Ham. Nay, that you must teach me: But let me conjure you, by the Rights of our Fellowships, by the Consonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our Love, and by what more dear, a better Proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay then I have an Eye of you; if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my Anticipation prevent your Discovery, and your Secrecy to the King and Queen moult no Feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my Mirth, foregone all Custom of Exercises, that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me a steril Promontory: This most excellent Canopy the Air, this majestical Roof fretted with golden Fire, why it appears nothing to me but a foul and pestilent Congregation of Vapours. What a Piece of Work is Man! how noble in Reason! how infinite in Faculties! in Form and Moving how express and admirable! in Action how like an Angel! in Apprehension the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals! And yet to me what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me, nor Women neither, tho' by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such Stuff in my Thoughts.

Ham.

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Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I said Man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you: We met them on the Way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have Tribute of me, the adventrous Knight shall use his Foil and Target, the Lover shall not fight *gratis*, the humourous Man shall end his Part in Peace, and the Lady shall speak her Mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such Delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their Residence both in Reputation and Profit were better both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the Means of the late Innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. It is very strange; for my Uncle is King of *Denmark*, and those that would make Mouths at him while my Father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred Ducats apiece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[*A Flourish.*]

Guil. Shall we call the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elfsinoor*, your hands; come then, th' Appurtenance of Welcome is Fashion and Ceremony: but my Uncle-Father and Aunt-Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-West; when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guildestern* and *Rosencraus*; that great Baby that you see there is not yet out of his swaddling Clouts.

Ros. Haply he is the second time come to them, for they say an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham.

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Ham. I prophesy that he comes to tell me of the Players; mark it: you say right, Sir, a Monday-morning, 'twas then indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have News to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you; when *Roscius* was an Actor in *Rome* —

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine Honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his *Ass* —

Pol. The best Actors in the World, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light for the Law of Wit and Liberty. These are the only Men.

Ham. O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more, the which he lov'd passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

[*Aside.*

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my Lord?

Ham. The first Row of the Rubrick will shew you more, for look where my Abridgment comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. Welcome good Friends. Oh my old Friend; why thy Face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What my young Lady and Mistress! marry your Ladyship is grown nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the Altitude of a Chopine: I wish your Voice, lik a piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters you are all welcome, we'll e'en to't like friendly Falconers, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a Speech frait; come give us a Taste of your Quality, come, a passionate Speech.

Players. What Speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Caviare
to

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to the Multitude. One Speech in't I chiefly lov'd,
'twas *Aeneas's* talk to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of *Priam's* Slaughter; if it live in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see—The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' *Hircanian* Beast;

Beast, no, that's not it, yet it begins with *Pyrrhus*.
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable Arms,
Black as his Purpose did the Night resemble,

Pol. My Lord, well spoken, with good Accent, and good Discretion.

Ham. So proceed you.

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too short at *Greeks*, his antick Sword
Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls.

But as we often see against some Storm,
A silence in the Heaven, the Rack stands still,
The bold Wind speechless, and the Orb below
As hush as Death; anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region: So after *Pyrrhus's* pause,
A roused Vengeance sets him new awork,
And never did the Cyclops Hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for proof etern,
With less Remorse than *Pyrrhus's* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out thou Strumpet Fortune!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barber's with your Beard: prithe thee say on, he's for a Jigg, or a Tale of Bawdry, or he Sleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, alas, had seen the mobled Queen?

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the
A Clout upon that Head [Flames
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
A Blanket in th' Alarm of Fear caught up.

Who this had seen with Tongue in Venom steep'd,
Against Fortunes State would Treason have pronounc'd:

Pol.

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Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his Colour, and has Tears in's Eyes. Prithee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestowed? do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the Abstract and brief Chronicles of the time: After your Death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill Report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their Desert.

Ham. Much better; use every Man, Sir, according to his Desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after your own Honour and Dignity; the less they deserve, the more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come Sirs.

Ham. Follow him, Friends; we'll have a Play to-morrow. Dost thou hear me old Friend? Can you play the Murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow Night: you could for need study a Speech of some dozen Lines, which I would set down and insert in it, could you not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to *Elfsnoor*.

Ros. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exeunt all but Ham.*]

Ham. O what a Wretch and pleasant Slave am I?

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,
Could force his Soul so to his own Conceit,
That from her Working all the Visage warm'd,
Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in's Aspect,
A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting
With Forms to his Conceit, and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the Motive, and that Ground for Passion
That I have? he would

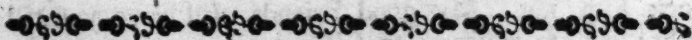
Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free,

Confound

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Confound the Ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very Faculties of Eyes and Ears :
 For it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gaul
 To make Oppression bitter, or e'er this
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slave's Offal.
 I have heard
 That guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
 Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Melefacions :
 For Murder, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak
 I'll have these Players
 Play something like the Murder of my Father,
 Before my Uncle ; I'll observe his Looks
 I'll tent him to the Quick, if he look pale,
 I know my Course. The Spirit that I have seen
 May be a Devil, and the Devil may have power
 To assume a pleasing Shape ;
 I'll have Grounds
 More relative than this ; the Play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.

[*Exit.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus,
 Guildenstern, *Gentlemen and Guards.*

King. **A**ND can you by no Drift of Conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this Con-
 fusion.

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
 But from what Cause he will by no means speak.

Queen Did he receive you well ?

Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his Disposition.

Ros.

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Ros. Unapt to question; but of our Demands
Most free in his Reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any Pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain Players
We o'ertook on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it: they're here about the Court,
And as I think they have already order
This Night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,
And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my Heart,
And it did much content me
To hear him so inclin'd:

Good Gentlemen, give him a further Edge,
And urge him to these Delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord. [*Ex. Ros. & Guil.*]

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he as 'twere by accident may meet
Ophelia here; her Father and myself
Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing and unseen,
We may of their Encounter judge,
If it be the Affliction of Love or no.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy Cause
Of *Hamlet's* Wildness; so shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again.

[*Exit Queen.*]

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here whilst we
(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd;
I hear him coming, retire, my Lord.

[*Exeunt King and Pol.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be or not to be, that is the Question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,

And

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And by opposing end them : To die to sleep
 No more ; and by a Sleep to say we end
 The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks
 That Flesh is heir to ; 'tis a Consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd, to die to sleep ; —
 To sleep perchance to dream ; ay there's the Rub :
 For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
 Must give us pause ; there's the Respect
 That makes Calamity of so long Life.
 For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time ;
 Th' Oppressors Wrong, the proud Man's Contumely,
 The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
 The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
 That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes, —
 When as himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare Bodkin ? Who would Fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary Life ?
 But that the Dread of something after Death,
 The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
 No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
 And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the healthful Face of Resolution
 Is sicklyed o'er with the pale Cast of Thought,
 And Enterprizes of great pith and moment
 With this regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the Name of Action.
 The fair *Ophelia*, Nymph, in thy Oraisons
 Be all my Sins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord, how do ye ?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
 That I have long'd to re-deliver,
 Pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honoured Lord, you know rightwell you did.
 And with them words of so sweet Breath compos'd,
 As made these things more rich : Their Perfume lost,
 Take these again, for to the noble Mind

Rich

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 33

Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.
There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no Discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce than with Honesty?

Ham. Ay truly, for the Power of Beauty will sooner transform Honesty from what it is to a Bawd, than the Force of Honesty can translate Beauty to his Likeness: This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me, for Virtue cannot so evacuate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a Breeder of Sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not bore me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more Offences at my Back, than I have thoughts to put them in, Imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven? We are arrant Knaves, believe none of us; go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him,
That he may play the Fool no where but in's own House.
Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry; Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not scape Calumny; get thee to a Nunnery. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a Fool, for wise Men know well enough what Monsters you make of them: To a Nunnery go.

Oph. Heavenly Powers, restore him!

E

Ham.

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Ham. I have heard of your Paintings well enough: Nature hath given you one Face, and you make yourselves another; you jig and amble, and you lisp, you nick-name Heavens Creatures, and make your Wantonness your Ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery go. [Exit.

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'erthrown! The Expectation and Rose of the fair State, The observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite down, And I of Ladies most deject and wretched, Now see that noble and most sovereign Reason, Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune and harsh, O woe is me! I have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see! [Exit.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend; For what he spake, tho' it lack Form a little, Was not like Madness; He shall with speed to *England*, For the Demand of our neglected Tribute. Haply the Seas and Countries different, With variable Objects, shall expel This something settled Matter in his Heart, Whereon his Brain's still beating, Puts him thus from Fashion of himself: What think you on't?

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. It shall do well: How now *Ophelia*? You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit, after the Play Let his Queen-Mother alone intreat him To shew his Grief; let her be round with him, And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the Ear Of all their Conference: if she find him not, To *England* send him, or confine him where Your Wisdom best shall think.

King.

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King. It shall be so,
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, smoothly from the Tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lief the Town Crier spoke my Lines: nor do not saw the Air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent Tempest, and, as I may say, Whirlwind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it smoothness. O it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robustious Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise: I would have such a Fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-*Herods Herod*, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own Discretion be your Tutor; suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature, for any thing so o'erdone, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at first and now, was 'and is to hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature, to shew Virtue her Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time his Form and Pressure. O there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it prophanely, that neither having the Accent of Christians, nor the Gate of Christian, Pagan, nor Man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journeymen had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reform it altogether, and let those that play your Clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, tho' in the mean time some necessary Question of the Play

be

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be then to be consider'd; that villainous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them? *[Exeunt those three.]*

Ros. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, Horatio?

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a Man As e'er my Conversation met withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord!

Ham. Nay do not think I flatter;

For what Advancement may I hope from thee,
That hast no Revenue but thy good Spirits *[flatter'd]*
To feed and cloath thee; Why should the Poor be
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her choice,
And could of Men distinguish her Election,
Sh'hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all has suffer'd nothing;
Give me the Man

That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him
In my Hearts Core, ay, in my Heart of Hearts,
As I do thee — Something too much of this:

There is a Play to-night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my Father's Death:

I prithee when thou seest that Act on foot,

Even with the very comment of thy Soul

Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden Guilt

Do not itself discover in one Speech,

It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,

Give him heedful note,

For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face,

And after we will both our Judgments join

In Censure of his seeming.

Hor. I will, my Lord.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, and Gentlemen.

Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be
Get you a Place. *idle:*

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

Ham.

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Ham. Excellent i'faith,
Of the Cameleon's Dish I eat, the Air;
Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer, *Hamlet*,
These Words are not mine,

Ham. No nor mine now, my Lord——
You plaid once in the University, you say. [*To Pol.*

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a very

Ham. What did you enact? [*good Actor.*

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*. I was kill'd i'th' Capitol.
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a
Be the Players ready? [*Call there.*

Ros. Ay my Lord, they wait upon your Patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your Lap?

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker; what should a Man do
but be merry? for look you how chearfully my Mother
looks, and my Father died within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the Devil wear black,
for I'll have a Suit of Sables: Die two Months ago,
and not forgotten yet! then there's hope a great Man's
Memory may out-live his Life half a year: but he
must build Churches then.

Oph. What means the Play, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching *Mallico*, it means Mischief.

Oph. But what's the Argument?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this Fellow:
The Players cannot keep secret, they'll shew all.

Oph. Are they so good at Shew, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, at any Shew that you will shew them: be
not you ashamed to shew, and they'll not blush to tell
you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark
[the Play.

Pro.

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*Pro. For us and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your Clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesy of a Ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's Love.

Enter Player-King and Queen.

Pl. King. Full thirty times has *Phæbus*' Car gone round
Since Love our Hearts, and *Hymen* did our Hands
Untie, infolding them in sacred Bands.

Pl. Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, e're love be done;
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
And so far different from your former State,
That I distrust you; yet tho' I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must,
For Women fear too much, even as they love.
Now what my Love has been, Proof makes you know,
And as my Love is great, my Fear is so:
Where Love is great, the smallest Doubts are Fear;
Where little Fear grows great, great Love grows there.

Pl. King. I must leave thee love, and shortly too,
My working Powers their Functions leave to do;
But thou shalt live in this fair World behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind,
For Husband shalt thou—

Pl. Queen. O confound the rest?
Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast.
In second Husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's Wormwood.

Pl. King. I do believe you think what now you speak.
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed,
But thy thoughts die when thy first Lord is dead.

Pl. Queen. Nor Earth to give me Food, nor Heaven
[Light,
Sport and Repose lock from me day and night,
Both here and hence pursue me lasting Strife,
If once I Widow be, and then a Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now?

Pl. King.

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Pl. King. 'Tis deeply sworn : Sweet, leave me here
My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile [a-while;
The tedious Day with Sleep.

Pl. Queen. Sleep rock thy Brain,
And never come Mischance between us twain. (*Exeunt.*

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play ?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much methinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her Word. (*fence in it ?*

King. Have you heard the Argument ? is there no of-

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no of-

King. What do they call the Play ? (*fence.*

Ham. The Mouse-trap ; marry how ? topically. This
Play is the Image of a Murder done in *Vienna*. *Gonzago*
is the Duke's Name, his Wife *Baptista*, you shall see
anon. 'Tis a knavish Piece of Work ; but what of that ?
your Majesty and we shall have free Souls, it touches us
not ; let the galled Jade winch, our Withers are un-
wring. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love,
If I could see the Puppits dallying. Begin Murderer,
leave thy damnable Faces and begin ; come, the croak-
ing Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time
Confederate Season, and no Creature seeing, (*agreeing,*
Thou Mixture rank, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecate's Bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected ;
Thy natural Magick and dire Property,
On wholesome Life usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him in the Garden for his Estate,
his Name's *Gonzago* ; the Story is extant, and written in
very choice *Italian* : You shall see anon how the Mur-
derer gets the Love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Queen. How fares my Lord ?

Pol. Give over the Play.

King. Give me some Lights : Away !

Pol. Lights, Lights. [*Ex. all but Ham. and Hor.*

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleep,
Thus runs the World away.

O good

40 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

O good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's Word for a thousand Pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the Talk of the poisoning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah, come some Musick, come the Records.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Guild. Good my Lord vouchsafe me a Word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King Sir.

Ham. Ay Sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his Retirement marvelous distemper'd.

Ham. With Drink, Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, with Choler.

Ham. Your Wisdom would show it self richer, to signify this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more Choler.

Guild. Good my Lord, put your Discourse into some And start not so wildly from my Business. (Frame

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce,

Guild. The Queen your Mother, in most great Affliction of Spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesy is not of the right Breed: If it sh'll please you to make me a wholesome Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment, if not, your Pardon and my Return shall be the end of the Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome Answer, my Wit's diseased: But Sir, such Answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the Matter: My Mother, you say.

Ros. Then thus she says, your Behaviour of late hath struck her into Amazement and Admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son, that can thus astonish a Mother! but is there no Sequel at the Heels of this Mother's Admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet, e'er you go to Bed.

Ham.

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Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother: have you any farther Trade with us?

Ros. My Lord you once did love me.

Ham. And do still by these Pickers and Stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is the Cause of your Distemper? You do surely bar the Door upon your own Liberty, if you deny your Grievs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ros. How can that be when you have the Voice of the King himself for your Succession in *Denmark*?

Enter Horatio with Recorders.

Ham. Ay Sir, but while the Grass grows, the Proverb is something musty: Oh the Recorders, let me see one to withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a Toil.

Guil. O, my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this Pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my Lord

Ham. It is as easy as Lying: govern these Vantages with your Fingers and the Thumb; give it Breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent Musick: look you, these are the Stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any Utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look ye now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my Stops, you would pluck out the Heart of my Mystery, you would sound me from my lowest Note to to the Top of my Compass and there is much Musick, excellent Voice in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'SDeath, do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham.

42 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. Do you see yonder Cloud, that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks 'tis like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my Mother by and by ;

They fool me to the top of my bent.

[*Exit Pol.*]

By and by is easily said. Leave me Friends.

[*Exeunt,*]

'Tis now the very witching time of Night,
When Church-yards yaun, and Hell itself breaths out
Contagion to the World : Now could I drink hot Blood,
And do such Deeds as Day it self
Would quake to look on. Soft ! now to my Mother :
O Heart, lose not thy Nature ! let not ever
The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom !

Let me be cruel, not unnatural :

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.

[*Exit,*]

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his Madness range ; therefore prepare you ;
Arm then I pray you to this speedy Voyage,
For we will betters put about this Fear
Which now goes too free footed.

Ros. We will make haste.

[*Exeunt, Ros. & Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Sir, he's going to his Mother's Closet,
Behind the Arras I'll convey my self
To hear the Proceſs ; -I'll warrant she'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more Audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
Their Speech. Fare you well my Liege,
I'll call upon you e'er you go to Bed,
And tell you what I hear.

[*Exit,*]

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

O my Offence is rank, it smells to Heaven ;

It hath the eldest Curse upon't,

A Brother's Murder : pray I cannot,

Tho' Inclination be as sharp as Will,

My

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My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent ;
 And like a Man to double Business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed Hand
 Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood ?
 Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heavens
 To wash it white as Snow ? Whereto serves Mercy,
 But to confront the Visage of Offence !
 Then I'll look up : My Fault is past ;
 But oh ! what Form of Prayer
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul Murder !
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those Effects for which I did the Murder,
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the Offence ?
 In the corrupted Currents of this World,
 Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice ;
 And e'er 'tis seen the wicked Prize it self
 Buys out the Law : but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling : there the Action lies
 In its true Nature, and we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults
 To give in Evidence. What then ! What rests ?
 Try what Repentance can ; what can it not ?
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched State ! O Bosom black as Death !
 O limed Soul ! that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd !
 Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with Strings of Steel
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe,
 All may be well. [*The King kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is the Murderer ? he kneels and prays,
 And now I'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven,
 And so I am reveng'd : that would be scann'd —
 He kill'd my Father, and for that
 I his sole Son send him to Heaven.
 Why this is Reward — not Revenge :
 He took my Father grossly,
 With all his Crimes broad blown as flush as *May* ;
 And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heaven ?
 But in our Circumstances and Course of Thought,

'Tis

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'Tis heavy with him ; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his Passage ? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his Rage,
Or in th' incestuous Pleasures of his Bed ;
Or about some Act that has no Relish of Salvation in't.
Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heaven.
My Mother stays,

This Phylick but prolongs thy sickly Days. [*Exit.*

King. My Words fly up, my Thoughts remain below,
Words without Thoughts never to Heaven go. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come strait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his Pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath stood between
Much Heat and him, I'll here conceal my self,
Pray you be round with him.

Queen. I warrant you, I fear him not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the Matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, Hamlet.

Ham. What's the Matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No,

You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife ;
And would it were not so, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not
You go not till I set you up a Glass, [*budge,*
Where you may see the utmost Part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me !
Help, ho !

Pol. What ho, he'p. [*Behind the Arras*

Ham. How now, a Rat ? dead for a Ducket, dead.

[*Kills Pol.*

Pol. O I am slain.

Queen.

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Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody Deed is this?

Ham. A bloody Deed, almost as bad, good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill a King.

Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my Word.

Thou wretched, rash intruding Fool, farewel;

I took thee for thy better, take thy Fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.

Leave wringing of your Hands; peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your Heart, for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy
In Noise so rude against me? [Tongue]

Ham. Such an Act,

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty,

Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,

And sets a Blister there, makes Marriage Vows]

As false as Dicers Oaths: Oh such a Deed!

As from the Body of Contraction plucks

The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes

A Rhapsody of Words.

Ah me! that Act!

Queen. Ah me, what Act!

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit Presentment of two Brothers;

See what a Grace was seated on this Brow,

Hyperion's Curls, the Front of Jove himself,

An Eye like Mars, to threaten and command,

A Combination, and a Form indeed,

Where every God did seem to set his Seal,

To give the World Assurance of a Man:

This was your Husband. Look you now what follows,

Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd Ear,

Blasting his wholesome Brother. Have you Eyes?

Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,

And batten on the Moor? Ha, have you Eyes?

You cannot call it love, for at your Age

The heyday of the Blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the Judgment; and what Judgment

F

Would

46 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Else could you not have Motion; but sure that Sense
Is apoplex'd, for Madness would not err,
Nor Sense to Extasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of Choice
To serve in such a Difference.

Oh Shame, where is thy Blush?

Rebellious Hell,

If thou can'st mutiny in a Matron's Bones,
To flaming Youth let Virtue be as Wax,
And melt in her own Fire,
When the compulsive Ardor gives the Charge;
Since Frost itself as actively doth burn,
As Reason panders Will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st my very Eyes into my Soul.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank Sweat of an incestuous Bed,
Stew'd in Corruption.

Queen. O speak to me no more.
These Words like Daggers enter in mine Ears,
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer and a Villain!
A Slave, that's not the twentieth part the Tythe
Of your precedent Lord; a Vice of Kings;
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a Shelf the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket:
A King of Shadows and Patches.

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your Wings,
You heavenly Guards; what would your gracious Figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, let's go by
Th' important acting of your dread Command? O say!

Ghost. Do not forget; this Visitation
Is but to wet thy almost blunted Purpose.
But look, Amazement on thy Mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting Soul!
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest work:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham.

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Ham. How is it with you, Madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,
And with the incorporal Air do hold Discourse?
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,
Your Hair starts up and stands an end: O gentle Son!
Upon the Heat and Flame of thy Distemper
Sprinkle cool Patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him--look you how pale he glares,
His Form and Cause conjoin'd, preaching to Stones
Would not make them capable: do not look upon me,
Lest with his pite us Action you convert
My stern Effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true Colour, Tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that's here I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why look you there; look how it stalks away,
My Father in his Habit as he liv'd;
Look where he goes, even now out at the Portal.

[*Ex. Ghost.*]

Queen. Th's is the very Coinage of your Brain,
This bodiless Creation Extasy is very cunning in.

Ham. My Pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Musick: it is not Madnes
That I have utter'd, bring me to the Test,
And I the matter will re-word; which Madnes
Cannot do. Mother, for Love of Grace,
Lay not that flattering Unction to your Soul,
That not your Trespals, but my Madnes speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous Place,
Whiles rank Corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen: Confess yourself to Heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my Heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my Uncle's Bed;
Assume a Virtue if ye have it not.

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For this same Lord, [Pointing to Pol
I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The Death I gave him; so again good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One Word more.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Let not the King tempt you to Bed again,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in Madness,
But Mad in Craft;

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if Words be made of Breath,
And Breath of Life, I have no Life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that.

Queen. Alack I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This Man will set me packing,
I'll lug the Guts into the neighbour Room.
Mother, good-night; this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's Life a foolish prating Knave,
Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

[Exit Hamlet, dragging in Polonius,
Good night, Mother.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. **T**Here's matter in these Sighs,
You must expound them.
Where is your Son?

Queen.

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Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

Ah my Lord, what have I seen to Night?

King. What, *Gertrude*? how does *Hamlet*?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless Fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish Apprehension kills
The unseen good old Man.

King. O heavy Deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,
He weeps for what is done.

King. *Gertrude*, come away;

The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence; and this vile Deed
We must, with all our Majesty and Skill.

Enter Ros. and Guil.

Both countenance and excuse. — Ho, *Guildenstern*,
Friends both, go join with you some further Aid;
Hamlet in Madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mother's Closet has he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the Body
Into the Chapel; I pray you haste in this.

Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest Friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet,

Ham. Safely stow'd. [*Within.* *Hamlet!* Lord *Hamlet!*]

Ham. What Noise? who calls *Hamlet*?

O here they come.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with Dust, whereto it is a-kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not my own,
besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what Replication
should be made by the Son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

50 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Ay, Sir, that soaks up the King's Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities : but such Officers do the King best service in the end, he keeps them like an Apple in the corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallow'd ; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish Speech sleeps in a foolish Ear.

Ros. My Lord you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. Bring me to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and Gentlemen.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body ; How dangerous is it that this Man goes loose ? Yet must we not put the strong Law upon him : He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude, Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes ; And where 'tis so, th' Offender's Scourge is weigh'd, But never the Offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him a way must seem Deliberate Pause : Diseases desperate grown, By desperate Appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. What hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord, We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

(*sure.*)

Ros. He, bring in the Lord Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet and Guards.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ! where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ; a certain Convocation of politick Worms are e'en at him.

King. Where is Polonius ?

Ham. In Heaven ; send thither to see : if your Messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place yourself : but indeed if you find him not within this Month, you

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you shall nose him as you go up the Stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet*, this Deed, for thine especial Safety,
Must send thee hence ;

Therefore prepare thy self,

The Bark is ready, and the Wind sits fair,
For *England*.

Ham. For *England* ?

King. Ay *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our Purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherube that sees them : but come, for
Farewel, dear Mother. (England.

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My Mother ; Father and Mother is Man and Wife,
Man and Wife is one Flesh ; and so my Mother. Farewel
Come. for *England*. [Exit. (Mother.

King. Follow him,
Tempt him with speed aboard,
Away, for every thing is seal'd it and done,
And *England*, if my present Love-thou holdst at ought,
The present Death of *Hamlet*. [Exit.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distracted, and deserves your pity.

Queen. What would she have ?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, says she hears
There's Tricks i'th' World, and hems, and beats her Heart,
Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half Sense, her Speech is nothing ;
Yet the unshaped Use of it doth move
The Hearers to Collection.

Which, as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,
Tho nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
Dangerous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds. (strew
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of *Danmark* ?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia* ?

[She sings.

Oph.

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(ther one?)

Oph. How should I your true Love know from ano-
By his cockle Hat and Staff, and by his Sandal Shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you mark:

*He is dead and gone, Lady he is dead and gone, [Sings.
At his Head a grass-green Turf, at is heals a Stone.*

O ho.

Queen. Nay but, *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark.

*White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow,
Larded all with sweet Flowers,
Which beweept to the Ground did not go
With true Love-Showers.*

Enter King.

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owl was a Ba-
ker's Daughter: we know what we are, but know not
what we may be,

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray lets have no Words of this, but when they
ask you what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is St Valentine's Day, [Sings.
All in the Morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window
To be your Valentine.*

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Oph. Indeed without an Oath, I'll make an end on't.
*Then up he rose, and dond his Clothes, and ope'd his Cham-
ber Door,*

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but
I cannot chuse but weep, to think they would lay him
i'th' cold Ground; my Brother shall know of it, and
so I thank you for your good Counsel——

Come my Coach, good-night, good-night,

Sweet Ladies, good-night, good-night. *[Exit.*

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you:
O this is the Poison of deep Grief, it springs
All from her Father's Death.

Enter

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Enter Gentleman.

Queen. Alack, what Noise is this;

King. What is the matter?

Gent. Young *Laertes* in a riotous head
O'er-bears your Officer; the Rabble call him Lord:
They cry, chuse we *Laertes* for our King;
Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King. [*A Noise within.*]

Queen. O this is counter, you false *Danish* Dogs!

Laer. Within. Where is the King? Sirs, stand you
all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you, keep the Door.

Enter Laertes.

O thou vile King, give me my Father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of Blood that's calm, proclaims me
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot (Bastard.
Even here between the chaste unsmitted Brows
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause, *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*, do not fear our Person;
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason dares not reach at what it would,
Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speak Man.

Laer. Where is my Father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To Hell Allegiance, Vows to the blackest Devil.
To this Point I stand,
That both the Worlds I give to Negligence,
Let come what will, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World:
And for my Means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King.

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King. Will you in Revenge of your
Dear Father's Death, destroy both Friend and Foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my Arms,
And like the kind Life-rendring Pelican
Relieve them with my Blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman,
That I am guiltless of your Father's Death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgment lie,
As Day does to your Eye.

Within. O poor Ophelia?

Laer. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

By Heaven, thy Madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May!

Dear Maid! kind Sister, sweet Ophelia!

O Heavens! is't possible a young Maid's Wits
Should be as mortal as a sick Man's Life!

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the Bier, [Sings.
And in his Grave rain'd many a Tear,
Fare you well, my Dove.

Laer. Hadst thou thy Wits, and didst persuade Revenge.
It could not move us.

Oph. You must sing a-down, a down,
And you call him a-down-a. O how the Wheel becomes it;
It is'the false Steward that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more than matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance;
pray you, Love, remember; and there's Pancies, that's
for Thoughts.

Laer. A Document in Madness, Thoughts and Re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Co'umbines; there's
Rue for you, and here's some for me, we may call it
Herb of Grace o' Sundays; O you may wear your Rue
with a Difference. There's a Daisy: I would give you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father died:
they say he made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my Joy.

[Sings.

Laer.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 55

Laer. Thoughts and Afflictions, Passion, Hell itself,
She turns to Favour and to Prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again, (Sings.
And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.

His Beard was as white as Snow;
Flaxen was his Pole;

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan,
And peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers Souls.
(Exit.

King. Laertes, I must share in your Grief,
Or you deny my Right: go but apart.
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral Hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
To you in satisfaction: but if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His Means of Death, his obscure Funeral,
No Trophy, Sword, or Hatchment o'er his Bones,
No noble Rite, nor formal Ostentation,
Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call it in question.

King. So you shall;
And where th' Offence is, let the great Ax fall:
I pray you go with me. [Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Gentlemen.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Gen. Sea-faring Men; Sir; they say they have Letters
for you.

Hor. Let them come in:
I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter two Sailors.

2 Sail. Here are Letters for you, if your Name be
Horatio, as we are informed it is.

Hor. reads the Letter.

Horatio, when thou shalt have over-look'd this, give
these

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these Fellows some means to the King, they have Letters for him. E'er we were two Days old at Sea, a Pirate of very warlike Appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled Valour, and in the Grapple I boarded them: On the instant they got clear of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly Death. I have words to speak in thine Ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencraus and Guildenstern hold their Course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel. Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your Letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them. (Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your Heart for Friend,
Since you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he who hath your noble Father slain,
Pursu'd my Life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these Crimes
So capital in Nature,

King. For two special Reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they are strong: the Queen his Mother
Lives almost by his Looks, and for my self,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either,
She is so precious to my Life and Soul,
That as a Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive
Why to a publick Count I might not go,
Is the great Love the People bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
Work like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone.

Laer. And so I have a noble Father lost;
A Sister driven into desperate Terms,
Whose Worth, if Praises may go back again,

Stood

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 57

Stood Challenger on the Mount of all the Age
For her Perfections: but my Revenge will come.

King. Break not your Sleep for that, you must not think
That we are made of Stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shook with Danger,
And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more,
I lov'd your Father, and we love ourself;

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Letters, my Lord, from Hamlet.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mes. Sailors, my Lord, they say, I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall hear them: leave us. [*Ex. Mes.*
High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on
your Kingdom: to-morrow shall I beg leave to see your
kingly Eyes, when I shall first, asking your pardon, there-
unto recount the Occasion of my sudden Return.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some Abuse, or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's Character. Naked!
And in a Postscript here he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord; but let him come
It warms the very Sickness of my Heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his Teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? --- how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my Lord, so you will not o'er-rule me to a
Peace.

King. To thine own Peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an Exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his Death no Wind of Blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the Practice,
And call it Accident.

G

Laer.

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Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so,
That I might be the Instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* hearing, for a Quality
Wherein they say you shine.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the Cap of youth,
Yet needful too.

Two months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I've seen myself, and serv'd against the *French*,
And they can well on Horseback: but this Gallant
Had Witchcraft in't, he grew unto his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As he had been incorpor'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave Beast: so far he topt my Thought,
That I in Forgery of Shapes and Tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my Life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is indeed
The Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made Confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly Report
For Art and Exercise in your Defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed
If one could match you: The Fencers of their Nation
He swore had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* so evenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the Painting of a Sorrow,
A Face without a Heart.

Latr

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Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
But to the business,
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To shew yourself indeed your Father's Son
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his Throat i' th' Church.

King. No place indeed should protect a Murderer,
Revenge should have no Bounds: but, good *Laertes*,
Keep close within your Chamber:
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home,
We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
And set a double Varnish on the Fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your Heads: he being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbaited, and
Requite him for your Father's Death.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the Purpose I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from Death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my Point
With this Contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be Death.

King. Let's further think of this;
I have't; when in your Motion you are hot and dry,
As make your Bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the purpose, whereon but tasting,
If he by chance escape your evenom'd Sword,
It shall be Death. But stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

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Laer. Drown'd! O where!

Queen. There is a Willow growing o'er a Brook,
That shews his hoary Leaves i' th' glassy Stream,
Near which fantastick Garlands she did make
Of Crow-Flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
There on the pendent Boughs her Coronet-weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious shiver broke,
When down her weedy Trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping Brook:

Laer. Alas then! is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my Tears: but yet
Nature her Custom holds,
Let shame say what it will;
Adieu, my Lord,
I have a Fire that fain would blaze,
But that this Folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*;
How much had I to do to calm his Rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Grave-diggers.

1 Grave. **I**S she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 Grave. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave strait; the Crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

1 Grave. How can that be unless she drown'd her self in her own Defence?

2 Grave. Why 'tis found so.

1 Grave. It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else: for here lies the point, if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 Grave. Nay but hear, you Goodman Delver.

1 Grave. Give me leave; here lies the Water, good; here stands the Man, good; if the Man go to this Water, and drown himself, it is will he, nill he; he goes, mark you that: but if the Water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 Grave. But is this Law?

1 Grave. Ay marry is't, Crowner's Quest-Law.

2 Grave. Will you have the truth on't? if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried without Christian Burial.

1 Grave. Why there thou say'st; and the more pity the great Folk should have countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grave diggers; they hold up Adam's Profession.

G 3

2 Grave.

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2 *Grave.* Was he a Gentleman?

1 *Grave.* He was the first that ever bore Arms.
I'll put another Question to thee. If thou answerest me
not to the purpose, confess thy self —

2 *Grave.* Go to.

1 *Grave.* What is he that builds stronger than either
the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

2 *Grave.* The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a
thousand Tenants.

1 *Grave.* I like thy Wit well; the Gallows does well,
but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill;
now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than
the Church: argal, the Gallows may do well to thee.
To't again, come.

2 *Grave.* Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Ship-
wright, or a Carpenter?

1 *Grave.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Grave.* Marry now I can tell.

1 *Grave.* To't.

2 *Grave.* Mafs I cannot tell.

1 *Grave.* Cudgel thy Brains no more about it, for your
dull As will not mend his pace with beating; and when
thou art ask'd this Question next, say a Grave-digger;
the Houses he makes last till Doomsday.

Go get thee in, and fetch me a Stoop of Liquor.

[*Exit.* 2 *Grave.*

*In Youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet.*

[*Sings.*

*To contract O the Time for a my bebove,
O methought there was nothing a meet.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his business, that
he sings in Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a Property of Easi-
ness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the Hand of little employment
hath the daintier Sense.

Grave.

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Grave. But Age with stealing Steps

[Sings.

*Hath clawed me in his Clutch,
And hath shipped me into the Land,
As if I never had been such.*

Ham. That Scull had a Tongue in it, and could sing once; how the Knave jowls it to the Ground, as if, 'twere Cain's Jaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be the Pate of a Politician, might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham. Here's a fine Revolution, did these Bones cost no more the breeding but to play at Loggers with them? mine ake to think on't.

*Gravem. A Pickax and a Spade, a Spade,
For and a shrowding Sheet,
O a Pit of Clay for to be made
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? Where be his Quiddities now; his Quillities, his Cases, his Tenures, and his Tricks? Why does he suffer this mad Knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Actions of Battery? Hum; this Fellow might be in's time a great Buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: Will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases and Doubles, then the Length and Breadth of a pair of Indentures? The very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this Box, and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. I will speak to this Fellow: Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

Grave. Mine, Sir--*Or a Pit of Clay for to be made.*

[Sings.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Grave. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I do not lie in't, yet it's mine.

Ham.

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Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine, 'tis for the Dead, and not for the Quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Grave. 'Tis a quick Lye, Sir; 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Grave. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Grave. For none neither.

Ham. Who is't to be buried in't?

Grave. One that was a Woman, Sir; but, rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? we must speak by the Card, or Equivocation will undo us. *Horatio*, this three Years I have took notice of it, that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Gravemaker?

Grave. Of all the Days i' th' Year, I came to't that Day our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Grave. Cannot you tell that, every Fool can tell that; it was that very Day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Grave. Why! because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Grave. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are Men as Mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Grave. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Grave. Faith e'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Grave. Why here in *Denmark*; where I have been Sexton, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i' th' Earth e'er he rot?

Grave. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many a pocky Corps that will scarce hold the laying

ing

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 65

ing in, he will last you some eight Years, or nine Years, a Tanner will last you nine Years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Grave. Why, Sir, is Hide is so tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out Water a great while, and your Water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead Body: here's a Scull now hath lien you i' th' Earth three any twenty Years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Grave. A whoreson mad Fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, he pour'd a Flaggon of Rhenish on my head once: this same Skull, Sir, was Sir *Yorick's* Skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy; he hath borne me on his Back a thousand times. Here hang those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft; where be your Jibes now, your Jests, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to my Ladies Table, and tell her: let her paint an inch thick, to this Complexion she must come; and make her laugh at that.

Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd on this fashion i' th' Earth?

Hor. E'n so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah. [*Smelling to the Skull.*]

Hor. E'ep so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base Uses we may return, *Horatio*? Why may not Imagination trace the noble Dust of *Alexander*, 'till we find it stopping a Bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham.

66 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to Dust, the Dust is Earth, of Earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the Wind away.

O that that Earth, which kept the World in awe,
Should patch a Wall t'expel the Waters Flaw.

Scene draws, and discovers the King, Queen, Laertes, and Priest with a Corps.

But soft, but soft a-while, here comes the King,
The Queen, and all the Court: who is this they follow,
And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,
The Corps they follow did with desperate hand
Destroy its own Life;

Stand by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantry; her Death was doubtful,
And but that great Command o'er-sways the Order,
She should in Ground unsanctify'd be lodg'd;
For charitable Prayers,
Flints and Pebbles should be thrown upon her:
Yet here she is allow'd her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden Strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more:

We should prophane the Service of the Dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such Rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' Earth,
And from her fair and unpolled Flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 67

Ham. What! the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the Sweet, farewell.

[*Throws in a Garland of Flowers.*]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's Wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd: sweet Maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble Woe?

Fall ten times double on that cursed Head,
Whose wicked Deeds depriv'd thee of
Thy most ingenuous Sense; hold off the Earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in my Arms.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Now pile your Dust upon the Quick and Dead,
Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made
T' o'ertop old *Pelion*, or the skyish Head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose Grief
Bears such an Emphasis, whose Phrase of Sorrow
Conjures the wandering Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'Tis I,

Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Laer. Perdition catch thee! [Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well:

I prithee take thy Fingers from my Throat,
For tho' I am not splenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy Wisdom fear—Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme,
Until my Eye-lid will no longer wag.

Queen. O my Son! what Theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand Brothers
Could not with all their quantity of Love
Make up my Sum: What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. Forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou wilt do;
Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thyself,
Wilt drink up *Esil*, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.

And

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And if you prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground
Singeing his Pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a Wart: nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere Madness,
And thus a while the Fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as a female Dove,
When first her golden Couplets are disclos'd;
His Silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter.
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his Day.

[*Ex. Ham. and Hor.*

King. I pray thee, good *Horatio*, wait upon him,
Strengthen your Patience in our last Night's Speech.

[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the matter to the present push;
Good *Gertrude*, set some watch over your Son.

This Grave shall have a living Monument: [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir, you shall now see the
You do remember all the Circumstance? (other;

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep.

And that should learn us,

There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the Dark
I grop'd to find them out, had my Desire,
Reach'd their Packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own Room again, making so bold
(My Fears forgetting Manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission; where I found, *Horatio*,
An exact Command,

That

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That soon as I to *England* came,
My Head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at some leisure :
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with Villains,
E'er I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play, I sat me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair,
Wilt thou know
Th' Effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjunction from the King,
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,
As Love between them like the Palm might flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
That on the view of these Contents,
Without debatement further more or less,
He should those Bearers put to sudden Death.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. I had my Father's Signet in my Pocket,
Which was the Model of that *Danish* Seal;
I folded the Writ up in the Form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' Impression, plac'd it safely,
Now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowst already.

Hor. So *Guildestern* and *Rosencraus* went to't.

Ham. They are not near my Conscience their Defeat
Does by their own Insinuations grow;

Hor. Why what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Stept in between th' Election and my Hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper Life,
And with such Cozenage, is't not perfect Conscience?

Enter Ostrick.

Ost. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

H

Ham.

70 HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Dost know this Water-fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a Vice to know him, he hath much Land and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's mess; 'tis a Chough, but as I said, spacious in the possession of Dirt.

Of. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of Spirit, your Bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the Head.

Of. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No believe me, it is very cold; the Wind is Northerly.

Of. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my Complexion——

Of. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how. My Lord, his Majesty bid me signify unto you, that he has laid a great Wager on your Head, Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Of. Nay good my Lord, for my ease.——Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences, of very soft Society, and great Shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the very Card or Kalender of Gentry, for you shall find in him the Substance of what part a Gentlemen would see.

Ham. Sir, his Definement suffers no loss in you, tho' I know to divide him inventorially would perhaps dizzy the Arithmetick of Memory. But in the variety of Extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article, and his Infusion of such a dearth and rareness, as to make true Diction of him, his Semblable is his Mirror; and who else would trace him, his Umbrage, and nothing more.

Of. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in our rawer Breath?

Of.

HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.* 71

Os. Sir.

Ham. What imports the Nomination of this Gentleman?

Os. Of *Laertes*?

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Os. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did, Sir, yet if you did, it would not much approve me——well Sir.

Os. You are not ignorant of what Excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in Excellence; for to know a Man well, were to know himself.

Os. I mean, Sir, for his Weapon; he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his Weapon?

Os. Single Rapier.

The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbary* Horses, against the which he hath impawn'd, as I take it, six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their Assigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and so—three of the Carriages are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the Hilt, most delicate Carriages, and of very liberal Conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Os. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrase would be more german to the matter, if we carry'd a Cannon by our sides. But on, six *Barbary* Horses against six *French* Swords, their Poniards and Assigns, and three liberal conceited Carriages, that's the *French* Bett against the *Danish*, as I take it.

Os. The King hath laid, Sir, that in a dozen Passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three Hits; he hath laid twelve to nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Os. I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall, it is the the breathing time of the day with me: let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his

H

pur-

72 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ost. Shall I deliver it so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your Nature will.

Ost. I commend my Duty to your Lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours does well to commend it self, there's no Tongue else fit for its turn.

Hor. This Lap-wing runs away with the Shell on his head.

Ham. Thus has he, and many more of the same breed, that I know, only got the tune of the Time, a habit of Encounter, a kind of mistry Collection, which carries them thro and thro the most profane and renowned Opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the Bubbles are out.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Gent. The King and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Gent. The Queen desires you to use some gentle Entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds: thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of boding, as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

Hor. If your Mind dislike any thing obey it; I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 73

Ham. Not a whit, we defy Augury. [Exeunt.

Scene draws and discovers King, Queen, Laertes, Gentlemen and Guards. Re-enter Hamlet and Horatio.

King. Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir ; I've done you wrong.
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman : this Presence
knows,

And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With a sore Distraction ; what I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was Madness.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me so far in your most generous Thoughts,
That I have shot my Arrow o'er the House,
And hurt my Brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in Nature,
Whose Motive in this case should stir me most
To my Revenge :
I do receive your offer'd Love like Love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this Brother's Wager frankly play:
Give us the Foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*, in my Ignorance ;
Your Skill shall, like a Star, i'th' darkest Night appear.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, on my Honour.

King. Give them the Foils, young *Ostrick* : Cousin
Hamlet, you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord :
Your Grace has laid the Odds o'th' weaker Side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both ;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes mewith, these Foils have all a length.

Os. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stoops of Wine upon the Table ;
If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third Exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire ;
The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better breath,

And

74 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

And in the Cup an Onyx shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the Cup,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heavens to Earth.
Now the King drinks to Hamlet : come begin.

[Trumpets the while.

And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

(and Shout.

Of. A Hit, a very palpable Hit. *[Drums, Trumpets,*

Laer. Well — again. *[Flourish, a Piece goes off.*

King. Stay, give me the Drink, Hamlet, this Pearl is
thine, here's to thy Health : Give him the Cup.

Ham. I'll play this Bout first, set it by a while.
Come — another Hit — what say you ?

Laer. I do confess't.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. Here Hamlet.

The Queen salutes thy Fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam —

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late. *[Aside,*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my Conscience *[Aside.*

Ham. Come for the third, Laertes, you but dally :
I pray you pass with your best violence,
I am sure you make a Wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? Come on.

Of. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

*[Laertes wounds Hamlet ; in scuffling they change Rapier,
and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Of. Look to the Queen there, ho !

Hor.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. 75

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

Of. How is't *Laertes*?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock caught in mine own Springe,
I am justly kill'd with mine own Treachery. [*Ostrick.*

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed. [*Hamlet.*

Queen. No no, the Drink, the Drink,---O my dear
I am poison'd. [*She Dies.*

Ham. O Villain! ho, let the Door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*---thou art slain
No Medecine in the World can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's Life:
The treacherous Instrument is in this hand,
Unbated and envenom'd; the foul Practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy Mother's poison'd,
I can no more---the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The Point envenom'd too, then Venom to thy
work. [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason, Treason!

King. O yet defend me Friends! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous *Dane*,
Follow my Mother. [*King dies.*

Laer. Exchange Forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my Father's Death come upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:
Wretched *Queen*, farewell.

You that look pale and tremble at this Chance,
There are but Mutes and Audience to this Act,
Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in his Arrest) O I could tell you;
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead;
Thou liv'st, report me and my Cause aright
To the unsatisfy'd.

Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet some some Liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a Man,
Give me the Cup; let go, I'll have:

76 HAMLET, *Prince of Denmark.*

O *Horatio*, think what a wounded Name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me,
If thou didst ever hold me in thy Heart,
Absent thee from Felicity a-while,
And in this harsh World draw thy Breath in pain
To tell my story : What Warlike Noise is this?

[*A March afar off.*

Enter Ostrick.

Of. Young *Fortinbras* with Conquest come from *Poland*.
The Ambassadors of *England* give this warlike Volley:

Ham. O I die, *Horatio*,
The potent Poison quite o'er-grows my Spirit;
I cannot live to hear the News from *England*,
But I do prophesy the Election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying Voice,
So tell him with the Occurrents more and less
Which have solicited, O---the rest in silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks the Cordage of a noble Heart; good
night, sweet Prince,
And Choirs of Angels sing thee to thy Rest.

Enter Fortinbras with the Ambassadors.

For. Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
T' have prov'd most royal: and for his Passage,
The Soldier's Musick, and the Rites of War,
Speak loudly to him.
Take up the Bodies; such a Sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss,
Bid the Soldiers shoo.

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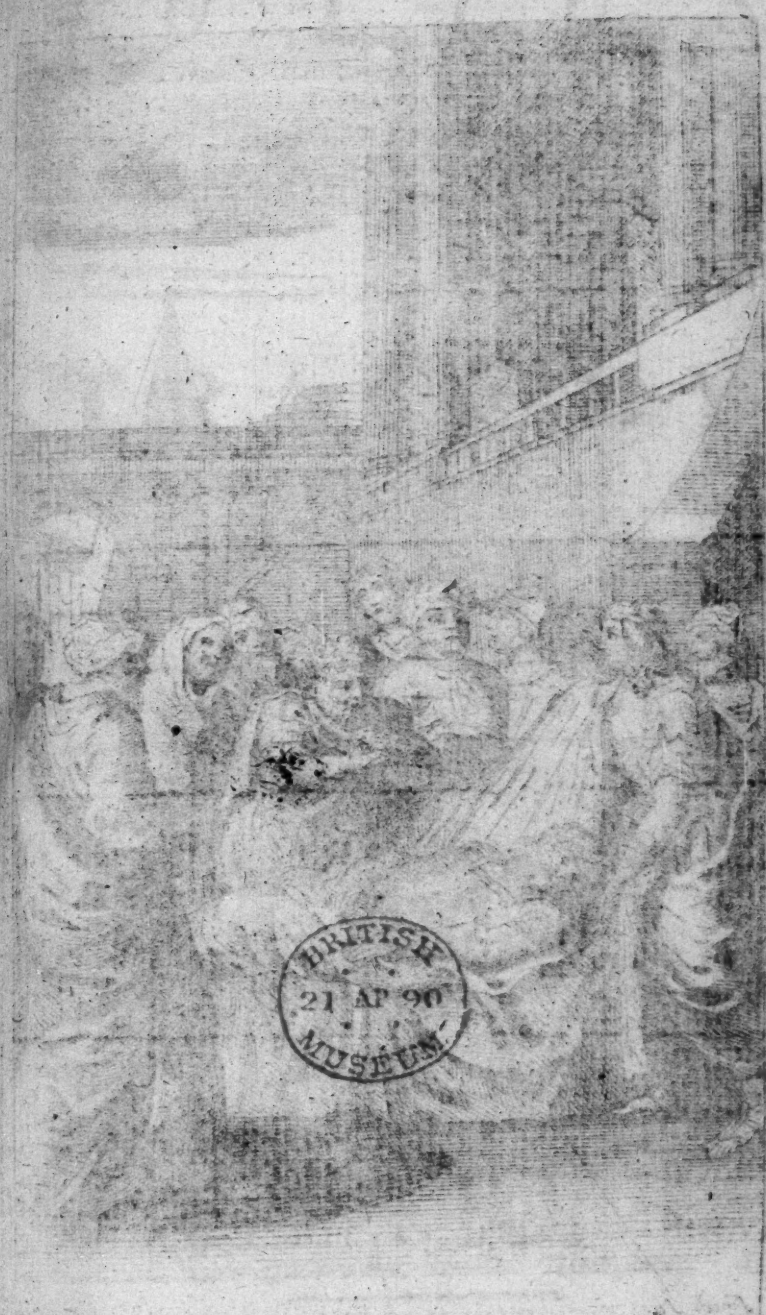
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JULIUS
CÆSAR.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Julius Cæsar.
Octavius Cæsar.

M. Antony.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Caska,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius,

Murellus,

Artemidorus, *a Sooth-sayer.*

Messala,

Titinius,

Cinna, *the Poet.*

Lucius, *Servant to Brutus.*

*Conspirators against Ju-
lius Cæsar.*

Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*



Plebeians, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE *for the three first Acts, and be-
ginning of the Fourth in Rome, for the
remainder of the Fourth near Sardis, for
the Fifth in the Fields of Philippi.*



JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *Rome.*

Enter Flavius, Murellus, and certain Commoners over the Stage.

FLAVIUS.



HENCE; Home you idle Creatures, get you home;

Is this a Holy-day? What know you not, Being Mechanical, you ought not to walk Upon a labouring Day, without the Sign Of your Profession? Speak, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule? What dost thou with thy best Apparel on?

You Sir, what Trade are you?

Cob. Truly Sir, in respect of a fine Workman I am but as you would say, a Cöbler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? answer me directly.

Cob. A Trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe Conscience, which is indeed, Sir, a mender of bad Soals.

Flav. What Trade, thou Knave? thou naughty Knave, what Trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy Fellow?

Cob.

Cob. Why, Sir, Cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly Sir, all that I live by, is the Awl: I meddle with no Tradesman's Matters, nor Woman's Matters; but withal, I am indeed, Sir, a Surgeon to old Shooes; when they are in great Danger, I recover them. As proper Men as ever trod upon Neats-Leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to Day? Why dost thou lead these Men about the Streets?

Cob. Truly Sir, to wear out their Shooes, to get my self into more work. But indeed Sir, we make Holy-day to see *Cæsar*, and to rejoice in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore rejoice! — What Conquest brings he home?

What Tributaries follow him to *Rome*.

To grace in Captive Bonds his Chariot Wheels?
You Blocks, you Stones, you worse then senseless Things!
O you hard Hearts! You cruel Men of *Rome*!

Knew you not *Pompey*? many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to Walls and Battlements,
To Towers and Windows, yea to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Arms, and there have fate
The live-long Day with patient Expectation,
To see great *Pompey* pass the Streets of *Rome*?

And when you saw his Chariot but appear,
Have you not made an Universal Shout,
That *Tyber* trembled underneath his Banks
To hear the Replication of your Sounds,
Made in his Concave Shores?

And do you now put on your best Attire?
And do you now cull out an Holy-day?
And do you now strew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph over *Pompey's* Blood?
Be gone —

Run to your Houses, fall upon your Knees,
Pray to the Gods, to intermit the Plague,
That needs must light on this Ingratitude.

Flav. Gogo, good Countrymen, and for this Fault
Assemble all the poor Men of your sort,
Draw them to *Tyber* Bank, and weep your Tears
Into the Channel, 'till the lowest Stream

Do kiss the most exalted Shores of all. [*Exeunt Commoners.*
 See where their basest Mettle be not mov'd,
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their Guiltiness.
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol,
 This way will I ; Disrobe the Images,
 If you do find them deck'd with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do so?

You know it is the Feast of *Lupercal*.

Flav. It is no matter, let no Images
 Be hung with *Cæsar's* Trophies ; I'll about,
 And drive away the Vulgar from the Streets ;
 So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing Feathers pluckt from *Cæsar's* Wing,
 Will make him fly or ordinary Pitch,
 Who else would soar above the view of Men,
 And keep us all in servile Fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia,
 Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a Soothsayer ;
 after them Murellus and Flavius.*

Cæs. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia,*

Calp. Here my Lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in *Antonio's* way,
 When he doth run his Course. — *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar* my Lord.

Cæs. Forget not in your speed, *Antonio,*
 To touch *Calphurnia* ; for our Elders say,
 The Barren touched in this holy Chase,
 Shake off their steril Course.

Ant. I shall remember.

When *Cæsar* says, Do this ; it is perform'd.

Cæsar. Set on, and leave no Ceremony out.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha ! who calls ?

Cask. Bid every Noise be still ; Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the Press that calls on me ;
 I hear a Tongue, shriller than all the Musick,
 Cry, *Cæsar* : Speak ; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. What Man is that ?

Bru. A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his Face,

Cæs. Fellow, come from the Throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. He is a Dreamer, let us leave him; Pass.

[*Exeunt. Manent Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the Course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not Gamefom; I do lack some part
Of that quick Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your Desires;
I'll leave you.

Cæs. *Brutus*, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your Eyes that Gentleness
And shew of Love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn, and too strange a Hand
Over your Friends, that love you.

Bru. *Cassius*,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my Look,
I turn the Trouble of my Countenance
Meerly upon my self. Vexed I am
Of late, with Passions of some Difference,
Conceptions only proper to my self,
Which give some Soil, perhaps, to my Behaviour:
But let not therefore my good Friends be griev'd,
Among which Number *Cassius* be you one,
Nor construe any further my Neglect,
Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at War,
Forgets the shews of Love to other Men.

Cæs. Then *Brutus*, I have much mistook your Passion,
By Means whereof, this Breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great Value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, can you see your Face?

Bru. No, *Cassius*; for the Eye sees not it self,
But by Reflection, by some other things.

Cæs. 'Tis just,
And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,
That you have no such Mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your Eye,
That you might see your Shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best Respect in *Rome*,

Except

Except immortal *Cæsar*, speaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning underneath this Age's Yoke,
Have wish'd that noble *Brutus* had his Eyes.

Bru. Into what Dangers would you lead me, *Cassius*?
That you would have me seek into my self,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear :
And since you know you cannot see your self
So well as by Reflection; I, your Glass,
Will modestly discover to your self
That of your self, which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus* ;
Were I a common Laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary Oaths my Love
To every new Protestor ; if you know
That I do fawn on Men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them ; or if you know,
That I profess my self in Banqueting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*]

Bru. What means this Shouting? I do fear, the People
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, *Cassius* ; yet I love him well :
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general Good,
Set Honour in one Eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour, more than I fear Death,

Cas. I know that Virtue to be in you, *Brutus*.
As well as I do know your outward Favour ;
Well, Honour is the subject of my Story :
I cannot tell, what you and other Men
Think of this Life ; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a Thing as I my self.
I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winter's cold, as well as he.

For once, upon a raw and gusty Day,
 The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his Shores,
Cæsar says to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now
 Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
 And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow; so indeed he did.
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with Hearts of Controversy.
 But e'er we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
 I, as *Aeneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of *Troy*, upon his Shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the Waves of *Tyber*
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his Body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a Fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
 His coward Lips did from their Colour fly,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did lose his Lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that Tongue of his that bad the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his Speeches in their Books
 Alas! it cry'd — Give me some drink, *Titinius* —
 As a sick Girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A Man of such a feeble Temper should
 So get the Start of the majestick World,
 And bear the Palm alone. [Shout. Flourish]

Bru. Another general Shout?
 I do believe, that these Applauses are
 For some new Honours that are heap'd on *Cæsar*.
Cas. Why Man, he doth bestride the narrow World
 Like a *Colossus*, and we petty Men
 Walk under his huge Legs, and peep about
 To find our selves, dishonourable Graves.
 Men at some times are Masters of their Fates:
 The Fault, dear *Brutus*, is not in our Stars,
 But in our selves, that we are Underlings.

Brutus

Brutus and Cæsar. What should be in that *Cæsar*?
 Why should that Name be founded more than yours?
 Write them together; yours is as fair a Name;
 Sound them, it doth become the Mouth as well;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; Conjure with 'em.
Brutus will start a Spirit a Spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.
 Now in the Names of all the Gods at once.
 Upon what Meat doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble Bloods.
 When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one Man?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of *Rome*,
 That her wide Walls incompast but one Man?
 Now is it *Rome* indeed, and Room enough
 When there is in it but one only Man.
 O! you and I have heard our Fathers say,
 There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal Devil to keep his State in *Rome*,
 As easily as a King.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would worke to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times
 I shall recount hereafter: For this present,
 I would not so (with Love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with Patience hear, and find a time
 But meet to hear, and answer such high Things.
 'Till then, my noble Friend, chew upon this;

Brutus had rather be a Villager,
 Than to repute himself a Son of *Rome*
 Under such hard Conditions, as this Time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak Words
 Have struck but thus much shew of Fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The Games are done, and *Cæsar* is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck *Caska* by the Sleeve,
 And he will, after his sower Fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy Note to day.

Bru. I will do so: But look you, *Cassius*,

The

The angry Spot doth glow on *Cæsar's* Brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden Train;
Calphurnia's Cheek is pale, and *Cicero*
 Looks with such Ferret, and such fiery Eyes
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being crost with Conference in some Senators.

Cæs. *Caska* will tell us what the Matter is.

Cæs. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæsar.*

Cæs. Let me have Men about me that are Fat,
 Sleek headed Men, and such as sleep a Nights:
 Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry Look,
 He thinks too much; such Men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, *Cæsar*, he's not dangerous,
 He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
 Yet if my Name were liable to Fear,
 I do not know the Man I should avoid,
 So soon as that spare *Cassius*. He reads much,
 He is a great Observer, and he looks
 Quite through the Deeds of Men. He loves no Plays,
 As thou dost, *Antony*; he hears no Musick:
 Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his Spirit
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such Men as he be never at Hearts Ease,
 Whilst they behold a greater than themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
 Come on my right Hand, for this Ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

Cask. You pull'd me by the Cloak, would you speak
 with me?

Bru. Ay *Caska*, tell us what hath chanc'd to Day,
 That *Cæsar* looks so sad.

Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why, there was a Crown offer'd him; and
 being

being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his Hand, thus, and then the Peop'e fell a Shouting.

Bru. What was the second Noise for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last Cry for?

Cask. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the Crown offer'd him thrice?

Cask. Ay marry was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest Neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the Crown?

Cask. Why, *Antony*.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Cask. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meer Foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a Crown, yet 'twas not a Crown neither, 'twas one of these Coronets; and, as I to'd you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his Fingers off it; and then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the Rabblement houted, and clapp'd their chopt Hands, and threw up their sweaty Night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking Breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the Crown, that had it almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my Lips and receiving the bad Air.

Cas. But soft I pray you; what did *Cæsar* swoon?

Cask. He fell down in the Market-place, and foam'd at Mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the Falling-Sickness.

Cas. No, *Cæsar* hath it not; but you and I, And honest *Caska*; we have the Falling-Sickness.

Cask. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure *Cæsar* fell down; if the tag-rag People did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them as they use to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true Man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Cask.

Cask. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common Herd was glad he refus'd the Crown, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut; and I had been a Man of any Occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the Rogues; and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said any thing amiss, he desired their Worshipps to think it was his Infirmitie. Three or four Wenchs where I stood, cryed, Alas, good Soul----and forgave him with all their Hearts: But ther'es no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæsar* had stabb'd their Mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away.

Cask. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Cask. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i'th' Face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their Heads; but for mine own part it was *Greek* to me. I could tell you more News too: *Murellus* and *Flavius*, for pulling Scarfs off *Cæsar's* Images, are put to Silence. Fare you well. There was more Foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to Night, *Caska*?

Cask. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to Morrow?

Cask. Ay, if I be alive, and your Mind hold, and your Dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Cask. Do so: farewell both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt Fellow is this grown to be? He was quick Mettle, when he went to School.

Cas. So is he now, in Execution Of any bold or noble Enterprize. However he puts on this tarday Form: This Rudeness is a Sawce to his good Wit, Which gives Men stomach to digest his Words With better Appetites.

Bru. And so it is: For this time I will leave you. To morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will

I will come home to you; or if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cæs. I will do so: 'till then think of the World.

[Exit Brutus.]

Well *Brutus*, thou art Noble: Yet I see
Thy honourable Mettle may be wrought
From that 'tis disposed, therefore 'tis meet
That noble Minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,
He should not humour me. I will this Night,
In several Hands, in at his Windows throw,
As if they came from several Citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great Opinion
That *Rome* ho'ds of his Name: Wherein obscurely
Cæsar's Ambition shall be glanced at.
And after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure,
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Caska, his Sword
drawn, and Cicero.*

Cic. Good Even, *Caska*; brought you *Cæsar* home?
Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

Cask. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!
I have seen Tempests, when the scolding Winds
Have riv'd the knotty Oaks, and I have seen
Th' ambitious Ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening Clouds;
But never 'till to Night, never 'till now,
Did I go through a Tempest dropping Fire.
Either their is a Civil Strife in Heav'n,
Or else the World, too saucy with the Gods,
Incenses them to send Destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Cask. A common Slave, you know him well by sight,
Held up his left Hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty Torches join'd; and yet his Hand,
Not sensible of Fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, I ha' not since put up my Sword,
Against the Capitol I met a Lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,

With-

Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap, a hundred gashly Women,
 Transformed with their Fear, who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the Streets.
 And yesterday, the Bird of Night did sit,
 Even at Noon-day, upon the Market place,
 Houting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not Men say,
 These are their Reasons, they are Natural:
 For I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange disposed time:
 But Men may construe things after their Fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes *Cæsar* to the Capital to-morrow?

Cas. He doth: For he did bid *Antonio*
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good Night then, *Caska*; this disturbed Sky
 Is not to walk in.

Cas. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[*Exit, Cicero.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Cas. A Roman.

Cas. *Caska*, by your Voice.

Cas. Your Ear is good. *Cassius*, what Night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing Night to honest Men.

Cas. Who ever knew the Heav'n's menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the Earth so full of Faults.
 For my part I have walk'd about the Streets,
 Submitting me unto the perillous Night;
 And thus unbraced. *Caska*, as you see,
 Have bar'd my Bosom to the Thunder-stone:
 And when the cross blue Lightning seem'd to open
 The Breast of Heav'n, I did present my self,
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cas. But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heav'n's?
 It is the part of Men to fear and tremble,
 When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send
 Such dreadful Heraids to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Caska*: and those sparks of Life
 That should be in a Roman, you do want,
 Or else you use not; You look pale, and gaze,

And

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the Heav'ns :
 But if you would consider the true Cause,
 Why all these Fires, why all these gliding Ghosts,
 Why Birds and Beasts, from quality and kind,
 Why old Men, Fools, and Children calculate ;
 Why all these things change from their Ordinance,
 Their Natures, and pre-formed Faculties,
 To monstrous quality ; why, you shall find,
 That Heav'n hath infus'd them with these Spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning,
 Unto some monstrous State.

Now could I, *Caska*, name to thee a Man,
 Most like this dreadful Night,
 That Thunders, Lightens, opens Graves, and roars,
 As doth the Lion in the Capitol ;
 A Man no mightier than thy self, or me,
 In personal Action ; yet prodigious grown,
 And fearful, as these strange Eruptions are.

Cask 'Tis *Cæsar* that you mean ; is it not, *Cassius* ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : For *Romans* now
 Have Thewes and Limbs like to their Ancestors ;
 But woe the while, our Fathers Minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our Mother Spirits,
 Our Yoke and Sufferance shew us womanish.

Cask. Indeed, they say, the Senators, to morrow
 Mean to establish *Cæsar* as a King :
 And he shall wear his Crown by Sea, and Land.
 In every Place, save here in *Italy*.

Cas. I know where I will were this Dagger then ;
Cassius from Bondage will deliver *Cassius*.
 Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye Gods, you Tyrants do defeat :
 Nor stony Tower, nor Walls of beaten Brass,
 Nor airless Dungeon, nor strong Links of Iron,
 Can be reientive to the strength of Spirit :
 But Life, being weary of these worldly Bars,
 Never lacks Power to dismiss it self.
 If I know this, know all the World besides ;
 That part of Tyranny, that I do bear,
 I can shake off at pleasure.

Cask.

Cask. So can I.

So every Bondman in his own Hand bears
The Power to cancel his Captivity.

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a Tyrant then?
Poor Man, I know he would not be a Wolf,
But that he sees the *Romans* are but Sheep;
He were no Lion, where not *Romans* Hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty Fire,
Begin it with weak Straws. What trash is *Rome*?
What Rubbish, and what Offal? when it serves
For the base Matter, to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæsar*. But, oh Grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing Bondman: Then I know
My Answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And Dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You speak to *Caska*, and to such a Man,
That is no hearing Tell tale. Ho'd, my Hand:
Be factious for redress of all these Grievs,
And I will set this Foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cask. There's a Bargain made.
Now know you, *Caska*, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*.
To undergo, with me, an Enterprize,
Of honourable dangerous Consequence:
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In *Pompey's* Porch; for now this fearful Night,
There is no stir, or walking in the Streets,
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fear'rous, like the Work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cask. Stand close a while, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis *Cinna*, I know him by his Gate,
He is a Friend. *Cinna*, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cimber*.

Cas. No, it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not staid for, *Cinna*?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful Night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange Sight.

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin.

Cin. Yes, you are,
 O *Cassius*! If you could but win the noble *Brutus*
 To our Party——

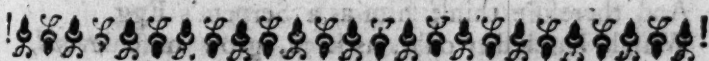
Cas. Be you content. Good *Cinna* take this Paper,
 And look you lay it in the *Prætors* Chair,
 Where *Brutus* may but find it; and throw this
 In at his Wind; set this up with Wax
 Upon old *Brutus* Statue: All this done,
 Repair to *Pompey's* Porch, where you shall find us.
 Is *Decius Brutus*, and *Trebonius* there?

Cin. All, but *Metellus Cimber*, and he's gone
 To seek you at your House. Well, I will hie,
 And so bestow these Papers as you bid me.

Cas. That done, repair to *Pompey's* Theatre. [*Ex. Cin.*
 Come *Caska*, you and I will, yet e'er Day,
 See *Brutus* at his House; three parts of him
 Is ours already, and the Men entire,
 Upon the next Encounter, yields him ours.

Cas. O, he fits high in all the Peoples Hearts:
 And that which would appear Offence in us,
 His Countenance, like richest Alchymy,
 Will change to Virtue and to Worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his Worth, and our great need of him,
 You have right well conceited; let us go,
 For it is after Midnight, and e'er Day,
 We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE A Garden.

Enter Brutus.

WHAT *Lucius*! ho! ——
 I cannot, by the Progress of the Stars,
 Give guess how near to Day——*Lucius*, I say!
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say! what *Lucius*!

Enter

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?

Bru. Get me a Taper in my Study *Lucius* :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. *[Exit.]*

Bru. It must be by his Death : And for my part,
I know no personal Cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd--
How that might change his Nature, there's the Question.
It is the bright Day that brings forth the Adder,
And that craves wary Walking : Crown him --- that ---
And then I grant we put a String in him,
That at his will, he may do danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatness, is, when it disjoins
Remorse from Power : and to speak truth of *Cæsar*,
I have not known, when his Affections sway'd,
More than his Reason. But 'tis a common Proof,
'That Lowliness is young Ambition's Ladder,
Whereto the Climber upward turns his Face ;
But when he once attains the upmost Round,
He then unto the Ladder turns his Back,
Looks in the Clouds, scorning the base Degrees
By which he did ascend : So *Cæsar* may
'Then, lest he may, prevent ; and since the Quarrel
Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus : that what he is augmented,
Would run to these, and these Extremities :
And therefore think him as a Serpent's Egg,
Which hatch'd, would, as kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the Shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Clofet, Sir :
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd up, and I am sure,
It did not lie there, when I went to Bed.

[Gives him the Letter.]

Bru. Get you to Bed again, it is not Day :
Is not to Morrow, Boy, the first of *March*?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the Kalender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Bru. The Exhalations, whizzing in the Air,

Give

Give so much light; that I may read by them.

[Opens the Letter and reads]

Brutus, *thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself:*

Shall Rome,--*speak, strike, redress.*

Brutus *thou sleep'st: Awake.*

Such Instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome--Thus must I piece it out,

Shall Rome stand under one Man's awe? What Rome?

My Ancestors did from the Streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King

Speak, strike, redress.--Am I entreated

To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full Petition at the Hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen Days. [Knock within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, somebody knocks:

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the Interim is

Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dream:

The Genius, and the mortal Instruments,

Are then in Council; and the State of Man,

Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then,

The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Ears,

And half their Faces buried in their Cloaths,

That by no means I may discover them,

By any mark of Favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.]

They are the Faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,

When Evils are most free? O then, by Day

Where

Where wilt thou find a Cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous Visage? Seek none, Conspiracy,
Hide it with Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path thy native Semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough,
To hide thee from Prevention.

Enter Cassius, Caska, Decius, Cinna, Metellus and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your Rest;
Good Morrow, *Brutus*, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all Night:
Know I these Men, that come along with you? [*Aside.*

Cas. Yes, every Man of them; and no Man here
But honours you: And every one doth wish,
You had but that Opinion of your self,
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.
This is *Trebonius*.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This *Decius Brutus*.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*
And this *Metellus Cimber*.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful Cares do interpose themselves,
Betwixt your Eyes and Night?

Cas. Shall I intreat a word? [*They whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the East: Doth not the Day break here?

Cas. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth, and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cas. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here as I point my Sword, the Sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful Season of the Year.
Some two Months hence, up higher toward the North.
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your Hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our Resolution.

Bru. No, not an Oath: If not the Face of Men,
The Sufferance of our Souls, the Time's abuse,
If these be Motives weak, break off betimes,

And

And ev'ry Man hence, to his idle Bed :
 So let high-sighted Tyranny range on,
 'Till each Man drop by Lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear Fire enough
 to kindle Cowards, and to steel with Valour
 The melting Spirits of Women ; then, Countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own Cause
 To prick us to redress? What other Bond,
 Than secret *Romans*, that have spoke the word,
 And will not palter? And what other Oath,
 Than Honesty to Honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it.
 Swear Priests, and Cowards, and Men cautelous,
 Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Souls
 That welcome wrongs : Unto bad Causes, swear
 Such Creatures as Men doubt ; but do not stain
 The even Virtue of our Enterprize,
 Nor th' insuppressive Mettle of our Spirits,
 To think, that or our Cause, or our Performance,
 Did need an Oath, when every drop of Blood
 That every *Roman* bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several Bastardy,
 If he doth break the smallest Particle
 Of any promise, that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of *Cicero*? shall we found him?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his Silver Hairs
 Will purchase us a good Opinion,
 And buy Mens Voices, to commend our Deeds :
 It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our Hands ;
 Our Youths, and Wildness, shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his Gravity.

Bru. O name him not : let us not break with him,
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other Men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Cas. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no Man else be touched, but only *Caesar*?

Cas. *Decius*, well urg'd ; I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of *Caesar*,

Should

Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him
 A shrewd Contriver. And you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all, which to prevent,
 Let *Antony* and *Cæsar* fall together.

Bru. Our Course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
 To cut the Head off, and then hack the Limbs;
 Like wrath in Death, and envy afterwards:
 For *Antony* is but a Limb of *Cæsar*.
 Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers, *Cassius*:
 We all stand up against the Spirit of *Cæsar*,
 And in the Spirit of Men, there is no Blood:
 O that we then could come by *Cæsar's* Spirits,
 And not dismember *Cæsar*! but, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle Friends,
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
 Let's carve him, as a Dish-fit for the Gods;
 Not hew him, as a Carcase fit for Hounds;
 And let our Hearts, as subtle Masters do,
 Stir up their Servants to an act of Rage,
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious;
 Which so appearing to the common Eyes,
 We shall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* Arm,
 When *Cæsar's* Head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;

For in the ingratted Love he bears to *Cæsar*,

Bru. Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him;
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought, and die for *Cæsar*.
 And that were much he should; for he is giv'n
 To Sports, to Wildness, and much Company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die.
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. *[Clock strikes.]*

Bru. Peace, count the Clock.

Cas. The Clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether *Cæsar* will come forth to Day, or no.

For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main Opinion he held once,
Of Phantasie, of Dreams, and Ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent Prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this Night,
And the persuasion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to Day.

Dec. Never fear that ; if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him ; for he loves to hear,
That Unicorns may be betray'd by Trees,
And Bears with Glasses, Elephants with Holes,
Lions with Tóils, and Men with Flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He says, he does, being then most flatter'd.
Let me work :

For I can give his Humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cæs. Nay, we will all of us there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour, is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hatred,
Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;
I wonder none of you have thought on him.

Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him :
He loves me well ; and I have given him Reasons,
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cæs. The Morning comes upon's ; we'll leave you *Brutus*,
And Friends disperse yourselves ; but all remember,
What you have said, and shew yourselves true *Romans*.

Bru. Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily,
Let not our Looks put on our Purposes,
But bear it as our *Roman* Actors do,
With untir'd Spirits, and formal Constancy ;
And so good Morrow to you every one. *Exeunt.*

Manent Brutus.

Boy ! *Lucius* ! fast asleep ? It is no matter,
Enjoy thy Honey-heavy dew of Slumber ;
Thou hast no Figures, nor Phantasies,
Which busie Care draws in the Brains of Men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

B

Ente.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my Lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your Health thus to commit
Your weak Condition to the raw cold Morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, *Brutus,*
Stole from my Bed: And yesternight at Supper
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your Arms a-crofs:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle Looks.
I urg'd you further, then you scratch'd your Head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your Foot;
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your Hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that Impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humour,
Which sometime hath his Hour with every Man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep:
And could it work so much upon your Shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your Condition,
I should not know you, *Brutus.* Dear, my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of Grief,

Bru. I am not well in Health, and that is all.

Por. *Brutus* is wife, and were he not in Health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why so I do: Good *Portia,* go to Bed.

Por. Is *Brutus* sick? And is it Physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the Humours
Of the damp Morning? What is *Brutus* sick?
And will he steal out of his wholsom Bed,
To dare the vile Contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rheumy and unpurged Air,
To add unto his Sicknes? No, my *Brutus,*
You have some sick Offence within your Mind,
Which, by the Right and Virtue of my Place,
I ought to know of: and upon my Knees,
I charm you, by my once cominended Beauty,
By all your Vows of Love, and that great Vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,

That

That you unfold to me, yourself, your half;
Why you are heavy, and what Men, to Night,
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their Faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Portia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*,
Within the Bond of Marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I should know no Secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But as it were in fort, or Limitation?
To keep with you at Meals, Comfort your Bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good Pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus*' Harlot, not his Wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad Heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this Secret.
I grant I am a Woman; but withal,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* took to Wife:
I grant I am a Woman, but withal,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my Sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your Councils, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my Constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary Wound
Here, in the Thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my Husband's Secrets?

Bru. O ye Gods!

Render me worthy of this noble Wife. [*Knock.*
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Portia* go in a while,
And, by and by, thy Bosom shall partake
The Secrets of my Heart.
All my Engagements I will construe to thee,
All the Character of my sad Brows:
Leave me with haste.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick Man that would speak with you.

Bru.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?

Cai. Vouchsafe good Morrow from a feeble Tongue

Bru. O what a time have you chose out, brave Caius
To wear a Kerchief? Would you were not sick.

Cai. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any Exploit worthy the name of Honour.

Bru. Such an Exploit have I in hand Ligarius,
Had you an healthful Ear to hear of it.

Cai. By all the Gods the Romans bow before,
I here discard my Sickness. Soul of Rome,
Brave Son, deriv'd from honourable Loins,
Thou like an Exorcist, hath conjur'd up
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things-impossible,
Yet get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick Men whole.

Cai. But are not some whole that we must make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going.
To whom it must be done.

Cai. Set on your Foot,
And with a Heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: But it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then, (Thunder.)

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II. Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar in his Night-
Gown.

Cæs. Nor Heav'n, nor Earth, have been at Peace to-
Night;

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her Sleep cry'd out?
Help, ho; they murder Cæsar. Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My Lord.

Cæs. Go, bid the Priests do present Sacrifice,
And bring me their Opinions of Success.

Ser. I will my Lord. [Exit.]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth.
You

You shall not stir out of your House to Day.

Cæs. *Cæsar* shall forth; the things that threatned me,
Ne'er lookt but on my Back: When they shall see
The Face of *Cæsar*, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar. I never stood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.
A Lioness hath whelp'd in the Streets,
And Graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Pierce fiery Warriors fight upon the Clouds,
In Ranks and Squadrons, and right form of War,
Which drizzled Blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of Battle hurried in the Air,
Horses did neigh and dying Men did groan,
And Ghosts did shriek and squeal about the Streets.
O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæsar* shall go forth: For these Predictions
Are to the World in general as to *Cæsar*.

Cal. When Beggars die, there are no Comets seen;
The Heav'ns themselves blaze forth the death of Princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their Deaths,
The Valiant never taste of Death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that Men should fear,
Seeing that Death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurers?

Ser. They would not have you to stir forth to Day;
Plucking the Entrails of an Offering forth,
They could not find a Heart within the Beast.

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of Cowardise:

Cæsar should be a Beast without a Heart,

If he should stay at home to Day for fear:

No, *Cæsar* shall not: Danger knows full well,

That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he.

We heard two Lions litter'd in one Day,

And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my Lord,
Your Wisdom is consum'd in Confidence:
Do not go forth to Day; call it my Fear,
That keeps you in the House, and not your own.
We'll send *Mark Antony* to the Senate-House,
And he will say you are not well to Day:
Let me upon my Knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. *Mark Antony* shall say I am not well,
And for thy Humour, I will stay at home,

Enter Decius.
Here's *Decius Brutus*, he shall tell them so.

Dec. *Cæsar*, all hail! Good-Morrow, worthy *Cæsar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate-House.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my Greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to Day:
Cannot is false, and that I dare not, false;
I will not come to Day; tell them so, *Decius*.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall *Cæsar* send a Lie?
Have I in Conquest stretcht mine Arm so far,
To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the Truth?

Decius, go tell them *Cæsar* will not come.

Dec. Most mighty *Cæsar*, let me know some Cause,
Left I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The Cause is in my Will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the Senate.
But for your private Satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my Wife stays me at home:
She dreamt last Night she saw my Statue,
Which like a Fountain, with an hundred Spouts,
Did run pure Blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their Hands in it:
And these does she apply, for Warnings and Portents,
And Evils imminent; and on her Knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to Day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted,
It was a Vision fair and fortunate:
Your Statue spouting Blood in many Pipes,

In which so many smiling *Romans* bath'd,
Signifies that from you great *Rome* shall suck
Reviving Blood, and that great Men shall press
For Tinctures, Stains, Relicks, and Cognifance.
This, by *Calphurnia's* Dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :
And know it now, the Senate have concluded
To give this Day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.
If you shall send them Word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
Break up the Senate 'till another time,
When *Cæsar's* Wife shall meet with better Dreams :
If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, *Cæsar* is afraid !
Pardon me, *Cæsar*, for my dear dear Love,
To your Proceeding, bids me tell you this :
And Reason to my Love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now *Calphurnia* ?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my Robe, for I will go.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius,
Cinna, and Publius.*

And look were *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

What *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too ?

Good-morrow, *Caska* : *Caius Ligarius*,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your Enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is't a Clock ?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your Pains and Courtesie.

Enter Antony.

See *Antony*, that revels long a nights,

Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now *Cinna* ; now *Metellus* ; what, *Trebonius* ?

I have an Hour's talk in store for you,

Remember that you call on me to Day,
Be near me that I may remember you.

*Treb. Cæsar, I will; and so near will I be, [Aside.
That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.*

*Cæs. Good Friends go in and taste some Wine with me,
And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.*

*Bru. That every like is not the same, Cæsar,
The Heart of Brutus earns to think upon. [Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Street.*

Enter Artemidorus reading a Paper.

*Cæsar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius, come
not near Caska, have an Eye to Cinna, trust not Treboni-
us, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus loves
thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but
one Mind in all these Men, and it is bent against Cæsar.
If thou beest not immortal, look about thee: Security gives
way to Conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy Lover Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,
And as a Suitor will I give him this:
My Heart laments, that Virtue cannot live
Out of the Teeth of Emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contrive. *[Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

*Por. I prithee, Boy, run to the Senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone,
Why dost thou stay?*

Luc. To know my Errand, Madam.

*Por. I would have told thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there —
O Constancy, be strong upon my Side,
Set a huge Mountain 'tween my Heart and Tongue;
I have a Man's Mind, but a Woman's Might:
How hard it is for Women to keep Counsel!
Art thou here yet?*

*Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else!*

And

And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what Suitors press on him.
Hark Boy ! what Noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Prithee listen well :
I heard a blustering Rumour like a Fray,
And the Wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artimidorus.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way hast thou been ?

Art. At my own House, good Lady.

Por. What is't a Clock ?

Art. About the ninth Hour, Lady.

Por. Is *Cæsar* yet gone to the Capitol ?

Art. Madam, not yet, I go to make my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some Suit to *Cæsar*, hast thou not !

Art. That I have, Lady, if it will please *Cæsar*
To be so good to *Cæsar*, as to hear me :
I shall beseech him to defend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards

Art. None that I know will be, (him ?
Much that I fear may chance.

Good-Morrow to you. Here the Street is narrow ;

The Throng that follows *Cæsar* at the Heels

Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,

Will crowd a feeble Man almost to Death :

I'll get me to a Place more void, and there

Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in — Aye me ! how weak a thing
The Heart of Woman is ! O *Brutus* !

The Heav'ns speed thee in thy Enterprize.

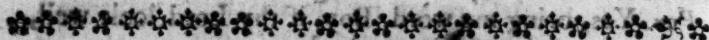
Sure the Boy heard me : *Brutus* hath a Suit

That *Cæsar* will not grant. O, I grow faint :

Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,

Say I am merry ; come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE The Capitol.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, and the Sooth-sayers.

Cas. **T**HE Ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar: Read this Schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble Suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a Suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cas. What touches us our self, shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar, read it instantly,

Cas. What is the Fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What urge you your Petitions in the Street?
Come to the Capitol.

Pop. I with your Enterprize to Day may thrive.

Cas. What Enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd to Day our Enterprize might thrive:
I fear our Purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cas. Caska, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay my self.

Bru. Cassius be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our Purposes.

For look he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his Suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd; press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca. you are the first that rears your Hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant *Cæsar*,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy Seat [Kneeling,
An humble Heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, *Cimber*;
These Couchings, and these lowly Curtesies
Might fire the Blood of ordinary Men,
And turn Pre-Ordinance, and first Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To think, that *Cæsar* bears such Rebel Blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true Quality,
With that which melteth Fools; I mean sweet Words,
Low-crooked-curisies, and base Spaniel Fawning.
Thy Brother by Decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a Cur out of my way.
Know, *Cæsar* doth not wrong, nor without Cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no Voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great *Cæsar's* Ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd Brother?

Bru. I kiss thy Hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar*;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Ciber* may
Have an immediate Freedom of Repeal.

Cæs. What *Brutus*! —

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*, *Cæsar*, Pardon;
As low as to thy Foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg Enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, Prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the Northern Star,
Of whose true, fixt, and resting Quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament;
The Skies are painted with unnumbred sparks,
They are all Fire, and every one doth shine,
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World, 'tis furnish'd well with Men,
And Men are Flesh and Blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his Rank.

Unshak'd

Unshak'd of Motion : and that I am he,
 Let me a little shew it, even in this ;
 That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar* —

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up *Olympus* ?

Dec. Great *Cæsar* —

Cæs. Do not *Brutus*, bootless kneel.

Cæs. Speak Hands for me. [*They Stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. *Ettu Brute* — Then fall *Cæsar*.

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead —

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the Streets —

Cæs. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
 Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement.

Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted ;

Fry not, stand still, Ambition's Debt is paid.

Cæs. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius* ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this Mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some Friend of *Cæsar's*
 Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good Cheer,

There is no harm intended to your Person,

Nor to no *Roman* else ; so tell them *Publius*,

Cæs. And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the People
 Rushing on us, should do your Age some Mischief.

Bru. Do so, and let no Man abide this Deed.

But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cæs. Where is *Antony* ?

Treb. Fled to his House amaz'd,

Men, Wives, and Children, stare, cry out, and run,
 As it were Dooms day.

Bru. Fates, we will know your Pleasures ;
 That we shall die, we know ; 'tis but the Time
 And drawing Days out, that Men stand upon.

Cæs. Why he that cuts off twenty Years of Life,
 Cuts off so many Years of fearing Death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit.
 So are we *Cæsar's* Friends, that have abridg'd
 His Time of fearing Death, Sloop *Romans*, sloop,

And

And let us bathe our Hands in *Cæsar's* Blood.
Up to the Elbows, and besmear our Swords ;
Then walk we forth even to the Market-place,
And waving our red Weapons o'er our Heads,
Let's all cry Peace ! Freedom ! and Liberty.

Cas. Stoop then, and wash——How many Ages hence

[*Dipping their Swords in Cæsar's Blood.*]
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted over,
In States unborn, and Accents, yet unknown ?

Bru. How many times shall *Cæsar* bleed in sport,
That now on *Pompey's* Bafies lies along,
No worthier than the Dust ?

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the Knot of us be call'd,
The Men that give their Country Liberty.

Dec. What, what, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every Man away.
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his Heels
With the most bold, and the best Hearts of *Rome*.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here ? a Frind of *Antony's*.

Ser. Thus, *Brutus*, did my Master bid me Kneel ;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down, [Kneeling]
And being prostrate, thus he bad me say,
Brutus is Noble, Wise, Valiant and Honest ;
Cæsar was Mighty, Bold, Royal and Loving ;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour him, and lov'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchsafe, that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in Death,
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead
So well as *Brutus* living ; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affairs of noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod State,
With all true Faith. So says my Master *Antony*.

Bru. Thy Master is a wise and valiant Roman,
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and by my Honour
Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently,

[*Exit. Servant.*
Bru.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to Friend.

Caſ. I wiſh he may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my miſgiving ſtill
Falls ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes *Antony*.

Welcome *Mark Antony*;

Ant. O mighty *Cæſar*! doſt thou lie ſo low?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure? — Fare thee well!
I know not Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank;
If I my ſelf, there is no Hour ſo fit
As *Cæſar*'s Deaths Hour; nor no Instrument
Or half that worth, as thoſe your Swords, made rich
With the moſt noble Blood of all this World.
I do beſeech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled Hands do reek and ſmoak,
Fulfil your Pleaſure. Live a thouſand Years,
I ſhall not find my ſelf ſo apt to die:
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no mean of Death,
As here by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this Age.

Bru. O *Antony*! Beg not your Death of us:
Though now we muſt appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our Hands, and this our preſent Act,
You ſee we do; yet ſee you but our Hands,
And this, the bleeding Buſineſs they have done.
Our Hearts you ſee not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*,
As Fire drives our Fire, ſo Pity, Pity,
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords have leaden Points, *Mark Antony*,
Our Arms in ſtrength of Malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind Love, good Thoughts and Reverence.

Caſ. Your Voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any Man's,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities,

Bru. Only be patient 'till we have appeaſ'd
The Multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the Cauſe.

Why

Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I strook him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wisdom.

Let each Man render me his bloody Hand ;
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you ;
Next, *Caius Cassius* do I take your Hand ;
Now *Decius Brutus*, yours ; now yours, *Metellus* ;
Yours, *Cinna* ; and my valiant *Caska*, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius* ;
Gentlemen all——alas, what shall I say,
My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,
That one or two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.

That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, O 'tis true ;
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not gieve thee dearer than thy Death,
To see thy *Antony* making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
Most Noble ! in the presence of thy Coarse ?
Had I as many Eyes, as thou hast Wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of Friendship with thine Enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*——here wast thou bay'd, brave Hart,
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *Letbe*.
O World ! thou wast the Forest to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lye ?

Cas. Mark *Antony*——

Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius* ;
The Enemies of *Cæsar* shall say this :
Then in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so,
But what compact mean you to have with us ?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or shall we on ; and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your Hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me Reasons,

Why,

Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage Spectacle.
Our Reason are so full of good regard,
That were you *Antony* the Son of *Cæsar*,
You shall be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;
And am moreover Suitor, that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as become a Friend.
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

Cas. *Brutus*, a word with you —
You know not what you do, do not consent. [A.
That *Antony* speak in his Funeral:
Know you how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your Pardon,
I will my self into the Pulpit first,
And shew the Reason of our *Cæsar*'s Death.
What *Antony* shall speak, I will protest.
He speaks by leave, and by permission;
And that we are contented *Cæsar* shall
Have all true Rites, and lawful Ceremonies:
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here take your *Cæsar*'s Body;
You shall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of *Cæsar*,
And say you do't by our Permission:
Else you shall not have any hand at all
About his Funeral. And you shall speak
In the same Pulpit whereto I am going.
After my Speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the Body then, and follow us. [Exeunt:

Manet Antony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of Earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the noblest Man
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the Hand that shed this costly Blood!

Over

Over the Wounds, now do I prophesy,
 (Which like dumb Mouths, do ope their ruby Lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my Tongue)
 A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men;
 Domestick Fury, and fierce civil Strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of *Italy*;
 Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful Objects so familiar,
 That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their Infants quartered with the Hands of War:
 All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds,
 And *Cæsar's* Spirit ranging for Revenge,
 With *Ate* by his side, come hot from Hell,
 Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
 Cry havock, and let slip the Dogs of War,
 That this foul Deed shall smell above the Earth
 With Carrion Men, groaning for burial.

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Ser. I do, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. *Cæsar* did write for him to come to *Rome*.

Ser. He did receive his Letters, and is coming,
 And bid me say to you by word of Mouth——

O *Cæsar*! *[Seeing the Body.]*

Ant. Thy Heart is big, get thee apart and weep;
 Passion I see is catching, for mine Eyes,
 Seeing those Beads of Sorrow stand in thine,
 Began to water. Is thy Master coming?

Ser. He lies to Night within seven Leagues of *Rome*.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
 Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*, [chanc'd
 No *Rome* of Safety for *Octavius* yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. . Yet stay a while,
 Thou shalt not back, 'till I have born this Coarse
 Into the Market-place: There shall I try
 In my Oration, how the People take
 The cruel issue of these bloody Men;
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young *Octavius* of the state of things.
 Lend me your Hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's Body.]*

SCENE

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter Brutus, and goes into the Pulpit; and Cassius, with the Plebeians.

Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me Audience, Friends.

Cassius. go you into the other Street,

And part the Numbers;

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those that will follow *Cassius* go with him,

And publick Reasons shall be rendred

Of *Cæsar's* Death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their Reasons
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exeunt Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

3 *Pleb.* The Noble *Brutus* is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be Patient 'till the last.

Romans, Country-men, and Lovers, hear me for my Cause, and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine Honour, and have respect to mine Honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your Wisdom, and awake your Senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in the Assembly, any dear Friend of *Cæsar's* to them I say, that *Brutus* love to *Cæsar* was no less than his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* rose against *Cæsar*, this is my Answer: Not that I lov'd *Cæsar* less, but that I lov'd *Rome* more. Had you rather *Cæsar* were living, and die all Slaves; than that *Cæsar* were dead, to live all Free-men? As *Cæsar* lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was Fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him; but as he was Ambitious, I slew him. There is Tears for his Love, Joy for his Fortune, Honour for his Valour, and Death for his Ambition. Who is here so base that would be a Bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a *Roman*? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his Country? If any, speak; for him have I offended,—— I pause for a Reply——

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

Bru.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to *Cæsar* than you shall do to *Brutus*. The Question of his Death is inroll'd in the Capitol; his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his Offences enforc'd, for which he suffered Death.

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's Body.

Here comes his Body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*: who tho' he had no hand in his Death, shall receive the Benefit of his dying, a Place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I slew my best Lover for the good of *Rome*, I have the same Dagger for my self, when it shall please my Country to need my Death.

All. Live, *Brutus*, live, live.

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with Triumph home unto his House.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a Statute with his Ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his House

With Shouts and Clamors.

Bru. My Countrymen—

2 *Pleb.* Peace! Silence! *Brutus* speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, Ho!

Bru. Good-Countrymen, let me depart alone,

And for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;

Do grace to *Cæsar's* Corps, and grace his Speech

Tending to *Cæsar's* Glories, which *Mark Antony*,

By our Permission, is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a Man depart,

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Pleb.* Stay, Ho; and let us hear *Mark Antony*.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,

We'll hear him: Noble *Antony*, go up.

Ant. For *Brutus's* sake I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of *Brutus*?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus's* sake

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of *Brutus* here.

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;

We are glad that *Rome* is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what *Antony* can say.

Ant. You gentle *Romans*—

All. Peace, Ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your Ears,
I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.

The evil that Men do lives after them,

The Good is oft interred with their Bones:

So let it be with *Cæsar*. The noble *Brutus*,

Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous Fault,

And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.

Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For *Brutus* is an honourable Man,

So are they all, all honourable Men)

Come I to speak in *Cæsar's* Funeral.

He was my Friend, faithful and just to me;

But *Brutus* says, He was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.

He hath brought many Captives home to *Rome*,

Whose Ransoms did the general Coffers fill;

Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?

When that the Poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner Stuff:

Yet *Brutus* says, He was ambitious;

And *Brutus* is an honourable Man.

You all did see that on the *Lupercal*,

I thrice presented him a Kingly Crown,

Which he did twice refuse. Was this Ambition?

Yet *Brutus* says, He was ambitious,

And sure he is an honourable Man.

I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause,

What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?

O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish Beasts,

And Men have lost their Reason--Bear with me,

My Heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæsar*.

Ah! I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much Reasons in his Sayings.

If thou consider rightly of the Matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong: (come in his place.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, Masters? I fear there will a worse

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the
Therefore 'tis certain, he was not ambitious. (Crown,

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor Sould his Eyes are red as Fire with weeping.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler Man in Rome than *Antony*.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might
Have stood against the World; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him Reverence.

O Masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your Hearts and Minds to Mutiny and Rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable Men.

I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
To wrong the Dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such Honourable Men.

But here's a Parchment, with the Seal of *Cæsar*.

I found it in his Closet, 'tis his Will,

Let but the Commons hear this Testament,

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to Read,

And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar*'s Wounds,

And dip their Napkins in his sacred Blood;

Yea, beg a Hair of him for Memory,

And dying, mention it within their Wills,

Bequeathing it as a rich Legacy

Unto their Issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the Will, read it *Mark Antony*.

All. The Will, the Will; we will hear *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. Have Patience, gentle Friends, I must not read it,
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.

You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but Men:

And being Men, hearing the Will of *Cæsar*,

It will inflame you; it will make you Mad;

'Tis good you know not that you are his Heirs,

For if you should---O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the Will; we'll hear it, *Antony*:

You shall read us the Will, *Cæsar*'s Will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile,

I have o'er-shot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable Men,

Whose Daggers have stabb'd *Cæsar*---I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.*

4 *Pleb.* They were Traytors---Honourable Men!

All. The Will! the Testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were Villains, Murderers; the Will!
read the Will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the Will:

Then make a Ring about the Corps of *Cæsar*,
And let me shew you him that made the Will.

Shall I descend; and will you give me leave?

All. Come down. (*He comes down from the Pulpit.*)

2 *Pleb.* Descend.

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A Ring, stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the Hearse, stand from the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for *Antony*---most noble *Antony*!

Ant. Nay press not so upon me, stand far off.

All. Stand back---room---bear back---

Ant. If you have Tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this Mantle, I remember

The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,

'Twas on a Summers Evening in his Tent;

That Day he overcame the *Nervii*---

Look! in this Place, ran *Cassius's* Dagger through---

See what a Rent the envious *Caska* made---

Through this, the well beloved *Brutus* stabb'd,

And as he pluck'd his curst Steel away,

Mark how the Blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it---

As rushing out of Doors, to be resolv'd,

If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no.

For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar's* Angel.

Judge, O you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him!

This was the most unkindest Cut off all;

For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than Traitors Arms,

Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty Heart:

And in his Mantle muffling up his Face,

Even at the Base of *Pompey's* Statue,

Which all the while ran Blood, great *Cæsar* fell.

O what a Fall was there, my Countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,

Whilst bloody Treason flourished over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel

The dint of Pity; these are gracious drops.

Kind

Kind Souls! what weep you, when you but behold
Our *Cæsar's* Vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd as you see with Traitors,

1 *Pleb.* O piteous Spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful Day!

4 *Pleb.* O Traitors, Villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: Revenge:

About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay!

Let not a Traitor live.

Ant. Stay Countrymen---

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear the noble *Antony*.

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye
with him---

Ant. Good Friends, sweet Friends, let me not stir
you up

To such a sudden Flood of Mutiny:

They that have done this Deed, are Honourable;

What private Grievs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;

And will no doubt with Reasons answer you.

I come not, Friends, to steal away your Hearts?

I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt Man,

That love my Friend, and that they know full well,

That give me publick leave to speak of him:

For I have neither Wit, nor Words, nor Worth,

Action nor Utterance, nor the Power of Speech,

To stir Mens Blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,

Shew you sweet *Cæsar's* Wounds, poor, poor dumb Mouths,

And bid them speak for me; but were I *Brutus*,

And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*

Would ruffle up your Spirits, and put a Tongue

In every Wound of *Cæsar*, that should move

The Stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny---

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the House of *Brutus*.

3 *Pleb.* Away then, come, seek the Conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, Countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace ho, here *Antony*, most noble *Antony*.

Ant.

Ant. Why, Friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserved your Loves?

Alas you know not: I must tell you then

You have forgot the Will I told you of. [Will.

All. Most true — the Will — let's stay and hear the

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar*'s Seal.

To every *Roman* Citizen he gives,

To every several Man, seventy five Drachma's.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble *Cæsar*! we'll revenge his Death.

3 *Pleb.* O Royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with Patience.

All. Peace ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his Walks,

His private Arbers, and new-planted Orchards,

On this side *Tiber*, he hath left them you,

And to your Heirs for ever; common Pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate your selves.

Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 *Pleb.* Never, never; come away, away;

We'll burn his Body in the holy Place,

And with the Brands fire all the Traitors Houses.

Take up the Body.

2 *Pleb.* Go fetch Fire.

3 *Pleb.* Pluck down Benches.

4 *Pleb.* Pluck down Forms; Windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Plebeians with the Body.

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief thou art afoot,

Take thou what Course thou wilt.

How now, Fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, *Octavius* is already come to *Rome*.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæsar*'s House.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this Mood will give us any thing.

Ser. I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*

Are rid, like Madmen, through the Gates of *Rome*.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the People,

How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius* [*Exeunt*.

Enter

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cin. I dreamt to Night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my fantasy,
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your Name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married Man, or a Batchellor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every Man directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my Name? Whither am I going? Where
do I dwell? Am I a married Man, or a Batchellor? Then
to answer every Man directly and briefly, wisely and tru-
ly; wisely, I say—I am a Batchellor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that
marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed
directly.

Cin. Directly I am going to Cæsar's Funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a Friend, or an Enemy?

Cin. As a Friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answered directly:

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling? briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your Name, Sir, truly.

Cin. Truly my Name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to Pieces, he's a Conspirator.

Cin. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad Verses, tear him for his
bad Verses.

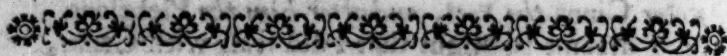
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his Name's *Cinna*, pluck but
his Name out of his Heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come brands ho, Firebrands:
To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's* House,
And some to *Caska's*, some to *Ligarius*: Away, go.

[*Exeunt all the Plebeians.*]

C A C T.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE Rome.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. **T**Hese many then shall die, their Names are prickt.

Oct. Your Brother too must die; consent you,

Lep. I do consent.

[*Lepidus?*]

Oct. Prick him down, *Antony*.

Lep. Upon Condition *Publius* shall not live,
Who is your Sister's Son, *Mark Antony*.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a Spot, I damn him.
But *Lepidus*, go you to *Cesar's* House;
Fetch the Will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some Charge in Legacies.

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable Man,
Meet to be sent on Errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold World divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him,
And took his Voice, who should be prickt to die,
In our black Sentence and Proscription.

Ant. *Octavius*, I have seen more Days than you;
And though we lay these Honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers stand'rous Loads,
He shall but bear them, as the Ass bears Gold;
To groan and swear under the Business,
Either led or driven, as we print the way,
And having brought our Treasure, where we will,
Then take we down his Load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty Ass, to shake his Ears,
And graze in Commons.

Oct. You may do your Will;
But he's a try'd and valiant Soldier.

Ant. So is my Horse, *Octavius*, and for that,
I do appoint him store of Provender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal Motion, govern'd by my Spirit;
And in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth,
A barren spirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations,
Which out of use, and stal'd by other Men;
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
But as a Property. And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things — *Brutus* and *Cassius*
Are levying Powers; we must straight make Head.
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our best Friends made, and our best means stretcht
[out,

And let us presently go sit in Council,
How covert Matters may be best disclos'd,
And open Perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many Enemies,
And some that smile have in their Hearts, I fear,
Millions of Mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before Brutus's Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers: Titinius
and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand!

Bru. What now, *Lucilius*? is *Cassius* near?

Luc. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you Salutation from his Master,

Bru. He greets me well. Your Master, *Pindarus*,
In his own change, or by ill Officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble Master will appear
Such as he is, full of Regard, and Honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucilius* —
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar Instances,
Nor with such free and friendly Conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot Friend, cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When Love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no Tricks in plain and simple Faith:
But hollow Men, like Horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew, and promise of their Mettle.

[*Low March within.*
But when they should endure the bloody Spur,
They fall their Crest, and like deceitful Jades,
Sink in the Trial. Comes his Army on?

Luc. They mean this Night in *Sardis* to be quarter'd;
The greater Part, the Horse in general,
Are come with *Cassius*.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd;
March gently on to meet him.

Cas. Stand, ho?

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble Brother! you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not so, how should I wrong a Brother?

Cas. *Brutus*, this sober Form of yours hides wrongs,
And when you do them. —

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your Grievs softly, I do know you well.
Before the Eyes of both our Armies here,
(Which should perceive nothing but Love from us)
Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away;
Then in my Tent *Cassius* enlarge your Grievs,
And I will give you Audience.

Cas. *Pindarus*,
Bid our Commanders lead their Charges off

A little

A little from this Ground.

Bru. *Lucilius*, do you the like, and let no Man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard the Door. [Exeunt.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*,
For taking Bribes here of the *Sardians*;
Wherein, my Letter praying on his Side,
Because I knew the Man, was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a Case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet,
That every nice Offence should bear his Comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, *Cassius*, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching Palm,
To sell, and mart your Offices for Gold
To Undeservers.

Cas. I an itching Palm?
You know that you are *Brutus* that speaks this,
Or by the Gods, this Speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of *Cassius* honours this Corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his Head.

Cas. Chastisement! —

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember;
Did not great *Julius* bleed for Justice sake?
What Villain touch'd his Body, that did stab,
And not for Justice? What, shall one of Us,
That struck the foremost Man of all this World,
But for supporting Robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our Fingers with base Bribes?
And sell the mighty Space of our large Honours
For so much Trath, as may be grasped thus —
I had rather be a Dog, and bait the Moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. *Brutus*, bait not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in, I am a Soldier, I,
Older in Practice, abler than yourself
To make Conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not *Cassius*.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself —
Have mind upon your Health — Tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight Man.

Cas. Is't possible? —

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash Choler?

Shall I be frighted, when a Madman stares?

Cas. O ye Gods! ye Gods! must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! Ay more. Fret till your proud Heart
[break,

Go shew your slaves how Cholerick you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy Humour? By the Gods

You shall digest the Venom of your Spleen,

Tho' it do split you. For from this Day forth,

I'll use you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? —

Bru. You say, you are a better Soldier;

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble Men.

Cas. You wrong me every way — you wrong me *Bru.*

I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better. [tus;

Did I say Better —

Bru. If you did, I care not. [me.

Cas. When *Cas*ar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd

Bru. Peace, peace, you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not! —

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him!

Bru. For your Life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my Love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no Terror; *Cassius*, in your Threats,

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle Wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of Gold, which you deny'd me;

For I can raise no Money by vile means.

By

By Heav'n, I had rather coin my Heart,
 And drop my Blood for Drachma's, than to wring
 From the hard Hands of Peasants, their vile Trash
 By any Indirection. I did send
 To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
 Which you deny'd me; was that done like *Cassius*?
 Should I have answered *Caius Cassius* so?
 When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous,
 To lock such Rascal Counters from his Friends,
 Be ready Gods with all your Thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not — He was but a Fool
 That brought my answer back — *Brutus* hath riv'd my Heart.
 A Friend should bear a Friend's Infirmities,
 But *Brutus* makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not 'till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your Faults.

Cas. A friendly Eye could never see such Faults.

Bru. A Flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
 As huge as high *Olympus*.

Cas. Come *Antony* and young *Octavius* come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a weary of the World;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his Brother,
 Check'd like a Bondman, all his Faults observ'd,
 Set in a Note-Book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into my Teeth. O I could weep
 My Spirit from mine Eyes! There is my Dagger,
 And here my naked Breast. — Within a Heart
 Dearer than *Pluto's* Mine, richer than Gold;
 If that thou be'st a *Roman* take it forth.
 I that deny'd thee Gold, will give my Heart;
 Strike as thou didst at *Cesar*, for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your Dagger;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope,
 Do what you will. Dishonour shall be humour.
 O, *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,

That carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Who much inforced, she ws a hasty Spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath *Cassius* liv'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When Grief and Blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your Hand.

Bru. And my Heart to.

[*Embracing.*]

Cas. O *Brutus*!

Bru. What's the Matter?

Cas. Have not you Love enough to bear with me,
When that rash Humour which my Mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, *Cassius*, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your *Brutus*,
He'll think your Mother chides, and leave you so.

Enter Lucius and Titinius and a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to see the Generals,
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. You shall not come to them.

Poet. Nothing but Death shall stay me.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame you Generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be Friends, as two such Men should be,
For I have seen more Years I'm sure than ye.

Cas. Ha ha—how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, Sirrah; sawey Fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his Fashion.

Bru. I'll know his Humour, when he knows his Time;
What should the Wars do with these jiggling Fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone.

[*Exit. Poet.*]

Bru. *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to Night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. *Lucius*, a Bowl of Wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry,

Bru. O *Cassius* I am sick of many Griets.

Cas. Of your Philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental Evils.

Bru. No Man bears Sorrow better — *Portia* is dead.

Cas. Ha! *Portia*! —

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How escap'd I killing, when I cross't you so?
O insupportable and touching Loss
Upon what Sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And Grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*.
Have made themselves so strong: For with her Death
That tydings came. With this she fell distract,
And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd Fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

Bru. Speak no more of her: Give me a Bowl of Wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, *Cassius*. [*Drinks.*]

Cas. My Heart is thirsty for that noble Pledge.
Fill, *Lucius*, 'till the Wine o'r-swell the Cup;
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus* Love.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

Bru. Come in, *Titinius*; welcome, good *Messala*:
Now sit we close about this Taper here,
And call in question our Necessities.

Cas. *Portia*! art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received Letters,
That young *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,
Come down upon us with a mighty Power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Mes. Myself have Letters of the self-same tenure.

Bru. With what Addition?

Mes. That by Proscription, and Bill of Out'lawry,
Octavius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Have put to Death an hundred Senators.

Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy Senators, that dy'd
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

Cas. *Cicero* one? —

Mes. *Cicero* is dead; and by that Order of Proscription,
Had you your Letters from your Wife my Lord?

Bru. No, *Messala*.

Mes. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, *Messala*.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you ought of her, in yours?

Mes. No, my Lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a *Roman*, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a *Roman*, bear the Truth I tell,
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, *Portia* — we must die, *Messala*,
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great Men, great Losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our Work alive. What do you think
Of marching to *Philippi* presently.

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your Reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the Enemy seek us,
So shall he waste his means, weary his Soldiers,
Doing himself Offence, whilst we lying still,
Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good Reasons must of force give place to better.
The People 'twixt *Philippi*, and this Ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd Affection;
For they have grudg'd us Contribution.
The Enemy marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller Number up,
Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd;
From which Advantage shall we cut him off,
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
These People at our Back.

Cas. Hear me, good Brother —

Bru. Under your Pardon. You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our Friends,
Our Legions are brim full, our Cause is ripe,
The Enemy increaseth every Day.
We at the Height, are ready to decline.
There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men,
Which taken at the Flood, leads on to Fortune;

Omitted

Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life,
Is bound in Shallows, and in Miseries.
On such a full Sea, are we now a-float,
And we must take the Current when it serves,
Or lose our Ventures.

Cas. Then with your will go on; we will along
Our selves, and meet them at *Philippi*.

Bru. The deep of Night is crept upon our Talk,
And Nature must obey Necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little Rest;
There is no more to say.

Cas. No more; good Night—
Early to Morrow we will rise, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my Gown; farewell good *Messala*,
Good Night, *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Cassius*;
Good Night, and good Repose.

Cas. O my dear Brother!
This was an ill beginning of the Night,
Never come such Division 'tween our Souls;
Let it not, *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good Night, my Lord.

Bru. Good Night, good Brother.

Tit. Messa. Good Night, Lord *Brutus*.

Bru. Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt*]

Give me the Gown. Where is thy Instrument?

Luc. Here in the Tent.

Bru. What, thou speakest drowsily?
Poor Knave, I blame thee not, thou art o'er-watch'd,
Call *Claudius*, and some other of my Men,
I'll have them sleep on Cushions in my Tent.

Luc. *Varro* and *Claudius*.

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my Lord?

Bru. I pray you, Sirs, lye in my Tent, and sleep,
It may be, I shall raise you by and by,
On Business to my Brother *Cassius*.

[*Pleasure*]

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your

Bru. I will not have it so; lye down, good Sirs,
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look

Look *Lucius*, here's the Book I sought for so;
I put it in the Pocket of my Gown.

Luc. I was sure your Lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good Boy, I am much forgetful,
Canst thou hold up thy heavy Eyes a while,
And touch thy Instrument, a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my Lord, an't please you.

Bru. It does, my Boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my Duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy Duty past thy Might,
I know young Bloods look for a time of Rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long. If I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Musick and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy Tune — O murderous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy Leaden Mace upon my Boy,

That plays thee Musick? Gentle Knave, good Night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy Instrument,

I'll take it from thee, and, good Boy, good Night.

Let me see, let me see? is not the Leaf turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down to read.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this Taper burns! Ha! Who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine Eyes,

That shapes this monstrous Apparition.

It comes upon me; Art thou any thing?

Art thou some God, some Angel, or some Devil,

That mak'st my Blood cold, my Hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art?

Ghost. Thy evil Spirit, *Brutus*.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at *Philippi*.

Bru. Well—then I shall see thee again—

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi*.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at *Philippi* then,

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest,

Ill Spirit; I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy!

Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* *Sirs!* awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his Instrument.

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord! _____

Bru. Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; Sirrah, *Claudius*, Fellow! Thou! awake.

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

Bru. Why did you so cry out; *Sirs*, in your Sleep?

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Cassius*; Bid him set on his Powers betimes before, And we will follow.

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I

SCENE the Fields of Philippi, with the two Camps.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. **N**OW, *Antony*, our Hopes are answered,
You said the Enemy would not come down,
But keep the Hills and upper Regions;
It proves not so; their Battles are at hand,
They mean to warn us at *Philippi* here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their Bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it; they could be content

To

To visit other Places, and come down
 With fearful bravery; thinking by this Face
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have Courage.
 But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you Generals,
 The Enemy comes on in gallant shew;
 Their bloody Sign of Battle is hung out,
 And something to be done immediately.

Ant. *Octavius*, lead your Battle softly on
 Upon the left Hand of the even Field.

Octa. Upon the right Hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Octa. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. *Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.*

Bru. They stand, and would have Parley.

Cas. Stand fast, *Titinius*, we must go out and talk.

Octa. Mark *Antony*, shall we give sign of Battel?

Ant. No, *Caesar*, we will answer on their Charge.
 Make forth, the Generals would have some Words.

Octa. Stir not until the Signal.

Bru. Words before Blows: is it so, Countrymen?

Octa. Not that we love Words better, as you do.

Bru. Good Words are better than bad Strokes, *Octavius*.

Ant. In your bad Strokes, *Brutus*, you give good Words.
 Witness the hole you made in *Caesar's* Heart,
 Crying, Long live, hail *Caesar*.

Cas. *Antony*,

The posture of your Blows are yet unknown;
 But for your Words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
 And leave them Honey-less,

Ant. Not stingleless too.

Bru. O yes, and soundless too;
 For you have stoln their buzzing *Antony*,
 And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains! you did not so, when your vile Daggers
 Hack'd one another in the sides of *Caesar*.

You shew'd your Teeth like Apes, and sawn'd like
 [Hounds,

And bow'd like bond-men, kissing *Caesar's* Feet;
 Whilst damned *Caska*, like a Cur, behind
 Struck *Caesar* on the Neck. O you Flatterers!

Cas.

Cas. Flatterers! Now *Brutus* thank yourself;
This Tongue had not offended so to day,
If *Cassius* might have rul'd.

Octa. Come, come, the Cause. If arguing make us
[sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder Drops.
Behold, I draw a Sword against Conspirators,
When think you that the Sword goes up again?
Never 'till *Cæsar's* three and thirty Wounds
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another *Cæsar*
Have added Slaughter to the Sword of Traitors.

Bru. *Cæsar*, thou canst not dye by Traitors Hands,
Unless thou bringst them with thee.

Octa. So I hope;

I was not born to die on *Brutus* Sword.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young Man, thou couldst not dye more Honourable.

Cas. A peevish School-boy, worthless of such Honour,
Join'd with a Masket and a Reveller.

Ant. Old *Cassius* still.

Octa. Come, *Antony*, away;
Defiance, Traitors hurl we in your Teeth,
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field,
If not, when you have Stomachs.

[*Exe. Octavius. Antony, and Army.*

Cas. Why now blow Wind, swell Billow, and swim
[Bark:

The Storm is up, and all is on the Hazard.

Bru. Ho, *Lucilius*, — hark a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*

Luc. My Lord. [Brutus speaks apart to *Lucilius*.

Cas. *Messala*.

Mes. What says my General?

Cas. *Messala*, this is my Birth-Day; as this very Day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy Hand, *Messala*;

Be thou my Witness, that against my will,

As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set

Upon one Battel all our Liberties.

You know that I held *Epicurus* strong,

And his Opinion; now I change my Mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost Ensign

Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers Hands,
 Who to *Philippi* here consorted us:
 This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
 And in their steads, do Ravens, Crows, and Kites,
 Fly o'er our Heads, and downward look on us—
 As we were sickly Prey; their shadows seem
 A Canopy most fatal, under which
 Our Army lies, ready to give up the Ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
 For I am fresh of Spirit, and resolv'd
 To meet all Peril, very constantly.

Bru. Even so, *Lucius*.

Cas. Now most Noble *Brutus*,
 The Gods do Day stand friendly; that we may
 Lovers in Peace, lead on our Days to Age.
 But since the Affairs of Men rest still incertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this Battel, then is this
 The very last time we shall speak together?
 What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
 By which I did blame *Cato*, for the Death
 Which he did give himself, I know not how;
 But I do find it cowardly, and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
 The time of Life, arming myself with patience,
 To stay the Providence of some high Powers,
 That govern us below.

Cas. Then if we lose this Battel,
 You are contented to be led in triumph,
 Through the Street, of *Rome*.

Bru. No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble *Roman*,
 That ever *Brutus* will go bound to *Rome*,
 He bears too great a Mind. But this same Day
 Must end that Work, the Ides of *March* begun.
 And whether we shall meet again, I know not;
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Cassius*;
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile,
 If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, *Brutus*;
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then lead on. O that a Man might know
The end of this Day's Business, ere it come;
But it sufficeth, that the Day will end,
And then the end is known. Come ho, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter *Brutus* and *Messala*.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*, ride and give these Bills
Unto the Legions, on the other side. [*Loud Alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold Demeanor in *Octavia's* Wing;
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*, let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter *Cassius* and *Titinius*.

Cas. O look, *Titinius*, look, the Villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd Enemy;
This Ensign here of mine was turning back,
I slew the Coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O *Cassius*, *Brutus* gave the word too early,
Who having some advantage on *Octavius*
Took it too eagerly; his Soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter *Pindarus*.

Pin. Fly further off my Lord, fly further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents, my Lord;
Fly therefore, noble *Cassius*, fly far off.

Cas. This Hill is far enough. Look, look, *Titinius*,
Are those my Tents where I perceive the Fire?

Tit. They are, my Lord.

Cas. *Titinius*, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my Horse, and hide thy Spurs in him,
'Till he have brought thee up to yonder Troops,
And here again, that I may rest assur'd,
Whether yond Troops are Friend or Enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

Cas. Go, *Pindarus*, get thither on that Hill,
My sight was ever thick; regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'st about the Field.
This Day I breathed first, time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end,
My Life is run his Compass. Sirrah, what News?

Pind.

Pind. above. O, my Lord!

Cas. What News?

Pind. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With Horsemen, that make to him on the Spur;
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him;
Now *Titinius*! Now some light — O he lights too —
He's ta'en —

And hark, they shout for Joy.

Cas. Come down behold no more;
O Coward that I am, to live so long.
To see my best Friend ta'en before my Face!

Enter Pindarus.

Come hither Sirrah; in *Parthia* did I take thee Prisoner,
And then I swore thee, saving of thy Life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine Oath,
Now be a Freeman, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæsar's* Bowels, search this Bosom.
Stand not to answer: here take thou the Hilt,
And when my Face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword — *Cæsar* thou art reveng'd,
Even with the Sword that kill'd thee. [*Kills himself.*]

Pind. So, I am free, yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my Will. O *Cassius*,
Far from this Country *Pindarus* shall run,
Where never *Roman* shall take Note of him. [*Exit.*]

Enter Titinius and Messala.

Mes. It is but change, *Titinius*; for *Octavius*
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus* Power,
As *Cassius* Legions are by *Antony*.

Tit. These Tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate;
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the Ground?

Tit. He lies not like the Living. O my Heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*.

But *Cassius* is no more. O setting Sun!
As in thy red Rays thou dost sink to Night,
So in his red Blood *Cassius* Day is set;
The Sun of *Rome* is set. Our Day is gone,

Clouds,

Clouds, Dews, and Dangers come; our Deeds are done;
Mistrust of my Success hath done this Deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good Success hath done this Deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's Child!

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of Men,
The things that are not? O Error soon conceiv'd;
Thou never com'st unto a happy Birth,
But kill'st the Mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

Mes. Seek him, *Titinius*, whilst I go to meet
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report
Into his Ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing Steel, and Darts invenomed
Shall be as welcome to the Ears of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while.
Why didst thou send me forth brave *Cassius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Brows this wreath of Victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their
[Shouts?

Alas, thou has misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow.

Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus* come apace,
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.

By your leave, Gods — This is a Roman's Part,
[Stabs himself.

Come *Cassius* Sword, and find *Titinius* Heart. [Dies.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, young *Cato*, *Strato*,
Volumnius, and *Lucilius*.

Bru. Where, where, *Messala*, doth his Body lye?

Mes. Lo yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

Bru. *Titinius* Face is upward.

Cat. He is slain.

Bru. O *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our Swords
In our own proper Entrails. [Low Alarums.

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

Look where he have not crown'd dead *Cassius*.

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

Thou

Thou last of all the *Romans*, fare thee well;
 It is impossible that ever *Rome*
 Should breed thy Fellow. Friends, I owe more Tears
 To this dead Man, than you shall see me pay.
 I shall find time, *Cassius* I shall find time —
 Come therefore, and to *Tharsus* send his Body,
 His Funerals shall not be in our Camp,
 Lest it discomfirt us. *Lucilius* come;
 And come, young *Cato*, let us to the Field,
Labio and *Flavius*, let our Battles on;
 'Tis three a Clock, and, *Romans*, yet ere Night,
 We shall try Fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter *Brutus*, *Messala*, *Cato*, *Lucilius*, and
Flavius.

Bru. Yet Countrymen, O yet, hold up your Heads.

Cato. What Bastard doth not? who will go with me?

I will proclaim my Name about the Field.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

A Foe to Tyrants, and my Country's Friend.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho.

Enter Soldiers and fight.

Bru. And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I
Brutus my Country's Friend, know me for *Brutus*.

Luc. O young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?

Why now thou diest as bravely as *Titinius*,

And may'st be honour'd being *Cato's* Son.

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die;

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his Death.

Sold. We must not; a noble Prisoner.

Enter *Antony*.

2 *Sold.* Room ho! tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell thee News, here comes the General,
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no Enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus* :

The Gods defend him from so great a shame.

When you do find him or alive, or dead,

He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself,

Ant.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, Friend, but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth; keep this Man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such Men my Friends than Enemies. Go on,
And see where *Brutus* be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto *Octavius* Tent,
How every thing is chang'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of Friends, rest on this Rock.

Cli. *Statilius* shew'd the Torch-light, but, my Lord,
He came not back, he is, or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word,
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*— [Whispering.

Cli. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. Shall I do such a Deed?

Cli. O *Dardanius*!

Dar. O *Clitus*!

Cli. What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble Vessel full of Grief,
That it runs over even at his Eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, list a word.

Vol. What says my Lord?

Bru. Why this, *Volumnius*;

The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me
Two several times by Night; at *Sardis*, once;
And this last Night, here in *Philippi-Fields*.

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.

Thou seest the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies have beat us to the Pit: [Low Alarum.

It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou knowest that we two went to School together;
Even for that, our love of old, I prethee
Hold thou my my Sword's Hilt, while I run on it.

Vol. That's not an Office for a Friend, my Lord.

[Alarum still.

Cli.

Cli. Fly, fly, my Lord, there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius*.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewel to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen;

My Heart doth Joy, that yet in all my Life,

I found no Man, but he was true to me.

I shall have Glory by this losing Day,

More than *Octavius* and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* Tongue

Hath almost ended his Life's History.

Night hangs upon mine Eyes, my Bones would rest,

That have but labour'd, to attain this Hour.

[*Alarum Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*]

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly —

Bru. Hence; I will follow;

I prethee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord,

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect;

Thy Life hath had some Inatch of Honour in it.

Hold then my Sword; and turn away thy Face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

Stra. Give me your Hand first. Fare you well, my
[Lord.]

Bru. Farewel, good *Strato* — *Cæsar* now be still,

I kill'd not thee with half so good a Will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*]

Alarum. Retreat. Enter *Antony*, *Octavius*, *Messala*, *Lucilius*, and the Army.

Octa. What Man is that?

Mes. My Master's Man, *Strato*, where is thy Master?

Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in, *Messala*,

The Conquerors can but make a Fire of him:

For *Brutus* only overcame himself,

And no Man else hath Honour by his Death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius* saying true.

Octa. All that serv'd *Brutus* I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato*?

Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.

Mes.

Mef. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest Service to my Master.

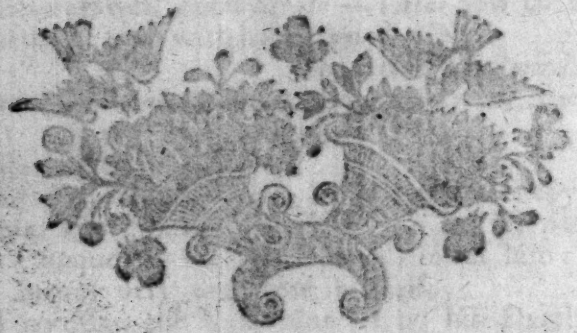
Ant. This was the noblest *Roman* of them all;
All the Conspirators save only he,
Did that they did, in Envy of great *Cæsar*:
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His Life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world; this was a Man.

Octa. According to his Virtue, let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of Burial.
Within my Tent his Bones to Night shall lye,
Most like a Soldier, ordered honourably.
So call the Field to rest, and let's away,
To part the Glories of this happy Day. [*Exeunt omnes*]

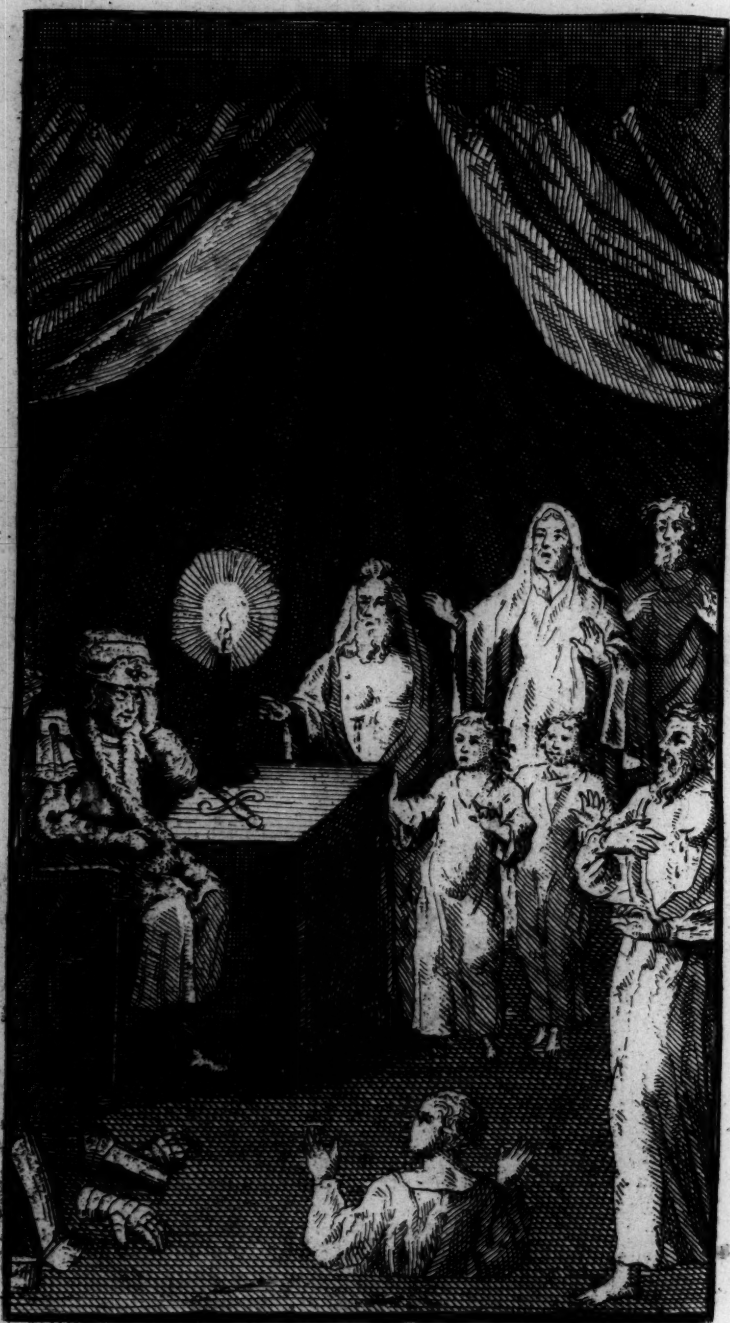


JULIUS CAESAR

And O'Connell, then take him to follow this
 That did the self service to my Master
 And this was the manner of them all
 And the Conspirators were only he
 The first of the old in my mind
 The only one who had the right
 And common good to all made one of them
 His life was gentle, and the elements
 So met in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world: this was a man
 Ours. According to his virtue, let us be
 With all respect, and rites of burial
 Within my tent his bones to be laid up
 With a soldier's obsequies, and with a soldier's
 So call the field to rest, and let's away
 To have the Clowns of the field to be







Smith Sc.

THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD III.

A
TRAGEDY.

With the Landing of the
Earl of RICHMOND,
AND THE

BATTLE at *Bosworth* Field.

Being the Last between the Houses of
LANCASTER and YORK.

By SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N:

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespeare's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

MDCCXXXIV.

(Price 4d. with the Frontispiece.)

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Edward IV.

Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* } Sons to Ed-
Richard, *Duke of York.* Edward V. } ward IV.

George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV.*
afterwards King Richard III.

Cardinal, *Archbishop of York.*

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Derby.

Earl of Surrey.

Marquis of Dorset, *Son to the Queen.*

Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*

Lord Gray.

Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King Henry VII.*

Bishop of Ely.

Lord Hastings.

Sir Rd. Ratcliff,

Lord Lovel,

Catesby,

Sir James Tyrrel, *a Villain.*

Sir William Stanley.

Earl of Oxford,

Blunt,

Herbert,

Sir Wm. Brandon,

Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.

Lord Mayor.

Queen of Edward IV.

Queen Margaret, *Widow of Henry VI.*

Anne, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI. afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.*

Dutchess of York, *Mother to Edward IV, Clarence, and Richard III.*

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd
by Richard III. with Soldiers and other Attendants.

The SCENE in ENGLAND.



Now ar
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Grim vi
And now



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
RICHARD III, &c.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Richard Duke of Glo'ster, solus.



OW is the Winter of our Discontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of
York:

And all the Clouds that lowr'd upon our
House,

In the deep Bosom of the Ocean bu-
ry'd.

Now are our Brows bound with Victorious Wreaths,
Our bruised Arms hung up for Monuments;
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front,
And now instead of mounting Barbed Seeds,

A

To

To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive Tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass,
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want Love's Majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph;
 I, that am curtailed of this fair Proportion,
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That Dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
 Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
 Have no Delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my Shadow in the Sun,
 And descant on mine own Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken Days,
 I am determin'd to prove a Villain,
 And hate the idle Pleasures of these Days.
 Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
 By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreams,
 To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And if King *Edward* be as true and just,
 As I am Subtle, False and Treacherous,
 This Day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up,
 About a Prophecy, which says that G
 Of *Edward's* Heirs the Murtherer shall be.
 Dive Thoughts down to my Soul, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good Day; what means this armed Guard
 That waits upon your Grace?

Cl. His Majesty, tending my Person's safety,
 Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th' *Tower*.

Glo. Upon what Cause?

Cl. Because my Name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that Fault is none of yours;
 He should for that commit your Godfathers.
 O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new Christen'd in the *Tower*.

But

But what's the Matter, *Clarence*, may I know?

Cl. Yea *Richard*, when I know; but I protest
As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreams,
And from the Cross-row plucks the Letter G;
And says a Wizard told him, that by G,
His Issue disinherited should be.

And for my Name of *George* begins with G,
It follows in his Thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like Toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is, when Men are rul'd by Women,
'Tis not the King that sends you to the Tower;
My Lady *Gray* his Wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not she, and that good Man of Worship,
Anthony Woodvil her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the Tower?
From whence this Day he is delivered,
We are not safe, *Clarence* we are not safe.

Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no Man secure
But the Queens Kindred, and Knight-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was for his Delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his Liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her Men, and wear her Livery:
The jealous o'erworn Widow, and herself,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straightly given in charge,
That no Man shall have private Conference,
Of what degree soever, with your Brother.

Glo. Even so, and please your Worship *Brakenbury*!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no Treason, Man — we say the King
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well strook in Years, fair, and not jealous.

We say, that *Shore's* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing Tongue,
That the *Queens* Kindred are made Gentle-folks,
How say you, Sir? Can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with *Mistress Shore*?

I tell the Fellow, he that doth nought with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly alone.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her Husband, Knave---would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withal forbear
Your Conferences with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy Charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the *Queen's* Subjects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will unto the King,

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,

Were it to call King *Edward's* Widow, Sister,

I will perform it to infranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace of Brotherhood,

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your Imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliver you, or else lye for you:

Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell. [*Ex. Brak. Clar.*]

Glo. Go tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple plain *Clarence*--I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy Soul to Heaven,

If Heaven will take thee present at our Hands.

But who comes here? the new delivered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:

Well are you welcome to this open Air,

How hath your Lordship brook'd Imprisonment?

Hast. With Patience, noble Lord, as Prisoners must:

But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks

That were the Cause of my Imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,

For they that were your Enemies are his,

And have prevailed as much on him as you.

Hast.

of RICHARD III.

7

Hast. More pity, that the Eagles should be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzzards play at Liberty.

Glo. What News abroad?

Hast. No News so bad abroad as this at home:
The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now by *St. John*, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil Diet long,
And over-much consum'd his Royal Person:
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his Bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope: and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
Which lies well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another Day to live:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to bustle in.
For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest Daughter:
What tho' I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for Love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my Horse to Market,
Clarence still breaths, *Edward* still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my Gains.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with Halberts to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down, your honourable load,
If Honour may be shrouded in a Hearse,
Whilst I a-while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.

Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,
 Pale Ashes of the House of *Lancaster*;
 Thou boundless Remnant of that Royal Blood,
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy Ghost,
 To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd Son,
 Stab'd by the self same hand that made these Wounds.
 Lo, in these Windows that let forth thy Life,
 I pour the helpless Balm of my poor Eyes.
 O cursed be the Hand that made these holes!
 Cursed the Heart, that had the Heart to do it!
 Cursed the Blood, that let this Blood from hence,
 More direful hap betide that hated Wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than can I wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives,
 If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural Aspect,
 May fright the hopeful Mother at the view:
 And that be heir to his unhappiness.
 If ever he have Wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the Death of him,
 Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
 Come now towards *Chertsey* with your Holy Load,
 Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.
 And still as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henry's* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable Deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse; or by *St. Paul*,
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen. My Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd Dog,
 Stand thou when I command:

Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast,
 Or by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my Foot,
 And spurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all afraid?
 Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,

And

And mortal Eyes cannot endure the Devil.
 Avant, thou dreadful Minister of Hell:
 Thou hadst but Power over his mortal Body,
 His Soul thou canst not have ; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for Charity be not so curst.

Anne. Foul Devil !

For God's sake hence, and trouble us not,
 For thou hast made the happy Earth thy Hell:
 Fill'd it with cursing Cries, and deep Exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous Deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
 Oh Gentlemen ! see ! see dead Henry's Wounds
 Open their congeal'd Mouths, and bleed afresh.
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul Deformity ;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this Blood
 From cold and empty Veins, where no Blood dwells.
 Thy Deeds inhuman, and unnatural,
 Provoke this Deluge most unnatural.

O God ! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his Death !

O Earth ! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his Death.

Either Heaven with Lightning strike the Murth'rer
 [dead,

Or Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
 As thou dost swallow up this good King's Blood,
 Which his Hell-govern'd Arm hath butcher'd.

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of Charity,
 Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor
 [Man ;

No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when Devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when Angels are so angry ;
 Vouchsafe, divine Perfection of a Woman,
 Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave,
 By Circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a Man,
 Of these known Evils, but to give me leave
 By Circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than Tongue can name thee, let me have
 Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than Heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse that will be currant,
Unless thou hang thy self.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse my self.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy self;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say, they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish Slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your Husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward's* Hands.

Anne. In thy foul Throat thou ly'st,
Queen *Margaret* saw
Thy murd'rous Falchion smoaking in his Blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her Breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the Point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous Tongue,
That laid her Guilt upon my guiltless Shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody Mind,
That never dream'st on ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, Hedge-Hog,
Then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked Deed:
O he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

Glo. The better for the King of Heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in Heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell.

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some Dungeon.

Glo. Your Bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill Rest betide the Chamber where thou lyest.

Glo. So will it, Madam, 'till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our Wits,
And fall something into a slower method,

Is not the Caufer of the timelefs Deaths
Of thefe *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the Cause, and most accurst effect;

Glo. Your Beauty was the Cause of that effect:
Your Beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one Hour in your sweet Bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide,
These Nails should rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.

Glo. These Eyes could not endure that Beauty's wrack
You should not blemish it, If I stood by;
As all the World is cheer'd by the Sun,
So I by that; it is my Day, my Life. [Life.

Anne. Black night o'er-shade thy Day, and death thy

Glo. Curse not thy self, fair Creature,
Thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable;
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband,

Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the Earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. *Plantagenet*.

Anne. Why that was he.

Glo. The self-same Name, but one of better Nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here:

[She spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal Poison for thy sake.

Glo. Never came Poison from so sweet a Place.

Anne. Never hung Poison on a fouler Toad.

Out of my Sight, thou dost infect mine Eyes.

Glo. Thine Eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were Basilisks to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:
For now they kill me with a living Death.

Those Eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt Tears;
Sham'd

Sham'd their Aspects with Store of childish Drops :
 Thine Eyes, which never shed remorseful Tear,
 No, when my Father *York* and *Edward* wept,
 To hear the piteous Moan that *Rutland* made,
 When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his Sword at him,
 Nor when thy Warlike Father, like a Child,
 Told the sad Story of my Father's Death,
 And twenty times made Pause to sob and weep,
 That all the Standers-by had wet their Cheeks,
 Like Trees be dash'd with Rain : In that sad time,
 My manly Eyes did scorn an humble Tear :
 And what these Sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with Weeping.
 I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy ;
 My Tongue could never learn sweet smoothing Words ;
 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 My proud Heart sues, and prompts my Tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy Lip such Scorn, for it was made
 For Kissing Lady, not for such Contempt.
 If thy revengeful Heart cannot forgive,
 Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,
 Which, if thou please to hide in this true Breast,
 And let the Soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly Stroke,
 And humbly beg the Death upon my Knee.

[He lays his Breast open, she offers at it with his Sword.]

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King *Henry* ;
 But 'twas thy Beauty that provok'd me.
 Nay, now dispatch, 'Twas I that stabb'd young *Edward* ;
 But 'twas thy heavenly Face that set me on.

[She falls the Sword.]

Take up the Sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, Dissembler, though I wish thy Death,

I will not be thy Executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill thyself and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy Rage :

Speak it again, and even with thy Word,
 This Hand, which for thy Love, did kill thy Love,
 Shall for thy Love, kill a far truer Love ;
 To both their Deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne.

Anne. I would I knew thy Heart.

Glo. 'Tis figured in my Tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never Man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your Sword.

Glo. Say then, my Peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All Men I hope live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.

Look how my Ring encompasseth thy Finger,
Even so thy Breast incloseth my poor Heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted Servant may
But beg one Favour at thy gracious Hand,
Thou dost confirm this Happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad Designs
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,
And presently repair to *Crosby* House:
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At *Chertsey* Monast'ry this noble King,
And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,
I will with all expedient Duty see you.
For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this Boon.

Anne. With all my Heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.

Trassel and *Barkley* go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell,

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already. [*Ex. two with Anne.*]

Gen. Towards *Chertsey*, Noble Lord?

Glo. Now to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming:
[*Exit Coarse.*]

Was ever Woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever Woman in this humour'd won?

I'll have her---but I will not keep her long.

What! I have kill'd her Husband and his Father!

To take her in her Heart's extreamest hate,

With

With Curses in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,
 The bleeding witness of my hatred by.
 Having God, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,
 And no Friends to back my Suit withal,
 But the plain Devil and dissembling Looks:
 And yet to win her,--- All the World to nothing!
 Ha!
 Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I some three Months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
 A sweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
 Fram'd in the Prodigality of Nature,
 Young, Valiant, Wise, and no doubt, right Royal,
 The spacious World cannot again afford,
 And will she thus abase her Eyes on me,
 That crop the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
 And made her Widow to her woful Bed?
 On me, whose All not equals *Edward's* Moiety?
 On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
 My Dukedom to a beggarly Denier,
 I do mistake my Person all this while:
 Upon my Life she finds, although I cannot,
 My self to be a marv'ous proper Man.
 I'll be at charges for a Looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of Taylors,
 To study Fashions to adorn my Body:
 Since I am crept in favour of myself,
 I will maintain it with some little Cost.
 But first I'll turn yon Fellow in his Grave,
 And then return lamenting to my Love.
 Shine out, fair Sun, 'till I have bought a Glass,
 That I may see my Shadow as I pass.

[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. Have patience Madam, there is no doubt his Majesty
 Will soon recover his accustomed Health. (lly)

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse,
 Therefore for God's sake entertain good Comfort,
 And cheer his Grace with quick and merry Eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The Heavens have blest you with a goodly Son
To be your Comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his Minority
Is put unto the Trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
A Man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter. Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Derby*.

Buck. Good time of Day unto your Royal Grace.

Derby. God make you Majesty joyful, as you have been.

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Derby*.
To your good Prayer will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding she's your Wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud Arrogance.

Derby. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false Accusers:
Or if she be accus'd on true Report,
Bear with her Weakness, which I think proceeds
From wayward Sicknes, and no grounded Malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to Day, my Lord of *Derby*.

Der. But now, the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his Amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

Queen. God grant him health; did you confer with him.

Buck. Ay, Madam, he desires to make Attonement,
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your Brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his Royal Presence.

Queen. Would all were well - but that will never be--
I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,

That

That fill his Ears with such dissentious Rumors.
 Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
 Smile in Men's Faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
 Duck with *French* nods, and apish Courtesie,
 I must be held a rancorous Enemy.
 Cannot a plain Man live and think no harm,
 But thus his simple Truth must be abus'd
 With filken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Gray. To whom in all this Presence speaks your Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor Honesty nor Grace:
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
 Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
 A Plague upon you all. His Royal Grace,
 Whom God preserve, better than you would wish,
 Cannot be quite scarce a breathing while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd Complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the Matter:
 The King on his own Royal Disposition,
 And not provok'd by any Suitor else,
 Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That in your outward Action shews itself
 Against my Children, Brothers and my Self,
 Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground.

Glo. I cannot tell the World is grown so bad,
 That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch
 Since every Jack became a Gentleman,
 There's many a gentle Person made a Jack. [*Glo'ster.*]

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, Brother
 You envy my Advancement and my Friends,
 God grant we never may have need of you.

Glo. Mean time God grants that I have need of you,
 Our Brother is imprison'd by your means,
 Myself disgrac'd, and the Nobility
 Held in Contempt, while great Promotions
 Are daily given to enoble those,

That scarce, some two Days since, were worth a Noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,
 From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
 I never did incense his Majesty
 Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have been
 An earnest Advocate to plead for him.
 My Lord, you do me shameful Injury,

Falsely

Falsely to draw me in these vile Suspects.

Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean
Of my Lord *Hastings* late Imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for---

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so?
She may do more, Sir, than denying that :

She may help you to many fair Preferments,
And then deny her aiding Hand therein,
And lay those Honours on your high desert,
What may she not? she may---ay marry may she---

Riv. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King,
A Batchelor, and a handsome Stripling too :
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

Queen. My Lord of *Gloster*, I have too long born
Your blunt Upbraidings, and your bitter Scoffs.
By Heav'n I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those gross taunts, that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country Servant Maid
Than a great Queen with this Condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd and storm'd at ;
Small-joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech
Thy Honour, State and Seat, is due to me. [him :

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' *Tower*.

'Tis time to speak,
My Pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out Devil!
I do remember them too well:
Thou killd'st my Husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor Son at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queen,
Ay, or your Husband King.
I was a pack Horse in his great Affairs ;
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal Rewarder of his Friends;
To Royalize his Blood I spent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better Blood
Than his or thine.

Glo.

Glo. In all which time, you and your Husband Gray
Were factious for the House of Lancaster;
And *Rivers*, so were you; was not your Husband,
In *Margaret's* Battle, at *St. Albans* slain?
Let me put in your Minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this, and what you are
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous Villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forswore himself, which *Jesu* pardon---

Q. Mar. Which God revenge.

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the Crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God my Heart were Flint, like *Edward's*,
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish foolish for this World.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this
Thou *Cacodæmon*, there thy Kingdom is. (World,

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busy Days,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereign King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be! I had rather be a Pedlar;
Far be it from my Heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little Joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Country's King,
As little Joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little Joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient,
Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.

Ah gentle Villain do not turn away?

Glo. Foul wrinkl'd Witch, what mak'st thou in my Sight.

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wer't thou not banish'd on pain of Death?

Q. Mar. I was, but I do find more pain in Banishment
Than Death can yield me here by my abode.

A Husband and a Son thou ow'st to me, [To Glo.
And thou a Kingdom, all of you Allegiance; [To the Qu.
This Sorrow that I have by Right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The Curse my noble Father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy Scorns drew'st Rivers from his Eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clout,
Steep'd in the faultless Blood of pretty Rutland;
His Curses, then from bitterness of Soul
Denounc'd again thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloody Deed.

Q. Mar. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest Deed to slay that Babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dorset. No Man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the Throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread Curse prevail so much with Heav'n,
That Henry's Death, my lovely Edward's Death,
Their Kingdom's Loss, my woful Banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish Brat?
Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heav'n?
Why then give way, dull Clouds, to my quick Curses.
Though not by War, by Surfeit die your King,
As ours by Murder to make him a King.

Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of Wales,
For Edward our Son, that was Prince of Wales,
Die in his Youth, by like untimely Violence.
Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched self:
Long may'st thou live to wail thy Children's Death,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.
Long die thy happy Days, before thy Death,
And after many length'ned hours of Grief,
Die, neither Mother, Wife, nor England's Queen.
Rivers and Dorset, you were Standers-by,

And

The Life and Death

And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Son
Was stabb'd with bloody Daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live his natural Age,
But be by some unlook'd-for Accident cut off.

Glo. Have donethy Charm, thou hateful wither'd Hag.

2. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay Dog, for thou shalt
If Heav'ns have any grievous Plague in store, [hear me!
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O let them keep it, 'till thy Sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their Indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor World's peace.
The Worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy Soul,
Thy Friends suspect for Traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep Traitors for thy dearest Friends:
No sleep close up that deadly Eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting Dream
Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.
Thou elvish-markt, abortive rooting Hog,
Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity
The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:
Thou slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb,
Thou loathed Issue of thy Father's Loins,
Thou Rag of Honour, thou detested —————

Glo. Margaret.

2. Mar. Richard.

Glo. Ha!

2. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter Names.

2. Mar. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. [self.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against your

2. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my For-
Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider, [tune,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, Fool, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy self:
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse this poysonous Bunch-back'd Toad.

Hast. False boading Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our Patience.

2. Mar. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Riv.

Ri. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your Duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me Duty,
Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
O serve me well, and teach your selves that Duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is Lunatick,

Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquiss, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stamp of Honour is scarce currant.

O that your young Nobility can judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good Council marry, learn it, learn it Marquiss.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high;
Our airy buildeth in the Cedar's top,
And dallies with the Wind, and scorns the Sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the Sun to shade; alas! alas!
Witness my Son now in the shade of Death,
Whose bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy Wrath
Hath in eternal Darkness folded up,
Your airy building in our airies Nest;
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it,
As it is won with Blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for Charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither Charity nor Shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
My Charity is Outrage, Life my Shame,
And in that Shame, still live my Sorrow's rage.

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O Princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy Hand,
In sign of League and Amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee and thy Nob'e House;
Thy Garments are not spotted with our Blood;
Nor thou within the compass of my Curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for Curses never pass
The Lips of those that breathe them in the Air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the Sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping Peace.
O Buckingham, take care of yonder Dog;
Look when he fawns he bites; and when he bites,
His venom Tooth will rankle to the Death;

Have

Have not to do with him, beware of him,
Sin, Death and Hell have set their marks on him,
And all their Ministers attend on his.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle
Counsel?

And sooth the Devil that I warn thee from?

O but remember this another Day;

When he shall split thy very Heart with Sorrow;

And say poor *Margaret* was a Prophetess.

Live each of you the Subject to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's. *[Exit.*

Buck. My Hair doth stand an end to hear her Curfes.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at Liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's Holy Mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dor. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do some Body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:

Marry, as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;

He is frank'd up to fasting for his pains,

God pardon them that are the cause thereof.

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd. *[Aside.*
For had I curst now, I had curst my self.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours, my gracious Lord.

Queen. *Catesby*, I come; Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret Mischief that I set a broach,

I lay unto the grievous Charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed have cast in Darknes,

I do bewEEP to many simple Gulls.

Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*.

And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her Allies

That stir the King against the Duke my Brother.

Now they believe it, and withal wet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers, Dorset, Gray*.
But then I figh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I cloath my naked Villany
With odd old Ends, stoln forth of Holy Writ,
And seem a *Saint*, when most I play the *Devil*.

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my Executioners;
How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 Vil. We are, my Lord, and come to have the Warrant
That we may be admitted, where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby Place*.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the Execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your Hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our Hands, and not our Tongues.

Glo. Your Eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fools Eyes
fall Tears.

I like you Lads, about your Business straight.
Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will, my noble Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to day?

Cla. O I have past a miserable Night,
So full of fearful Dreams of ugly Sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful Man,
I would not spend another such a Night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy Days:
So full of dismal Terror was the time.

Keep. What was your Dream, my Lord I pray you
[tell me.]

Cla. Methoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
And in my Company my Brother *Gloster*.

Who

Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the Hatches. There we look'd toward *England*,
 And cited up a thousand heavy Times,
 During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaster*.
 That had befall'n us. As he pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
 Methought that *Glo'ster* stumbled, and in falling
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
 Into the tumbling Billows of the Main.
 O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
 What dreadful Noise of Waters in my Ears!
 What fights of ugly Death within my Eyes!
 Methoughts, I saw a thousand fearful Wracks;
 A thousand Men that Fishes gnaw'd upon:
 Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearl,
 Inestimable Stones, unvalued Jewels
 All scatter'd in the bottom of the Sea:
 Some lay in dead Mens Skulls, and in the holes
 Where Eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the Deep,
 And mock'd the dead Bones that lay scatter'd by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of Death,
 To gaze upon the Secrets of the Deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
 To yield the Ghost; but still the envious Flood
 Stop'd in my Soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering Air;
 But smother'd it within my panting Bulk,
 Who almost burst to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dream was lengthen'd after Life.
 O then began the Tempest to my Soul:
 I pass, methought, the melancholy Flood,
 With that four Ferry-man which Poets write of,
 Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
 The first that there did greet my Stranger soul,
 Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned *Warwick*,
 Who spake aloud ——— What Scourge for Perjury
 Can this dark Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
 A Shadow like an Angel, with bright Hair

Dabbled

Dabbled in Blood, and he shriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
 That stabb'd me in the Field by *Tewksbury*;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him unto Torment ——
 With that, methought, a Legion of foul Fiends
 Invirion'd me, and howled in mine Ears
 Such heideous Cries, that with the very Noise,
 I, trembling, awak'd; and for a Season after
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
 Such terrible Impression made my Dream.

Keep. No marvel, Lord, tho' it affrighted you,
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things.
 That now give evidence against my Soul,
 For *Edward's* sake; and see how he requites me.
 O God! if my deep Prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my Misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy Wrath on me alone:
 O spare my guiltless Wife, and my poor Children.
 Keeper, I prithee set by me a-while,
 My Soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Brak. Sorrow breaks Seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide Night:
 Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
 An outward Honour, for an inward Toil;
 And for unselt Imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless Cares:
 So that between their Titles and low Name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward Fame.

Enter two Villains.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, Fellow? And how cam'st thou hither?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious:
 Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. I am in this commanded, to deliver [Reads.
 The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your Hands.

I will not Reason what is meant hereby,
 Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
 There lies the Duke asleep. and there the Keys:
 I'll to the King, and signify to him,
 That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [Exit.

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of Wiidom:
 Fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No, he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Why he shall never wake, until the great Judgment Day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word Judgment, hath bred
 a kind of Remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a Warrant.
 But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
 No Warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Vil.* So I am to let him live.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ster* and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, prithee stay a little:

I hope this passionate Humour of mine will change;
 It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* Some certain dregs of Conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the Reward, when the Deeds done.

2 *Vil.* Come he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy Conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster's* Purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his Purse to give us our Reward,
 thy Conscience flies out. [entertain it.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward:
 A man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a Man cannot
 swear but it checks him; a Man cannot lie with his
 Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
 shame-fac'd Spirit, that mutinies in a Man's Bosom: It
 fills a Man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
 Purse of Gold, that, by Chance, I found. It beggars any
 Man

Man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of Towns and Cities for a dangerous thing. and every Man that means to live well, endeavours to trust himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my Elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not: He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall Man, that respects thy Reputation. Come shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him on the Costard, with the hilt of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmesbury in the next Room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent Device, and make a Stop of him;

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Strike.

1 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a Cup of Wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have Wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's Name what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A Man, as you are.

Clar. But not as I am, Royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, Loyal.

Clar. Thy Voice is thunder, but thy Looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My Voice is now the King's, my Looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak? Your Eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

2 *Vil.* To, to, to——

Clar. To Murther me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the Hearts to tell me so! And therefore cannot have the Hearts to do it.

Wherein, my Friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a World of Men, To slay the innocent? What's my Offence?

Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful Quest have given their Verdict up

Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence's* Death?
 Before I be convict by course of Law,
 To threaten me with Death, is most unlawful.
 I charge you, as you hope for any goodnes,
 That you depart, and lay no Hands on me:
 The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
 Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
 That Thou shalt do no Murther; Will you then
 Spurn at his Edict, and fulfil a Man's?
 Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his Hand
 To hurl upon their Heads that break his Law.

2 *Vil.* And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee
 For false swearing, and for Murther too:
 Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
 In quarrel of the House of *Lancaster*.

1 *Vil.* And like a Traitor to the name of God,
 Didst break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
 Unrip'dst the Bowels of thy Sovereign's Son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,
 When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
 For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.
 He sends you not to murder me for this:
 For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
 O know you yet, he doth it publicly,
 Take not the quarrel from his powerful Arm:
 He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
 To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody Minister,
 When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,
 That Princely Novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My Brother's Love, the Devil, and my Rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
 Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
 I am his Brother, and I love him well,
 If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my Brother *Glo'ster* :

Who shall reward you better for my Life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my Death,

2 Vil. You are deceiv'd, your Brother *Glo'ster* hates you.

Clar. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear :
Go you to him from me.

1 Vil. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely Father *York*,
Blest his three Sons with his victorious Arm,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, Millstones ; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Vil. Right, as Snow in Harvest :

Come, you deceive your self,
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his Arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my Delivery.

1 Vil. Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thralldom, to the Joys of Heav'n.

2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your Souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own Souls so blind,
That you will War with God, by murd'ring me?

O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Vil. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your Souls :
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Son,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such Murtherers as your selves came to you.
Would not intreat for Life, as you would beg
Were you in my distress.

1 Vil. Relent? no ; 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My Friend, I spy some pity in thy looks :
O, if thine Eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?

2 Vil. Look behind you, my Lord.

1 Vil.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
 I'll drown you in the Malmsey-Butt within. (Stabs him. [Ex.]

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch:
 How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my Hands
 Of this most grievous Murther.

Enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st
 me not?

By Heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his Brother:
 Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
 For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [Exit.]

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go Coward as thou art.
 Well, I'll go hide the Body in some hole,
 'Till that the Duke give order for his Burial:
 And when I have my Meed, I will away;
 For this will out, and then I must not stay. (Exit)

ACT II. SCENE I.

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Gatesby, Buckingham, and Woodvil.

K. Ed. **W**HY so, now have I done a good days work.
 You Peers continue this united League:
 I every Day expect an Embassage

From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
 And more in peace my Soul shall part to Heav'n,
 Since I have made my Friends at peace on Earth;
Hastings and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
 Dissemble not your Hatred, swear your Love.

Riv. By Heav'n, my Soul is purg'd from grudging hate,
 And with my Hand I seal my true Heart's Love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Ed. Take heed you dally not before the King,
 Lest he that is the supream King of Kings,
 Confound your hidden falshood, and award
 Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect Love,

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my Heart.

K. Ed.

K. Ed. Madam, yourself is not exempt from this,
Nor you Son *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you ;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your Hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There *Hastings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

K. Ed. Dorset, embrace him : *Hastings*, love Lord
Marquis.

Dor. This interchange of Love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Ed. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this League
With thy Embracements to my Wife's Allies,
And make me happy in your Unity.

Buc. Whenever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous Love, [*To the Qu.*
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect must love ;
When I have most need to imploy a Friend.
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
Be he unto me ; this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Ed. A pleasing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow unto my sickly Heart.
There wanteth now our Brother *Glo'ster* here,
To make the blessed Period of this Peace.

Buc. And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff* and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliff and Glo'ster.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen,
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. Ed. Happy indeed, as we have spent the Day :
Glo'ster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made Peace of Enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed Labour, my most sovereign Lord :
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false Intelligence, or wrong Surmise
Hold me a Foe : If I unwillingly, or in my Rage,

Have ought committed that is hardly born,
 To any in this Presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his Friendly Peace:
 'Tis Death to me to be at Enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good Mens love.
 First, Madam, I intreat true Peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous Service.
 Of you my noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us.
 Of you, and you, Lord *Rivers* and of *Dorset*,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me:
 Of you Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
 Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
 I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
 With whom my Soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the Infant that is born to Night;
 I thank my God for my Humility.

Queen. A Holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded,
 My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
 To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd Love for this,
 To be so flouted in this Royal Presence?
 Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him Injury to scorn his Coarse.

K. Ed. Who knows not he is dead!
 Who knows he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heav'n what a World is this?

Buc. Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good Lord; and no Man in the presence
 But his red Colour hath forsook his Cheeks.

K. Ed. Is *Clarence* dead! the Order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor Man, by your first Order died,
 And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:
 Some tardy Cripple bear the Countermand,
 That came to lag to see him buried.
 God grant, that some less Noble, and less Loyal,
 Nearer in bloody Thoughts, and not in Blood,
 Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter

Enter Earl of Derby.

Der. A boon, my Sovereign, for my Service done.

K. Ed. I prithee peace, my Soul is full of Sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Ed. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Der. The forfeit, Sovereign, of my Servant's Life,
Who slew to day a riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

K. Ed. Have I a Tongue to doom my Brother's Death;
And shall that Tongue give pardon to a Slave?
My Brother kill'd no Man, his Fault was Thought,
And yet his Punishment was bitter Death.
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my Feet; and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke in love?
Who told me, how the poor Soul did forsake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me!
Who told me in the field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he rescued me?
And said, dear Brother live and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold Night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a Man of you
Had so much Grace to put it in my Mind.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vassals
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your Knees for Pardon, Pardon,
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you,
But for my Brother, not a Man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself
For him poor Soul. The proudest of you all,
Have been beholding to him in his Life:
Yet none of you, would once beg for his Life.
O God! I fear thy Justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* help me to my Closet.

Ah poor *Clarence*! [*Ex. some with the King & Queen*]

Glo. This is the fruits of Rashness: Mark'd you not,
How

How that the kindred of the Queen
 Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence's* Death?
 O! they did urge it still unto the King.
 God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go
 To comfort *Edward* with your Company?

Buck. We wait upon your Grace.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No, Boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your Breast?
 And cry O *Clarence*! my unhappy Son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your Head,
 And call us Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,
 If that our noble Father were alive?

Dutch. My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both,
 I do lament the Sickness of the King,
 As loth to lose him, not your Father's Death:
 It were lost Sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead:
 The King mine Uncle is too blame for it.
 God will revenge it, whom I will importune
 With earnest Prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, Children, peace; the King doth love
 Incapable and shallow Innocents, [you well.
 You cannot guess who caus'd your Father's Death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good Uncle *Glo'ster*
 Told me, the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
 Devis'd Impeachments to imprison him;
 And when my Uncle told me so, he wept,
 And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my Cheek;
 Bad me rely on him as on my Father,
 And he would love me dearly as a Child.

Dutch. Ah! that Deceit should steal such gentle Shape,
 And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice.
 He is my Son, ay, and therein my Shame,
 Yet from my Dugs he drew not this Deceit.

Son. Think you my Uncle did dissemble, Grandam?

Dutch. Ay, Boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what Noise is this?

Enter the Queen with her Hair about her Ears, Rivers and Dorset after her.

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black Despair against my Soul.
And to myself become an Enemy——

Dutch. What means this Sceze of rude Impatience?

Queen. To make an act of Tragick Violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.

Why grow the Branches, when the Root is gone?

Why wither not the Leaves that want their Sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;

That our swift-winged Souls may catch the King's,

Or like obedient Subjects follow him,

To his new Kingdom of ne'er changing Night.

Dutch. Ah, so much Interest have I in thy Sorrow,
As I had Title to thy Noble Husband;

I have bewept a worthy Husband's Death,

And liv'd with looking on his Images;

But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant Death,

And I for comfort have but one false Glass,

That grieves me when I see my Shame in him.

Thou art a Widow, yet thou art a Mother,

And hast the comfort of thy Children left;

But Death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Arms,

And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble Hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,

(Thine being but a Moiety of my mourn)

To over-go thy Woes, and drown thy Cries.

Son. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Father's Death;
How can we aid you with our Kindred Tears?

Daugh. Our Fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
You Widow dolour likewise be unwept.

Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth Complaints:

All Springs reduce their currents to mine Eyes,

That I being govern'd by the watry Moon,

May send forth plenteous Tears to drown the World.

Ah,

Ah for my Husband--for my dear Lord *Edward*---

Chil. Ah for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*.

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* & *Clarence*.

Queen. What stay had I but *Edward*? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never Widow had so dear a Loss.

Chil. Were never Orphans had so dear a Loss.

Dutch. Was never Mother had so dear a Loss.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Griefs,
Their Woes are parcell'd, mine is general.

She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I;

I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she;

These Babes for *Clarence* weep, so do not they.

Alas! you three, on me threefold distress

Pour all your Tears, I am your Sorrows Nurse,

And I will pamper it with Lamentation,

Dor. Comfort, dear Mother, God is much displeas'd,
That you take with Unthankfulness his doing.

In common worldly thing 'tis call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a Debt,

Which with a bounteous Hand was kindly lent:

Much more to be thus opposite with Heav'n,

For it requires the Royal Debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you like a careful Mother
Of the young Prince your Son, send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.

Drown desperate Sorrow in dead *Edward*'s Grave,

And plant your Joys in living *Edward*'s Throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort, all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining Star:

But none can help our Harms by wailing them.

Madam, my Mother, I do cry you Mercy,

I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my Knee

I crave your Blessing.

Dutch. God blefs thee, and put Meekness in thy Breast,
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old Man,

That is the butt-end of a Mother's Blessing;

I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of Moan,
Now chear each other in each others Love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the Harvest of his Son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be set
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest, by a Multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate is green, and yet ungovern'd.
Where every Horse bears his commanding Rein,
And may direct his Course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my Opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made Peace with all of us,
And the Compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me, and so, I think, in all,
Yet since it is but green it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much Company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that strait shall post to *London*.

Madam, and you my Sister, will you go,
To give your Censures in this Business? [Exeunt.

Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.

Buck. My Lord, whoever journeys to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As Index to the Story we lately talk'd of.
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my Counsel's Consistory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Cousin,

I, as a Child, will go by thy direction.
Toward *London* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter one Citizen at one Door, and another at the other.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, Neighbour, whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self:

Hear you the News abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill News by'r Lady, seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy World.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, Good speed.

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir,

3 *Cit.* Doth the News hold of good K. *Edward's* Death?

2 *Cit.* Ay Sir, it is too true, God help the while.

3 *Cit.* Then Masters look to see a troublous World.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good Grace, his Son shall Reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of Government:

Which in his Non-age, Counsel under him,

And in his full and ripened Years, himself

No doubt shall then, and 'till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the State when *Henry* the Sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine Months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the State so? No, no, good Friends, God
For then this Land was famously enrich'd (wot;
With politick grave Counsel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace. (ther.

1 *Cit.* Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mo-

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his Father;

Or by his Father there were none at all:

For Emulation, who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of *Glocester*,

And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:

And were they to be rul'd; and not rule,

This sickly Land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst, all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When Clouds are seen, wise Men put on their
When great Leaves fall, then Winter is at hand; (Cloaks;
When

When the Sun sets, who doth not look for Night?

Untimely Storms make Men expect a Dearth :

All may be well ; but if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the Hearts of Men are full of fear :

You cannot reason, almost, with a Man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of Change, still is it so ;

By a divine instinct Mens Minds mistrust

Pursuing Danger ; as by proof we see

The Water swell before a boist'rous Storm ;

But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry we were sent for to the Justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I I'll bear you Company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutchess.

Arch. Last Night I heard they lay at *Stony Stradford*,

And at *Northampton* they do rest to Night :

To morrow or next day they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my Heart to see the Prince ;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear no, they say my Son of *York*
Has almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, Mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my good Cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one Night as we did sit at Supper,
My Uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow

More than my Brother. Ay, quoth my Uncle *Glo'ster*,

Small Herbs have Grace, great Weeds do grow apace.

And since, methinks I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet Flowers are slow, and Weeds make hast.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That if his Rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

York.

The Life and Death

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remembred,
I could have given my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How my young *York*?

York. Marry, they say, my Uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a Crust at two Hours old;
'Twas full two Year's ere I could get a Tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting Jest.

Dutch. I prithee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

York. *Grandam*, his Nurse.

Dutch. His Nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous Boy — Go to, you are too shrew'd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.

Queen. Pitchers have Ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger: What News?

Mes. Such News, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in Health.

Dutch. What is thy News?

Mes. Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray*,

Are sent to *Pamfret*, and with them

Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes, *Glo'ster* and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:

Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,

Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my House;

The Tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hind.

Insulting Tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless Throne;

Welcome Destruction, Blood and Massacre,

I see, as in a Map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling Days;

How many of you have mine Eyes beheld;

My Husband lost his Life to get the Crown,

And often up and down my Sons were tost,

For me to joy and weep, their gain and loss.

And

And being seated, and Domestick broils
Clean over blown, themselves, the Conquerors,
Make War upon themselves, Brother to Brother,
Blood to Blood, self again self: O prepos't'rous
And frantick Outrage! end thy damned Spleen,
Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.

Queen. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treasure and your Goods,
For my Part, I'll resign unto your Grace,
The Seal I keep, und so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of
Glocester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.*

Buck. **W**elcome sweet Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Glo. Welcome dear Cousin, my thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you Melancholy.

Prince. No, Uncle, but our crosses on the Way
Have made it tedious, wearisom and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted Virtue of your Years
Hath not yet div'd into the World's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a Man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the Heart.

Those Uncles which you want were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd Words,
But look'd not on the poison of their Hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prince. God keep me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Glo.

Glo. My Lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with Health and Happy Days.

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all. I thought my Mother, and my Brother *York*. Would long ere this have met us on the way. Fie, what a slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not, To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord; what, will our Mother come

Hast. On what Occasion God he knows, not I, The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*, Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace, But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York* Unto his princely Brother presently?

If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him, And from her jealous Arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*, Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate To mild Entreaties, God forbid We should infringe the holy Privilege Of blessed Sanctuary; not for all this Land Would I be guilty of so great Sin.

Buck. You are too senseless obstinate, my Lord, Too ceremonious and traditional.

Weigh it but with the grossness of this Age, You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him; The benefit thereof is always granted To those whose dealings have deserved the Place, And those who have the wit to claim the Place: This Prince hath never claim'd it, nor deserv'd it, Therefore, in mine Opinion, cannot have it. Then taking him from thence that is not there, you break no Privilege nor Charter there:

Oft have I heard of Sanctuary Men,
But Sanctuary Children, ne'er 'till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my Mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
Say, Uncle *Glo'ster*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your Royal self.
If I may counsel you, some Day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower*:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best Health and Recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any Place;
Did *Julius Cæsar* build that Place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that Place,
Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon Record? or else reported
Successively from Age to Age he built it?

Buck. Upon Record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the Truth should live from Age to Age,
As 'twere retail'd to all Posterity,
Even to the general ending Day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

Prince. What say you, Uncle?

Glo. I say, without Characters Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, [*Aside.*]
I moralize two meanings in one Word.

Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous Man;
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set down to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror;
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life.
I'll tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I live until I be a Man,
I'll win our antient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *York*.
Prince.

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our Noble Brother?

York. Well, my dear Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, Brother, to our Grief, as it is yours;
Too late he dy'd that might have kept that Title,
Which by his Death hath lost much Majesty.

Glo. How fares our Cousin. Noble Lord of *York*?

York. I thank you gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth :
The Prince my Brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my fair Cousin I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a Kinsman.

York. I pray you Uncle, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my Heart.

Prince. A Beggar, Brother?

York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater Gift than that I'll give my Cousin.

York. A greater Gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see you will part but with light Gift,
In weightier things you'll say a Beggar Nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *York* will still be cross in talk :
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me :
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your Shoulders,

Buck. With what a sharp provided Wit he reasons :
To mitigate the Scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself ;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you pass along?
My self, and my good Cousin *Buckingham*,

Will

Will to your Mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you:

York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my Uncle *Clarence* angry Ghost:

My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my Lord, and with a heavy Heart,

Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York* Was not incensed by his subtle Mother, To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a parlous Boy, Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable; He is all the Mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither, *Catesby*, Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend, As closely to conceal what we impart: Thou know'st our Reasons urg'd upon the Way, What think'st thou? is it not an easy Matter To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our Mind, For the Instalment of this Noble Duke, In the Seat Royal of this famous Isle?

Cates. He for his Father's sake so loves the Prince, That he will not be worn to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanly*? Will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this:

Go, gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,

How he doth stand affected to our Purpose, And summon him to Morrow to the *Tower*, To sit about the Coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our Reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too, and so break off the Talk,
And give us notice of his Inclination :
For we to Morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
To morrow are let Blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good News,
Give Mrs. *Shore* one gentle Kiss the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this Business soundly.

Catesb. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

Catesb. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Crosby* House there you shall find us both.

Buck. Now my Lord. [Exit *Catesby*.]

What shall we do, if we perceive
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our Complots?

Glo. Chop off his head :
Something we will determine :

And look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the Moveables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possesst.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's Hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our Complots in some form. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger to the Door of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knows?

Mes. One from the Lord *Stanly*.

Hast. What is't a Clock?

Mes. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanly* sleep these tedious Nights?

Mes. So it appears by what I have to say :
First, he commends him to your noble Self.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt the Boar had raised off his Helm :
Besides, he says there are two Councils kept ;

And

And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the North,
To shun the danger that his Soul divines.

Hast. Go Fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated Counsel:
His Honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good Friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have Intelligence:
Tell him his Fears are shallow without Instance;
And for his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mock'ry of unquiet Slumbers.
To fly the Boar, before the Boar pursues,
Were to incense the Boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy Master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. [*Ex.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cat. Many good morrows to my noble Lord.

Hast. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring,
What News, what News in this our tottering State?

Cat. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;
And I believe will never stand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.

Hast. How! wear the Garland?
Dost thou mean the Crown?

Cat. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this Crown of mine cut from my Shoul-
Before I'll see the Crown so foul misplac'd; [*ders,*]
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cat. Ay, on my Life, and hopes to find you forward
Upon his Party, for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good News,
That this same very Day our Enemies,
The Kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no Mourner for that News,
Because they have been still my Adversaries;

But

But that I'll give my Voice on *Richard's* Side,
To bar my Master's Heirs in true Descent,
God knows I will not do it to the Death.

Cat. God keep your Lordship in that gracious-Mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a Twelve-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Master's hate,
I live to look upon their Tragedy.

Well *Catesby*, ere a Fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't

Cat. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When Men are unprepared, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*; and so 'twill do
With some Men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who as thou know'st, are dear
To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Cat. The Princes both make high account of you----
For they account his Head upon the Bridge. *Aside.*

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserved it,
Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Boar-spear, Man?
Fear you the Boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; good morrow, *Catesby*;
You may jest on, but by the holy Rood,
I do not like these several Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my Days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you, but that I know our State secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*.
Were jocund, and suppos'd their States were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the Day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of Rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless Coward.
What, shall we toward the *Tower*? the Day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you:
Wot he what, my Lord,

To day, the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

Sta. They, for their Truth, might better wear their Heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good Fellow.

[Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.]

How now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee Man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then was I going Prisoner to the Tower,
By the Suggestion of the Queen's Allies.
But now I tell thee, keep it to thyself,
This Day those Enemies are put to Death,
And I in better State than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it to your Honour's good Content.

Hast. Grammercy Fellow; there drink that for me.

[Throws him his Purse.]

Purs. I thank your Honour. *[Exit Pursuivant.]*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my Heart,
I am in your debt for your last Exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your Friends at Pomfret, they do need the Priest,
Your Honour has no thriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy Man,
The Men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I'll stay Dinner there.

Buck. And Supper too, altho' thou know'st it not. *[Aside.]*
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to Death at Pomfret.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,

C

To

The Life and Death

To day shalt thou behold a Subject die
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

Gray. God bleſs the Prince from all the pack of you,
A Knot you are of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that ſhall cry wo for this hereafter.

Rat. Diſpatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody Priſon!
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers.

Within the guilty cloſure of thy Walls
Richard the Second here was hackt to Death:
And for more ſlander to thy diſmal Seat,
We give to thee our guiltleſs Blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Magaret's* Curſe is ſaln upon our Heads,
When ſhe exclaimed on *Hastings*, you and I,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtab'd her Son.

Riv. Then curs'd ſhe *Richard*,
Then curs'd ſhe *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhe *Hastings*. O remember God
To hear her Prayer for them, as now for us:
As for my Siſter and her Princely Sons,
Be ſatisfy'd, dear God, with our true Blood,
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt.

Rat. Make haſte, the hour of Death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace;
Farewel, until we meet again in Heaven. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Biſhop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is to determine of the Coronation:

In God's Name ſpeak, when is the Royal Day?

Buck. Are all things ready for the Royal Time?

Derby. They are, and want but Nomination.

Ely. To Morrow then I judge a happy Day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's Mind here-
[in?

Who is moſt inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely.

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his Mind.

Buck. We know each others Faces; for our Hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, than you or mine:
Lord *Hastings*, you and he are near in Love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you my honourable Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my Voice,
Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My Noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow,
I have been a long sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your Cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,
I mean your Voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no Man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holburn*,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beseech you lend for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my Heart.

[Exit *Ely*.]

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a Word with you.
Catesby has sounded *Hastings* in our Business,
And finds the testy Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head ere give consent
His Master's Child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the Royalty of *England's* Throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.

[Exeunt.]

Derby. We have not yet set down this Day of Triumph:
To-Morrow, in my Judgment, is too sudden.
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be were the Day prolong'd.

Enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloucester?

I have sent for these Strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this Morning,
There's some Conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids Good-morrow with such Spirit.
I think there's never a Man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his Love or Hate than he,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Derby. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelihood he shew'd to Day?

Hast. Marry that with no Man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his Looks.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my Death with devilish Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my Body, with their hellish Charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th' Offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved Death.

Glo. Then be your Eyes the witness of their Evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine Arm
Is like a blasted Sapling wither'd up:
And this is *Edward's* Wife, that monstrous Witch
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Sh. re*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this Deed, my Noble Lord—

Glo. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Iffs? thou art a Traitor ———
Off with his Head ——— now by Saint *Paul* I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and *Ratcliff* look that it be done:

The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lovel and Ratcliff with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Wo, wo for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanly did dream the Boar did rase our Helms,
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly;
Three times to day my Foot-cloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he looked upon the *Tower*.
As loth to bear me to the laughter house.
O now I need the Priest that spake to me:

I now

I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in Grace and Favour.
Oh *Margaret, Margaret*, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings* wretched Head.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the Duke would be at dinner.
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentary Grace of mortal Men.
Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God!
Who builds his hope in Air of your good Looks,
Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh bloody *Richard*, miserable *England*,
I prophesie the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath looked upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty Armour, mar-
vellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. Come Cousin,
Can'st thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy Breath in the middle of a Word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with Terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep Suspicion, ghastly Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time, to grace my Stratagems.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Glo. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor —

Glo. Look to the Draw b.idge there.

Buck. Hark, a Drum.

Glo. *Catesby*, o'erlook the Walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent . . .

Glo. Look baek, defend there, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocency defend and guard us.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff with Hastings's Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are Friends; *Ratcliff* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Glo. So dear I loved the Man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmless Creature
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The History of all her secret Thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his Vice with shew of Virtue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I mean his Conversation with *Shore's* Wife,
He lived from all attinder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd Traitor
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle Traitor
This Day had plotted, in the Council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of *Glo'ster*.

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are *Turks* or Infidels?
Or that we should, against the form of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villain's Death,
But that the extream peril of the Case,
The Peace of *England*, and our Persons Safety
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Mayor. Now fair befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false Traitors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his Hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our Friends,
Something against our meanings hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have you heard
The Traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:
That you might well have sighify'd the same

Unto

Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his Death.

Mayor. But, my good Lord, your Grace's Words shall
As well as I had seen and heard him speak: [serve,

And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our dutious Citizens,
With all your just Proceedings in this Case,

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
T'avoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell. [Ex. Mayor.

Glo. Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post:

There, at your meereft vantage of the time,
Infer the Bastardy of *Edward's* Children,
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying he would make his Son
Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his House,
Which by the Sign thereof was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful Luxury,
And bestail appetite in change of Lust,
Which stretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,
Even where his raging Eye, or savage Heart,
Without controul, lusted to make a Prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Person:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, Noble *York*,
My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*,
And by true Computation of the Time,
Bound that the Issue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments.

Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this sparingly as 'twere far off.
Because, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself; and so, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's Castle*,
Where you shall me, well accompanied
With reverend Fathers, and well learned Bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four a Clock

Look for the News that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[Exit *Buckingham*.

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Go thou to Friar *Beuker*, bid them both [To *Ratcliff*.
Meet me within this hour at *Baynard's Castle*. [Exeunt.
Now will I go to take some privy Order
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to give order, that no manner of Person
Have any time recourse unto the Princes. [Exit.

Enter a *Scrivener*.

Scriv. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*.
Which in a set Hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to Day read o'er in *Paul's*.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* lived,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good World the while ; who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable Device ?
Yet who so bold, but lays, he sees it not ?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [Exit.

Enter *Gloucester* and *Buckingham* at several Doors.

Glo. How now ; how now, what say the Citizens ?

Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the Bastardy of *Edward's* Children ?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*.
Th' unsatiate greediness of his Desire,
And his enforcement of the City Wives,
His Tyranny for Trifles, his own Bastardy,
As being got, your Father then in *France*,
And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withal, I did infer your Lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your Father,
Both in your Form and Nobleness of Mind.
Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*.
Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace,
Your Bounty, Virtue, fair Humility :

Indeed

Indeed left nothing fitting for your Purpose
Untoucht, or slightly handled in Discourse.
And when my Oratory grew toward end,
I bid them that did love their Country's good,
Cry, God save *Richard*, *England's* Royal King.

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a Word,
But like dumb Statues or unbreathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful silence?
His Answer was, the People were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.

Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some Followers of mine own,
At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,
And some ten Voices cry'd, God save King *Richard*:
And thus I took the vantage of those few.
Thanks, gentle Citizens and Friends, quoth I,
This general App'ause, and chearful Shout,
Argues your Wisdom, and your love to *Richard*:
And even here break off and came away.

Glo. What Tongue-less Blocks were they,
Would they not speak?
Will not the Mayor then and his Brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; intend some fear,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;
And look you get a Prayer-Book in your Hand,
And stand between two Churchmen, good my Lord,
For on that ground I'll make a holy Descant:
And be not easily won to our Requests,
Play the Maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go: And if you plead as well for them,
As I can lay nay for thee to myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy Issue. [Exit *Glo.*

Buck. Go, go up to the Leads the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

*The Life and Death**Enter Catesby.*[*quest?*]*Buck.* Now *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my Re-*Cates.* He does intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
To visit him to Morrow, or next Day;
He is within, with two right Reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no worldly Suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.*Buck.* Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep Designs, in matter of great Moment,
No less importing than our general Good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.*Cates.* I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*]*Buck.* Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed,
But on his Knees at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle Body,
But praying to enrich his watchful Soul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof,
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.*Mayor.* Marry, God defend, his Grace should say us nay.*Buck.* I fear he will; here *Catesby* comes again.*Enter Catesby.*Now *Catesby*, what says his Grace?*Cates.* He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such Troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him:*Buck.* Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heav'n, we come to him in perfect Love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace. [*Exit Cates.*]
When holy and devout Religious Men
Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.*Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops.**Mayor.* See where his Grace stands 'tween 2 Clergymen,*Buck.* Two Props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To

To stay him from the fall of Vanity :
And see a Book of Prayer in his Hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy Man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable Ears to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy Devotion and right Christian Zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the Service of God,
Deferr'd the Visitation of my Friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above;
And all good Men, of this ungovern'd Isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the City's Eye,
And that you come to reprehend my Ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord.
Would it might please your Grace,
On our entreaties to amend your Fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breath I in a Christian Land.

Buck. Know then, it is your Fault that you resign
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majestical,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy Thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's good,
The noble Isle doth want his proper Limbs:
His Face defac'd with skars of Infamy,
His Royal Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulf
Of dark Forgetfulness, and deep Oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for another's gain;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your right of Birth, your Empiry, your own.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,

Your

Your very Worshipful and loving Friends,
And by their vehement Instigation,
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
For not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the Golden Yoak of Sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful Love to me,
Then on the other side I check'd my Friends.
Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.

Your Love deserves my thanks, but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
And that my Path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of Spirit,
So mighty, and so many my Defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
Than in my Greatness covet to be hid,
And in the Vapour of my Glory smother'd.
But God be thanked, there is no need of me,
And much I need to help you; were there need;
The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
And make us, no doubt, happy by his Reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
But the Respects thereof are nice, and trivial,
All Circumstances well considered.
You say, that *Edward* is your Brother's Son.
So say we too, but not by *Edward's* Wife:
For first was his contract to Lady *Lucy*,

Your

Your Mother lives a Witness to his Vow,
 An' after ward by Substitute betroth'd
 To *Bona*, Sister to the King of *France*.
 These both put off, a poor Petitioner,
 A Care-craz'd Mother to a many Sons,
 A Beauty-waiting, and distressed Widow,
 Even in the Afternoon of her best Days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his Degree,
 To base Declension, and loath'd Bigamy.
 By her, in his unlawful Bed, he got
 This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
 More bitterly I could expostulate,
 Save that for reverence of some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
 Then, good my Lord, take to your Royal Self
 This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
 If not to bless us, and the Land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble Ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a Lineal true derived Course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you,

Buck. Refuse not, my Lord, this proffer'd Love.

Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful Suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me?

I am unfit for State, and Majesty:

I do beseech you take it not amiss,

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the Child your Brother's Son,
 As well we know your Tenderness of Heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your Kindred,
 And equally indeed to all Estates:

Yet know, where you accept our Suit, or no,
 Your Brother's Son shall never reign our King,
 But we will plant some other in the Throne,
 To the disgrace and down-fall of your House:
 And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will intreat no more. [Exeunt

Cates. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their Suit:
 If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Glo.

Glo. Will you inforce me to a World of Cares?
 Call them again, I am not made of Stones,
 But penetrable to your kind Intreaties,
 Albeit against my Conscience and my Soul.

Enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave Men,
 Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,
 To bear her Burthen, whether I will or no,
 I must have Patience to endure the Load:
 But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your Imposition,
 Your meer Enforcement shall Acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the Desire of this.

Mayor. God blefs your Grace, we see it and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royal Title,
 Long live King *Richard*, *England's* worthy King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To Morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To Morrow then we will attend your Grace,
 And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
 Farewel my Cousins, farewel gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter the Queen, Anne Duchess of Gloucester, the
 Duchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset.*

Duch. **W**H O meets us here?
 My Niece *Plantagenet*,
 Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ster*?
 Now, for my Life, she's wandring to the *Tower*,
 On pure Heart's Love, to greet the tender Prince.
 Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both a happy
 And a joyful time of Day. *Queen.*

Queen. As much to you, good Sister; whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind sister thanks, we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of York?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam, by your Patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's that?

Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their Father's Mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in Law, in love their Mother:
Then bring me to their Sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my Peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit *Lieu.*

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be Crowned *Richard's* Royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent Heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing News.

Anne. Desplightful tidings, O unpleasing News!

Dorset. Be of good Cheer: Mother, how fares your
[Grace!

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy Heels,
Thy Mother's Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go cross the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Go hye thee, hye thee from this Slaughter-house,

Left

Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margaret's* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise Care is this your Counsel, Madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the Hours;
You shall have Letters from me to my Son,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay,

Dutch. O ill dispersing wind of Misery,
O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the World.
Whose unavoyded Eye is Murderous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Metal, that must round my Brow,
Were red hot Steel, to sear me to the Brains.
Anointed let me be with deadly Venom,
And die e'er Men can say, God save the Queen.

Queen. Go, go, poor Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
To feed my Humour with thy self no harm.

Anne. No! why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* Coarse:
When scarce the Blood was well wash'd from his Hands,
Which issued from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I say, I look on *Richard's* Face,
This was my Wish; be thou, quoth I, accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st let Sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's Death,
Loe, e'er I can repeat this Curse again.
Within so small a time, my Woman's Heart
Grossly grew captive to his Honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own Soul's Curse;
Which hitherto hath held mine Eyes from rest:
For never yet one Hour in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden Dew of Sleep.
But with his timerous Dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,

And

And will. no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor Heart, adieu, I pity thy comp'aining.

Anne. No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours.

Dors. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor Soul, that take'st thy leave of it.

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good Fortune guide thee. [To Dorset.

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee. [To Anne.

Go thou to Sanctuary, and good Thoughts possess thee, [To the Queen.

I to my Grave, where Peace and Rest lie with me.

Eighty odd Years of Sorrow have I seen,

And each Hours joy wrack'd with a Week of teen.

Queen. Stay, yet look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes.

Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,

Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,

Rude ragged Nurse, old fullen Play-fellow,

For tender Princes; use my Babies well;

So foolish sorrow bids your Stones farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff and Lovel.

K. Rich. Stand all apart — Cousin of *Buckingham* —

Buck. My gracious Sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy Hand. Thus high by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated:

But shall we wear these Glories for a Day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

K. Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:

Young *Edward* lives — think now that I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are my thrice renowned Lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so — but *Edward* lives —

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter Consequence!

That *Edward* still should live True noble Prince,

Cousin,

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.
 Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,
 And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
 What sayst thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your Pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindness freezes:
 Say, have I thy Consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,
 Before I positively speak in this:
 I will resolve you herein presently. [Exit Buckingham.

Cates. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fools,
 And unrespective Boys; none are for me,
 That look into me with considerate Eyes,
 High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.
 Boy.

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
 Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
 Whose humble means match not his haughty Spirit;
 Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
 And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrel*.

K. Rich. I partly know the Man; go call him hither,
 Boy. [Exit.

The deep revolving witty *Buckingham*,
 No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels,
 Hath he so long held out with me untired,
 And stops he now for breath? Well be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, What's the News?

Stan. Know, my loving Lord, the Marquis *Dorset*,
 As I hear, is fled to *Richmond*,
 In the Parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, *Catesby*, Rumor is abroad,
 That *Anne*, my Wife, is very grievous sick;
 I will take order for keeping her close.
 Inquire me out some mean poor Gentleman,
 Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence* Daughter:
 The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look

Look how thou dream'st—I say again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,
Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glass:
Murder her Brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in Blood, that Sin will pluck on Sin,
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy Name *Tirrel*?

Tir. *James Tirrel*, and your most obedient Subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a Friend of mine?

Tir. Please you:

But I had rather kill two Enemies.

K. Rich. Why then thou hast it; two deep Enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;

Tirrel, I mean those Bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them.
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musick:

Hark, come hither *Tirrel*,

Go by this token; rise, and lend thine Ear, [*Whispers.*]
There is no more but so; say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind,
That late Request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buck. I hear the News, my Lord.

K. Rich. *Stanly*, he is your Wife's Son; well, look
[unto it.]

Buck. My Lord, I claim the Gift, my due by Promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th'Earldom of *Hereford*, and the Moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. *Stanly*, look to your Wife; if she convey
Letters

Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just Request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, *Henry* the Sixth
Did Prophecie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.

A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my Suit.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the Vein.

[Exit.

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep Service
With such Contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecnock*, while my fearful Head is on.

[Exit.

Enter *Tirrel*.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,
The most Arch-deed of piteous Massacre
That ever yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless Butchery,
Albeit they were flesh Villains, bloody Dogs,
Melted with Tenderness, and mild Compassion,
Wept like to Children, in their death's sad Story:
O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle Babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest*, girdling one another
Within their Alablaster innocent Arms:
Their Lips were four red Roses on a Stalk,
And in their Summer Beauty kiss'd each other.
A Book of Prayers on their Pillow lay,
Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind.
But oh the Devil — there the Villain stopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
The most replenished sweet Work of Nature.
That from the prime Creation e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both,
To bear these Tydings to the bloody King.

Enter *King Richard*.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord.

K. Rich. Kind *Tirrel* — am I happy in thy News?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in Charge
Beget your Happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. But did'st thou see them dead?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

Tir. The Chaplain of the Tower hath buried them,
But where, to say the Truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* soon, soon after Supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their Death.

Mean time — but think how I may do thee good,
And be Inheritor of thy desire.
Farewel 'till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave.

K. Rich. The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up close,
His Daughter meanly have I match'd in Marriage,
The Sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* Bosom,
And *Anne* my Wife hath bid this World good Night.
Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my Brother's Daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown.
To her go I, a jolly thriving Wooer.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

[bluntly?

K. Rich. Good or bad News, that thou com'st in so

Rat. Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*,
And *Buckingham*, back'd with the hardy *Welshmen*,
Is in the Field, and still his Power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash levied Strength.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden Servitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd Beggary:

Then fiery Expedition be my Wing,

Jove's Mercury, and Herald for a King:

Go muster Men; my Council is my Shield,

We must be brief, when Traitors brave the Field. [Ex.

SCENE III.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:

Here in these Confiners slyly have lurkt,

To watch the waining of mine Enemies.

A dire

A dire Induction am I witness to,
 And will to *France*, hoping the Consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
 Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here?

Enter Dutchess and Queen.

Queen. Ah my poor Princes! ah my tender Babes!
 My unblown Flowers, new appearing Sweets:
 If yet your gentle Soul fly in the Air,
 And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy Wings,
 And hear your Mother's Lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her, say, that right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant Morn to aged Night.

Dutch. So many Miseries have craz'd my Voice,
 That my woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plant genet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*.
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying Debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle Lambs,
 And throw them in the Intrails of the Wolf?
 Why didst thou sleep when such a Deed was done?

Q. Mar. When Holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet Son.

Dutch. Dead Life, blind Sight, poor mortal living Ghost,
 Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Grave due, by Life usurpt,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious Days,
 Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful Earth,
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent Blood.

Queen. Ah that thou wouldst as soon afford a Grave,
 As thou canst yield a melancholly Seat;
 Then would I hide my Bones, not rest them here.
 Ah who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient Sorrow be most reverent,
 Give mine the benefit of Signeury;
 And let my Griefs frown on the upper hand,
 If Sorrow can admit Society.

I had an *Edward* till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 I had a Husband till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 Thou had'st an *Edward* till a *Richard* kill'd him:
 Thou had'st a *Richard* till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him.
 I had a *Rutland* too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy Womb hath crept
A Hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to Death:
That Dog, that had his Teeth before his Eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle Blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy work,
That reigns in gauled Eyes of weeping Souls:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the Earth.
Thy Womb let loose to chase us to our Graves.
O upright, just, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur
Preys on the Issue of his Mother's Body,
And makes Her, Pue-fellow with others moan.

Dutch. Oh *Harry's* Wife, triumph not in my Woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,
And now I close me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward*, he is dead that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
Young *York*, he is but boot, because both they
Match'd not the high perfection of my Loss.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead that stab'd my *Edward*;
And the beholders of this frantick Play,
Th' adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*.
Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.
Richard yet lives, Hell's black Intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their Factor to buy Souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand
Issues his piteous and unpitied End.
Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his Bond of Life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and say, the Dog is dead.

Queen. O thou didst Prophesie the time would come,
That I should wish for thee to help me Curse
That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch-back'd Toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my Fortune:
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted Queen,
The Representation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direful Pageant,
One heav'd a high to be hurl'd down below:
A Mother only mock'd with two fair Babes;

A dream

A dream of what thou wast, a garish Flag
 To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous Shot;
 A sign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
 A Queen in Jest, only to fill the Scene.
 Where is thy Husband now? where be thy Brothers?
 Where be thy two Sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?
 Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging Troops that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see now what thou art.
 For happy Wife, a most distressed Widow;
 For joyful Mother, one that wails the Name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For Queen, a very Caytiff crown'd with Care;
 For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the courle of Justice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very Prey to Time,
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my Place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just Proportion of my Sorrow?
 Now thy proud Neck bears half my burthen'd Yoak,
 From which, even here I slip my wearied Head.
 And leave the Burden of it all on thee.
 Farewel *Turk's* Wife, and Queen of sad Mischance,
 These *English* Woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in Curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine Enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the Night, and fast the Day:
 Compare dead Happiness with living Woe;
 Think that thy Babes were sweeter than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:
 Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad Caufer worse,
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My Words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy Woes will make them sharp,
 And pierce like mine. [Exit Margaret.

Dutch. Why should Calamity be full of Words?

Queen. Windy Attorneys to their Clients Woes,
 Airy succeders of intestine Joys,

Poor breathing Orators of Miseries,
Let them have scope, tho' what they will impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the Heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not Tongue-ty'd ; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter Words, let's smother
My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sons smother'd.
The Trumpet sounds, be copious in Exclaims.

Enter King Richard and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition ?

Dutch. O she that might have intercepted thee.
By strangling thee in her accursed Womb,
From all the slaughters, Wretch, that thou hast done.
Queen. Hidest thou that Forehead with a Golden Crown,
Which should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that own'd that Crown,
And the dire death of my poor Sons and Brothers.
Tell me, thou Villain-slave, where are my Children ?

Dutch. Thou Toad, thou Toad,
Where is thy Brother Clarence ?
And little Ned Plantagenet his Son ?

Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings !

K. Rich. A flourish, Trumpets ; strike Alarum, Drums :
Let not the Heav'ns hear these Tall-tale Women
Rail on the Lord's Anointed. Strike, I say.

[Flourish Alarums.]

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of War
Thus will I drown your Exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my Son ?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my Father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my Impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your Condition,
That cannot brook the accent of Reproof.

Dutch. O let me speak.

K. Rich. Do then, but i'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my Words.

K. Rich. And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows in Torment and in Agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Dutch. No, by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,

D

Thou

Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my Hell.
 A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,
 Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy;
 Thy School-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,
 Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold and venturous:
 Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fly and bloody.
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
 What comfortable hour can'st thou name,
 That ever grac'd me with thy Company?

K. Rich. Faith none but *Humphry Hoover*,
 That call'd your Grace
 To breakfast once, forth of my Company.
 If I be so disgracious in your Eye
 Let me march on and not offend you, Madam.
 Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I prithee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a Word,
 For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die by God's just Ordinance.
 Ere from this War thou turn a Conqueror;
 Or I with Grief and extream Age shall perish,
 And never more behold thy Face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,
 Which, in the Day of Battle, tire thee more,
 Than all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.
 My Prayers on the adverse Party fight,
 And there the little Souls of *Edward's* Children,
 Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
 And promise them Success and Victory.
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
 Shame serves thy Life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*]

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less Spirit to curse
 Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a Word with you.

Queen. I have no more Sons of the Royal Blood
 For thee to slaughter; for my Daughters, *Richard*,
 They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
 And therefore level not to hit their Lives.

K. Rich. You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
 Virtuous and Fair, Royal and Gracious.

Queen.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,
Slander my self as false to *Edward's* Bed:
Throw over her the Vail of Infamy,
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding Slaughter,
I will confess she was not *Edward's* Daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royal Princess.

Queen. To save her Life I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her Life is safest only in her Birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her Brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their Birth good Stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their Lives ill Friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoids is the doom of Destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided Grace makes Destiny.
My Babes were destin'd to a fairer Death,
If Grace had blest thee with a fairer Life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my Cousins?

Queen. Cousins indeed, and by their Uncle cozen'd,
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life.

Whose Hands soever lanced their tender Hearts,

Thy Head, all Indirectly, gave Direction.

No doubt the mard'rous Knife was dull and blunt,

'Till it was whetted on thy Stone-hard Heart,

To revel in the Intrails of my Lambs.

But that still use of Grief makes wild Grief tame,

My Tongue shou'd to thy Ears not name my Boys,

'Till that my Nails were anchor'd in thine Eyes;

And I in such a desp'rate Bay of Death,

Like a poor Bark of Sails and Tackling rest,

Ruth all to Pieces on thy Rocky Bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my Enterprize,

And dangerous success of bloody Wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Queen. What good is cover'd with the Face of Heaven
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' Advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their Heads.

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperial Type of this Earth's Glory.

Queen. Flatter my Sorrow with report of it;
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honour

Can'st thou devise to any Child of mine ?

K. Rich. Ev'n all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I with all endow a Child of thine :

So in the *Lethe* of thy angry Soul

Thou drown the sad Remembrance of those Wrongs,
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling, than thy kindness date.

K. Rich. Then know,
That from my Soul I love thy Daughter.

Queen. My Daughter's Mother thinks it with her Soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

Queen. That thou dost love my Daughter from thy Soul.
So from thy Soul's love didst thou love her Brothers,
And from my Heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;
I mean, that with my Soul I love thy Daughter,
And do intend to make her *Queen of England*.

Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her *Queen* ;
Who else should be ?

Queen. What, thou !

K. Rich. Even so ; how think you of it !

Queen. How can'st thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her Humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my Heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the Man that slew her Brothers
A pair of bleeding Hearts ; thereon ingrave

Edward and *York*, then haply will she weep :

Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*

Did to thy Father, steep in *Rutland's* Blood,

A Handkerchief ; which say to her, did drain

The Purple sap from her sweet Brothers Bodies,

And bid her wipe her weeping Eyes withal.

If this inducement move her not to Love,

Send her a Letter of thy noble Deeds ;

Tell her thou madest away her Uncle *Clarence*,

Her Uncle *Rivers* ; ay, and for her sake,

Madest quick Conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your Daughter.

Queen.

Queen. There is no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other Shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for Love of her.

Queen. Nay then indeed she cannot chuse but hate thee.
Having bought love with such a bloody Spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,

Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your Sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your Daughter:

If I have kill'd the Issue of your Womb,
To quicken your encrease I will beget
Mine Issue of your Blood, upon your Daughter:

A Grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one step below,
Even of your Metal, of your very Blood:

Of all one pain, save for a Night of Groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like Sorrow.

Your Children were Vexation to your Youth,
But mine shall be a Comfort to your Age.
The loss you have is but a Son being King,
And by that loss your Daughter is made *Queen*.

I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your Son, that with a fearful Soul
Leads discontented Steps in Foreign Soil,
This fair Alliance quickly shall call home
To high Promotions and great Dignity.

The King that calls your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* Brother:

Again shall you be Mother to a King;
And all the Ruins of distressful Times,
Repair'd with double Riches of Content.

What? we have many goodly Days to see:
The liquid drops of Tears that you have shed
Shall come again, transformed to Orient Pearl,

Advantaging their Love with Interest
Oftentimes double gain of Happiness.

Go then my Mother, to thy Daughter, go,
Make bold her bashful Years with your Experience,

Prepare her Ears to hear a Wooer's Tale,
 Put in her tender Heart th' aspiring Flame
 Of golden Sovereignty; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent Hours of Marriage Joys;
 And when this Arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
 And lead thy Daughter to a Conqueror's Bed;
 To whom I will retail my Conquest won,
 And she shall be sole Victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her Father's Brother
 Would be her Lord? or shall I say, her Uncle?
 Or he that slew her Brothers? and her Uncles?
 Under what Title shall I woo for thee,

That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender Years?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England's* Peace by this Alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting War.

K. Ri. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats,

Qu. That all her Hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be high and mighty Queen.

Queen. To vail the Title, as her Mother doth.

K. Rich. Say I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that Title ever last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair Life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet Life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heav'n and Nature lengthens it.

Queen. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sovereign, am her Subject low.

Queen. But she, your Subject, loaths such Sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my Behalf to her.

Queen. An honest Tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly, to her tell my loving Tale.

Queen. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a Style.

K. Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Queen. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead;

To deep and dead poor Infants in their Graves,

Harp on it still shall I, till Heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that String Madam, that is past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown —

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no Oath :
Thy George profan'd, hath lost his lordly Honour,
Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his Kingly Virtue,
Thy Crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory :
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then by my self —

Queen. Thy self is self-misus'd.

K. Rich. Now by the World —

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul Wrongs.

K. Rich. My Father's Death —

Queen. Thy Life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by Heav'n —

Queen. Heav'n's Wrong is most of all :

If thou didst fear to break an Oath with him,
The Unity the King my Husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an Oath by him,
Th' Imperial Metal, circling now thy Head,
Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Worms :
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The Time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time e'er-past,
For I my self have many Tears to wash
Hereafter Time, for time-past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast butcher'd,
Ungovern'd Youth, to wail it with their Age.
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to wail it with their Age.
Swear not by Time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent ;
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of hostile Arms ; My self, my self confound,
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Rest,
Be opposite all Planets of good Luck
To my proceeding, if with dear Hearts Love,
Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,

I ten-

80 *The Life and Death*

I tender not the beautiful Princely Daughter.
 In her consists my Happiness and thine;
 Without her, follows to myself and thee,
 Herself, the Land, and many Christian Soul,
 Death, Desolation, Ruin and Decay:
 It cannot be avoided, but by this;
 It will not be avoided, but by this:
 Therefore, dear Mother, I must call you so,
 Be the Attorney of my Love to her;
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
 Not my Desires, but what I will deserve:
 Urge the necessity and state of Times;
 And be not peevish found in great Designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Queen. Yet thou didst kill my Children.

K. Rich. But in your Daughter's Womb I bury them;
 Where in that nest of Spicery they will breed
 Selves of themselves to your Recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my Daughter to thy Will?

K. Rich. And be a happy Mother by thy Deed.

Queen. I go, write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind. (*Ex. Qu.*)

K. Rich. Bear her my true Love's kiss, and so farewell --
 Relenting Fool, and shallow-changing Woman.
 How now, what News?

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast
 Rides a puissant Navy: To our Shores
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted Friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
 'Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admiral:
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot Friend post to the Duke of *Nor-*
Ratcliff, thyself, or *Catesby*; where is he; *York.*

Cat. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cat. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*.

When

When thou comest thither---Dull unmindful Villain,
(To Catesby.)

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cat. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness pleasure,
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good Catesby---bid him levy strait
The greatest Strength and Power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cat. I go. (Ex.)

Rat. What, may it please you shall I do at Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My Mind is chang'd---

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what News with you?

Stan. None, good my Liege, to please you with the
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. (hearing,

K. Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'st thou run so many Miles about,

When thou may'st tell thy Tale the nearest way?

Once more, what News?

Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the Seas on him.
White-liver'd Run-a-gate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Stir'd up by Dorset, Buckingham and Merton.
He makes for England, here to claim the Crown.

K. Rich. Is the Chair empty? is the Sword unswayed?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpossess'd?

What Heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's King, but great York's Heir?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege.
You cannot guess wherefore the Welchman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy Power then to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers?

Are they not now upon the Western Shore,
Safe conducting the Rebels from their Ships?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my Friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold Friends to me : what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King ;
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my Friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone, to join with *Rich.*
But I'll not trust thee. [*mond :*

Stan. Most mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my Friendship doubtful,
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster Men ; but leave behind
Your Son *George Stanley* : Look your Heart be firm,
Or else his Head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit. Stanley.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sovereign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by Friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother,
With many more Confederates are in Arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guildsords* are in Arms,
And every hour Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham* —

K. Rich. Out on ye, Owls, nothing but Songs of Death.

[*Ho strikes him.*

There take thou that, 'till thou bring better News.

Mes. The News I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is dispersed and scatter'd,
And he himself wandred away alone,
No Man knows whither.

K. Richard. I cry thee Mercy :
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well advised Friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traitor in ?

Mes.

Mef. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mef. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquess Dorset,

'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The *Britain* Navy is dispersed by Tempest.

Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat
Unto the Shore, to ask those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea, or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*.
Upon his Party; he mistrusting them,
Hois'd Sail, and made his Course again for *Britain*.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in Arms,
If not to fight with Foreign Enemies,
Yet to beat down these Rebels here at Home.

Enter Catesby.

Catesb. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best News; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder News, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards *Salisbury*; while we reason
A Royal Battle might be won and lost: (here,
Some one take order that *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Derby and Sir Christopher.

Derby. Sir Christopher, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the Sty of the most deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George's* Head,
The fear of that holds off my present Aid.
So get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Withal say, that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

Chris. At *Hembrook* or at *Hertford* West in *Wales*.

Derby. What Men of Name resort to him?

Chris. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Soldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,

Oxford,

And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great Name and Worth :
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Der. Well, hye, thee to my Lord : I kifs his Hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my Mind.
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with Halberds led to Execution.

Buck. WILL not *K. Richard* let me speak with him.
Sh. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. *Hastings* and *Edward's Children*, *Gray* and *Rivers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair Son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand corrupted foul Injustice,
If that your moody discontented Souls,
Do through the Clouds behold this present Hour,
Even for Revenge mock my Destruction.
This is *All-Souls Day*, Fellow, is it not ?

Sher. It is.

Buck. Why then *All-Souls Day* is my Body's Doomsday.
This is the Day, which in King *Edward's Time*
I wisht might fall on me, when I was found
False to his Children, and his Wife's Allies.
This is the Day wherein I wisht to fall
By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted.
This, this *All-Souls Day* to my fearful Soul,
Is the determined Respite of my Wrongs :
That high All-seer, which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned Prayer on my Head,
And given me in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked Men
To turn their own Points in their Masters Bosoms.
Thus *Margaret's Curse* falls heavy on my Neck :

When

When he, quoth she, will split thy Heart with Sorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Prophetess:
Come lead me Officers to the Block of Shame,
Wrong hath but Wrong, and blame the due of Blame.
[*Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.*]

SCENE II.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others,
with Drums and Colours.*

Richm. Fellows in Arms, and my most loving Friends,
Bruis'd underneath the Yoak of Tyranny,
Thus far into the Bowels of the Land,
Have we marcht on without Impediment;
And here receive we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of fair Comfort and Encouragement:
The wretched, bloody and usurping Boor,
That spoil'd our Summer-Fields, and fruitful Vines,
Swills your warm Blood like Wash, and makes his Trough
In your embowell'd Bosoms: This foul Swine
Is now even in the Center of this Isle,
Near to the Town of *Leicester*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither is but one Day's march.
In God's Name cheerly on, courageous Friends,
To reap the Harvest of perpetual Peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp War.

Oxf. Every Man's Conscience is a thousand Men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his Friends will will turn to us
Blunt. He hath no Friends, but what are Friends for fear,
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in God's Name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's Wings,
Kings it make Godss, and meaner Creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter King Richard in Arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff,
and the Earl of Surrey.*

K. Rich. Here pitch your Tent, even here in *Bosworth*
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad [*Field.*]

Sur. My Heart is ten times lighter than my Looks.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk.

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks:

Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Up with my Tent, here will I lie to Night,
But where to Morrow?----well all's one for that.

Who hath descry'd the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost Power.

K. Rich. Why our Battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

Up with the Tent: Come, Noble Gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.

Call for some Men of sound Direction:

Let's lack no Discipline, make no delay,

For, Lord's, to Morrow is a busy Day. [Exeunt.]

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Car,
Gives token of a goodly Day to Morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:

Give me some Ink and Paper in my Tent;

I'll draw the Form and Model of our Battle,

Limit each Leader to his several Charge,

And part in just proportion our small Power.

My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir William Brandon,*

And you *Sir William Herbert* stay with me;

The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his Regiment;

Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good Night to him,

And by the second Hour in the Morning,

Desire the Earl to see me in my Tent.

Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me:

Where is Lord *Stanley* quartered, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his Colours much,
(which well I am assur'd I have not done)

His Regiment lies, half a Mile at least,

South from the mighty Power of the King,

Richm. If without Peril it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful Note.

Blunt.

Blunt. Upon myself, my Lord, I'll undertake it:
And so God give you quiet rest to Night.

Richm. Good Night, good Captain *Blunt*.

Come, Gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-Morrow's Business;
Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't a Clock?

Cat. It's Supper time, my Lord, it's nine a Clock.

K. Rich. I will not Sup to Night.

Give me some Ink and Paper:

What, is my Beaver easier than it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Cat. It is, my Leige; and all things are in readines.

K. Rich. Good *Norfolk* hie thee to thy Charge,
Use careful Watch, chuse trusty Centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the Lark to-Morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
To *Stanley's* Regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-rising, lest his Son *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.

Fill me a Bowl of Wine; give me a Watch:

Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to-morrow:

Look that my Staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff—

Rat. My Lord?

K. Ri. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord *Northumberland*?

Rat. *Thomas* the Earl of *Surrey* and himself,
Much about Cock-shut time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, cheering up the Soldiers.

K. Rich. So---I am satisfied; give me a Bowl of Wine.
I have not that alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheer of Mind that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is Ink and Paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me.

Rat,

Ratcliff, about the mid of Night come to my Tent.
And help to Arm me. Leave me, I say. [*Exit Ratcliff.*]

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Derby. Fortune and Victory sit on thy Helm.

Rich. All comfort that the dark Night can afford,
Be to thy Person, noble Father-in-Law,
Tell me, how fares our noble Mother?

Derby. I, by Attorney, bless thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:
So much for that. The silent Hours steal on,
And flaky Darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the Season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battle early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to the Arbitrement
Of bloody Strokes, and mortal staring War:
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of Arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest being seen thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Father's Sight.
Farewel; the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love,
And ample enterchange of sweet Discourse,
Which so long sundred Friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his Regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled Noise, to take a Nap,
Lest leaden slumbers poize me down to Morrow,
When I should mount with Wings of Victory:
Once more, good Night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.

Exeunt, Manent Richmond.

O thou, whose Captain I account my self,
Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:
Put in their Hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush down, with a heavy fall,
Th' usurping Helms of our Adversaries.
Make us thy Ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy Victory:
To thee I do commend my watchful Soul,
Ere I let fall the Windows of mine Eyes:

Sleeping

Sleeping, and Walking, oh defend me still. [*Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the sixth.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to-morrow :
 [*To K. Rich.*

Think how thou stabb'dst me in the prime of Youth
 At *Tewksbury* ; despair therefore and die.
 Be chearful, *Richmond*, for the wronged Souls (*To Richm*
 Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed Body
 [*To K. Rich.*

By thee was punched full of holes :
 Think on the *Tower*, and me, despair and die.
 Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.
 Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror. (*To Richm.*
Harry, that prophesied thou should'st be King,
 Doth comfort thee in sleep ; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to-morrow ;
 [*To K. Rich.*

I that was wash'd to death in Fulsom Wine,
 Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death :
 To-morrow in the Battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgless Sword ; despair and die.
 Thou Off-spring of the House of Lancaster (*To Richm.*
 The wronged Heirs of *York* do pray for thee,
 Good Angels guard thy Battle, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to-morrow,
 [*To K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret* : Despair and die.

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy Soul despair.
 [*To K. Rich.*

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
 [*To K. Rich.*

Let fall thy Launce, despair and die.

All. Awake. [*To Richm.*

And think our wrongs in *Richard's* Bosom
 Will conquer. Awake, and win the Day.

Enter

The Life and Death

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and Guilty; guilty, awake; [To K. Ri.
And in a bloody Battle end thy Days,

Think on Lord *Hastings*; despair and die.

Quiet untroubled Soul, awake, awake. [To Richm.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy Cousins smother'd in the Tower.
[To K. Rich.

Let us be laid within thy Bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and death.

Thy Nephews Souls bid thee despair and die,
Sleep *Richmond*, sleep in Peace, and wake in Joy,

[To Richm.

Good Angels guard thee from the Boar's annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.

Edward's unhappy Sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his Wife.

Gho. Richard, thy Wife, that wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That never slept a quiet Hour with thee, [To K. Rich,

Now fills thy Sleep with perturbations,

To morrow in the Battle think on me,

And fall thy edgless Sword, despair and die.

Thou quiet Soul, sleep thou a quiet Sleep: [To Richm.

Dream of Success, and happy Victory,

Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the Crown:
[To K. Rich.

The last was I, that felt thy Tyranny.

O, in the Battle think on *Buckingham*,

And die in terror of thy Guiltiness.

Dream on, dream on, of bloody Deeds and Death,

Fainting despair; despairing yield thy Breath.

I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee Aid; [To Richm.

But cheer thy Heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God and good Angels fight on *Richmond's* side,

And *Richard* fall in height of all his Pride. *(The Ghosts vanish)*

(King Richard starts out of his Dream.)

K. Rich. Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:

Have mercy, *Jesu*---Soft, I did but dream.

O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?

The Lights burn blue---Is it not dead Midnight? —

Cold fearful Drops stand on my trembling Flesh :
 What? do I fear myself? There's none else by,
Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I.
 Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am :
 Then fly----what from myself? Great reason; why?
 Lest I revenge. What? myself upon myself?
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? For any good
 That I myself have done unto myself?
 O no. Alas, I rather hate myself,
 For hateful Deeds committed by myself.
 I am a Villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well--Fool do not flatter.
 My Conscience hath a thousand several Tongues,
 And every Tongue brings in a several Tale,
 And every Tale condemns me for a Villain;
 Perjury in the high'st degree,
 Murther, stern Murther in the dir'st degree,
 All several Sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng all to the Bar, crying all, Guilty, guilty.
 I shall despair, there is no Creature loves me.
 And if I die, no Soul shall pity me.
 Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought, the Souls of all that I had murther'd
 Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
 To morrows Vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my Lord, 'tis I; the early Village Cock
 Have twice done Salutation to the Morn;
 Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

K. Rich. O *Ratcliff,* I fear, I fear--

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.

K. Rich. By the Apostle *Paul*, Shadows to night
 Have struck more terror to the Soul of *Richard*,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand Soldiers
 Armed in Proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
 'Tis not yet near Day. Come, go with me,
 Under our Tents; I'll play the Eaves dropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*

Enter

The Life and Death

Enter the Lord to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, *Richmond*.

Richm. Cry you mercy, Lords, and watchful Gentle-
That you have ta'en a tardy Sluggard here. [men,

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest Sleep, and fairest boading Dreams,
That ever entered in a drowly Head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Methought their Souls, whose Bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory.
I promise you my Heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a Dream.
How far into the Morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroak of four.

Richm. Why then 'tistime to Arm, and give direction.
More than I have said, loving Countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this.
God, and our good Cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints, and wronged Souls,
Like high rear'd Bulwarks, stand before our Faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in Blood, and one in Blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him:
A base foul Stone, made precious by the soil
Of *England's* Chair, where he is falsely set.
One that hath ever been God's Enemy;
Then if you fight against God's Enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do swear to put a Tyrant down,
You sleep in Peace, the Tyrant being slain:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your pains the hire.
If you do fight in safeguard of your Wives,
Your Wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,

Your

Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the Name of God and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corps on the Earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and chearfully,
God, and Saint George, *Richmond*, and Victory!

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. *Rich.* What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond*?

Rat. That he was never trained up in Arms.

K. *Rich.* He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. *Rich.* He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the Clock there.

[*Clocks strikes.*]

Give me a Kalender—who saw the Sun to Day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. *Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the Book.
He should have brav'd the East an Hour ago—
A black Day it will be to some body, *Ratcliff*.

Rat. My Lord.

K. *Rich.* The Sun will not be seen to day;
The Sky doth frown and lowre upon our Army ———
I would these dewy Tears were from the Ground ———
Not shine to Day? why what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same Heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Norf. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Foe vaunts in the Field.

K. *Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle --- Caparison my Horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the Plain,
And thus my Battle shall be ordered,
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main Battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall,

Shall be well wing'd with our chiefest Horse:
 This, and St. *George* to boot, What think thou, *Norfolk*?
Nor. A good Direction, warlike Sovereign.
 This found I on my Tent this Morning. [*Giving a Scrowl.*]

Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold, [Reads.
For Dickon thy Master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the Enemy,
 Go Gentlemen, every Man to his Charge,
 Let not our babling Dreams affright our Souls,
 For Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,
 Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe,
 Our strong Arms be] our Conscience, Swords our Law.
 March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell,
 If not to Heav'n, then hand in hand to Hell.
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,
 A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, Run-aways,
 A scum of *Britains*, and base Lackey-Peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
 You having Lands, and blest with beauteous Wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
 Long kept in *Britain* at our Mother's Cost,
 A milk-sop, one that never in his Life
 Felt so much Cold, as over Shooes in Snow
 Let's whip these Stragglers o'er the Seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening Rags of *Frante*,
 These famish'd Beggars, weary of their Lives,
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond Exploit,
 For want of means, poor Rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
 And not those Bastard *Britains*, whom our Fathers
 Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
 And on Record, left them the Heirs of Shame.
 Shall these enjoy our Lands? lie with our Wives?
 Ravish our Daughters? [Drum afar off.
 Hark, I hear their Drum,

Right

Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly, Yeomen,
Draw, Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head.
Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in Blood,
Amaze the Welkin with your broken Staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power ?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his Son *George's* Head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh ;
After the Battle let *George Stanley* die.

K. Rich. A thousand Hearts are great within my
Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes, (Bosom
Our ancient word of Courage fair *St. George*,
Inspire us with the Spieen of fiery Dragons :
Upon them, Victory sits on our Helms. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum, Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, Rescue, Rescue :
The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,
Daring an Opposite to every Danger :
His Horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of Death :
Rescue, fair Lord, or else the Day is lost.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my Life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Die :
I think there be six *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I slain to Day, instead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

*Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond, they
Fight, Richard is slain.*

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing
the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your Arms be prais'd, Victorious
The Day is ours, the bloody Dog is dead. [*Friends ;*

Derby. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit
Lo, here these long usurped Royalties, [*thee :*
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Have

96 *The Life and Death, &c.*

Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Brows withal,
Wear it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living ?

Derby. He is my Lord, and safe in *Leiceſtr* Town ;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of Note are slain on either Side ?

Derby. *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walter Lord Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and *Sir William Barndon*

Richm. Inter their Bodies as becomes their Births,
Proclaim a Pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in Submission will return to us :

And then as we have ta'en the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.

Smile Heav'n upon this fair Conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their Enmity :

What Traitor hears me, and says not Amen ?

England hath long been mad, and scar'd her self,
The Brother blindly shed the Brother's Blood ;

The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son ;

The Sons, compell'd, been Butchers to the Sire :

All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,

Divided, in their dire Division.

O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,

The true Succeeders of each Royal House,

By God's fair Ordinance, conjoin together :

And let their Heirs, God, if thy Will be so,

Enrich the time to come, with smooth-fac'd Peace,

With smiling Plenty, and fair prosperous Days.

Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody Days again,

And make good *England* weep in streams of Blood.

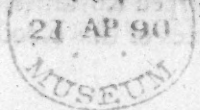
Let them not live to taste this Land's encrease,

That would with Treason wound this fair Land's Peace.

Now Civil Wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again ;

That she may long live here, God say, Amen. [*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.







Smith sc

THE
L I F E
A N D
D E A T H
O F
Thomas Lord Cromwell.
A
T R A G E D Y.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of *Norfolk*.

Duke of *Suffolk*.

Earl of *Bedford* and his Host.

Cardinal *Wolsey*.

Gardner, Bishop of *Winchester*.

Sir *Thomas Moor*.

Sir *Christopher Hales*.

Sir *Ralph Sadler*.

Old *Cromwell*, a Blacksmith of *Putney*.

Young *Thomas Cromwell*, his Son.

Master *Bowser*, a Merchant.

Banister, a broken Merchant, and his Wife.

Bagot, a cruel covetous Broker.

Friskibal, a *Florentine* Merchant.

The Governors of the *Englisch* House at
Antwerp.

States and Officers of *Bononia*.

Goodman *Seely*, and his Wife *Joan*.

Lieutenant of the *Tower*.

Hodge, *Will* and *Tom*, old *Cromwell*'s Ser-
vants.

Two Citizens.

Two Merchants.

A Post.

Messengers.

Ushers, and Servants.



THE



THE
LIFE and DEATH
OF
Thomas Lord Cromwell.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hodge, and two other Smiths, Servants to old Cromwell.

H O D G E.



OME, Masters, I think it be past five a Clock, is it not time we were at Work? my old Master he'll be stirring anon.

1 Smith. I cannot tell whether my old Master will be stirring or no; but I am sure I can hardly take my Afternoons Nap, for my young Master *Thomas*, he keeps such a coil in his Study, with the Sun, and Moon, and the Seven Stars, that I do verily think he'll read out his Wits.

A 3

Hodge.

Hodge. He Skill of the Stars?

There's Goodman *Car* of *Fulham*,

He that carried us to the strong Ale, where Goody *Trundel*
Had her Maid got with Child: O, he knows the Stars,
He'll tickle you *Charles's Wain* in nine Degrees:

That same Man will tell Goody *Trundel*

When her Ale shall miscarry, only by the Stars.

2 Smith. Ay, that's a great Virtue indeed, I think *Thomas*
Be no Fody in comparison to him.

1 Smith. Well, Masters, come, shall we to our Hammers?

Hodge. Ay, content: first let's take our Mornings
Draught, and then to work roundly.

2 Smith. Ay, agreed, go in, *Hodge.* (Exeunt.

Enter Young Cromwell.

Crom. Good Morrow, Morn, I do salute thy brightness,
The Night seems tedious to my troubled Soul:

Whose black Obscurity binds in my Mind

A thousand sundry Cogitations:

And now *Aurora* with a lively dye,

Adds Comfort to my Spirit that mounts on high.

Too high indeed, my state being so mean:

My Study like a mineral of Gold,

Makes my Heart proud, wherein my Hope's inroll'd;

My Books are all the Wealth I do possess,

And unto them I have ingag'd my Heart;

O, Learning, how divine thou seem'st to me!

Within whose Arms is all Felicity.

Peace with your Hammers, leave your knocking there.

[Here within they beat with their Hammers.

You do disturb my Study and my Rest;

Leave off, I say, you mad me with the Noise.

Enter Hodge, and the two Men.

Hodge. Why, how now, Master *Thomas*, how now;
Will you not let us work for you?

Crom. You fret my Heart, with making of this Noise.

Hodge. How, fret your Heart? Ay, but *Thomas*, you'll
Fret your Father's Purse if you let us from Working.

2 Smith. Ay, this'tis for him to make him a Gentleman:
Shall we leave work for your musing? that's well i' faith;
But here comes my old Master now.

Enter

Enter Old Cromwell.

Ol. Cro. You idle Knaves, what are you loitering now?
No Hammers walking, and my work to do?
What not a Heat among your Work to day?

Hodge. Marry, Sir, your Son *Thomas* will not let us work at all.

Ol. Cro. Why Knave I say, have I thus cark'd and car'd
And ail to keep thee like a Gentleman,
And dost thou let my Servants at their work;
That sweat for thee, Knave? labour thus for thee?

Crom. Father, their Hammers do offend my Study:

Ol. Cro. Out of my Doors, Knave, if thou lik'st it not;
I cry you Mercy, are your Ears so fine?
I tell thee, Knave, these get when I do sleep;
I will not have my Anvil stand for thee.

Crom. There's Money, Father, I will pay your Men.

[He throws Money amongst them.]

Ol. Cro. Have I thus brought thee up unto my Cost,
In hope that one Day thou would'st relieve my Age,
And art thou now so lavish of thy Coin,
To scatter it among these idle Knaves?

Cro. Father be patient, and content yourself,
The time will come I shall hold Gold as trash:
And here I speak with a presaging Soul,
To build a Palace where now this Cottage stands,
As fine as is King *Henry's* House at *Sheen*. (Beggars;

Ol. Cro. You build a House? you Knave, you'll be a
Now afore God all is but cast away
That is bestow'd upon this thriftless Lad:
Well, had I bound him to some honest Trade,
This had not been; but it was his Mother's doing,
To send him to the University:
How? build a House where now this Cottage stands,
As fair as that at *Sheen*? he shall not hear me,
A good Boy *Tom*, I con thee thank *Tom*,
Well said *Tom*, Grammarcies *Tom*:
In to your work, Knaves; hence faucy Boy.

[Exeunt all but young Cromwell.]

Crom. Why should my Birth keep down my mounting
Spirit!

Are not all Creatures subject unto time?
To time, who doth abuse the World,

And

And fill's it full of hodge-podge Bastardy;
 There's Legions now of Beggars on the Earth,
 That their Original did spring from Kings;
 And many Monarchs now, whose Fathers were
 The riff-raff of their Age; for time and Fortune
 Wears out a noble Train to Beggary;
 And from the Dunghill Minions do advance
 To State; and mark, in this admiring World
 This is but Course, which in the name of Fate
 Is seen as often as it whirls about:
 The River *Thames* that by our Door doth pass,
 His first beginning is but small and shallow,
 Yet keeping on his Course grows to a Sea.
 And likewise *Wolsey*, the wonder of our Age,
 His Birth as mean as mine, a Butcher's Son;
 Now who within this Land a greater Man?
 Than *Cromwell*, cheer thee up, and tell thy Soul,
 That thou may'st live to flourish and controul.

Enter old Cromwell.

Old Crom. Tom *Cromwell*, what *Tom* I say.

Crom. Do you call, Sir.

Old Crom. Here is Master *Bowser* come to know if you
 have dispatch'd his Petition for the Lords of the Counsel,
 or no.

Crom. Father, I have, please you to call him in.

Old Crom. That's well said, *Tom*, a good Lad, *Tom*.

Enter Master Bowser.

Bow. Now, Master *Cromwell*, have you dispatch'd
 this Petition?

Crom. I have, Sir, here it is, please you peruse it.

Bow. It shall not need, we'll read it as we go by Water.
 And, Master *Cromwell*, I have made a Motion
 May do you good, and if you like of it.
 Our Secretary at *Antwerp*, Sir, is dead,
 And the Merchants there have sent to me,
 For to provide a Man fit for the Place,
 Now I do know none fitter than yourself,
 If with your liking it stand, Master *Cromwell*.

Crom. With all my Heart, Sir, and I much am bound,
 In Love and Duty for your Kindness shown.

Old Crom. Body of me, *Tom*,
 Make hast, lest some Body

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 9

Get between thee and home, *Tom*,
I thank you, good Master *Bowser*.
I thank you for my Boy,
I thank you always, I thank you most heartily, *Sir*:
Ho, a Cup of Beer here for Master *Bowser*.

Bow. It shall not need, *Sir*: Master *Cromwell*, will you go?

Crom. I will attend you, *Sir*.

Old Crom. Farewel *Tom*, God bless thee, *Tom*,
God speed thee, good *Tom*. [Exeunt.]

Enter Bagot, a Broker, solus.

Bag. I hope this Day is fatal unto some,
And by their Loss must *Bagot* seek to gain.
This is the Lodging of Master *Friskibal*,
A liberal Merchant, and a *Florentine*,
To whom *Banister* owes a thousand Pound,
A Merchant-Bankrupt, whose Father was my Master.
What do I care for pity or regard,
He once was wealthy, but he now is fall'n,
And this Morning have I got him arrested
At the Suit of Master *Friskibal*,
And by this means shall I be sure of Coin,
For doing this same good to him unknown:
And in good time, see where the Merchant comes.

Enter Friskibal.

Good morrow to kind Master *Friskibal*.

Frisk. Good morrow to yourself, good Master *Bagot*,
And what's the News you are so early stirring?
It is for Gain, I make no doubt of that.

Bag. It is for the Love, *Sir*, that I bear to you.
When did you see your Debtor *Banister*?

Frisk. I promise you, I have not seen the Man
This two Months day, his Poverty is such,
As I do think he shames to see his Friends.

Bag. Why then assure yourself to see him straight,
For at your Suit I have arrested him.
And here they will be with him presently.

Frisk. Arrest him at my Suit? you were too blame,
I know the Man's misfortunes to be such,
As he's not able for to pay the Debt,
And were it known to some, he were undone.

Bag. This is your pitiful Heart to think it so,
 But you are much deceiv'd in *Banister*:
 Why, such as he will break for Fashion sake,
 And unto those they owe a thousand Pound,
 Pay scarce a hundred. O, Sir, beware of him,
 The Man is lewdly given to Dice and Drabs,
 Spends all he hath in Harlots companies,
 It is no mercy for to pity him:

I speak the truth of him, for nothing else,
 But for the kindness which I bear to you.

Fris. If it be so, he hath deceiv'd me much,
 And to deal strictly with such a one as he,
 Better severe than too much lenity;
 But here is Master *Banister* himself,
 And with him, as I take't, the Officers.

Enter Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.

Ban. O Master *Friskibal*, you have undone me:
 My state was well nigh overthrown before,
 Now altogether down cast by your means.

Mrs. Ban. O, Mr. *Friskibal* pity my Husband's case,
 He is a Man hath liv'd as well as any,
 'Till envious Fortune, and the ravenous Sea,
 Did rob, disrobe, and spoil us of our own.

Fris. Mistress *Banister*, I envy not your Husband,
 Nor willingly would I have us'd him thus:
 But that I hear he is so lewdly given,
 Haunts wick'd Company, and hath enough
 To pay his Debts, yet will not be known thereof.

Ban. This is that damned Broker, that same *Bagot*,
 Whom I have often from my Trencher fed:
 Ingrateful Villain for to use me thus.

Bag. What I have said to him is nought but Truth.

Mrs. Ban. What thou hast said springs from an envious
 A Cannibal that doth eat Men alive: (Heart,
 But here upon my Knee believe me, Sir,
 And what I speak, so help me God, is true,
 We scarce have Meat to feed our little Babes:
 Most of our Plate is in that Broker's Hand,
 Which had we Money to defray our Debts,
 O think, we would not bide that Penury:
 Be merciful, kind Master *Friskibal*,

My

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 11

My Husband, Children, and myself will eat
But one Meal a Day, the other will we keep and sell.

Fris. Go to, I see thou art an envious Man,
Good Mistress *Banister*, kneel not to me,
I pray rise up, you shall have your desire.
Hold Officers; be gone, there's for your pains.
You know you owe to me a thousand Pound,
Here take my Hand, if e'er God make you able,
And place you in your former state again,
Pay me: but if still your Fortune frown,
Upon my Faith I'll never ask you Crown:
I never yet did wrong to Men in thrall,
For God doth know what to myself may fall.

Ban. This unexpected Favour undeserv'd,
Doth make my Heart bleed inwardly with Joy:
Ne'er may ought prosper with me is my own,
If I forget this kindness you have shown.

Mrs. Ban. My Children in their Prayers both night and
For your good Fortune and Success shall pray. [day,

Fris. I thank you both, I pray go dine with me,
Within these three Days, if God give me leave,
I will to *Florence* to my native home:
Hold, *Bagot*, there's a Portague to drink,
Altho' you ill deserv'd it by your merit:
Give not such cruel scope unto your Heart;
Be sure the ill you do will be requited:
Remember what I say, *Bagot*, farewell.
Come, Master *Banister*, you shall with me,
My Fare's but simple, but welcome heartily.

[*Exeunt all but Bagot.*

Ba. A Plague go with you, would you had eat your last,
Is this the thanks I have for all my pains?
Confusion light upon you all for me;
Where he had wont to give a score of Crowns,
Doth he now foist me with a Portague?
Well, I will be revenged upon this *Banister*.
I'll to his Creditors, buy all the Debts he owes,
As seeming that I do it for good Will,
I am sure to have them at an easy rate;
And when 'tis done, in Christendom he stays not,
But I'll make his Heart t'ake with Sorrow.

And

And if that Banister becomes my Debtor,
By Heav'n and Earth I'll make his Plague the greater.
[Exit Bagot.]

Enter Chorus.

*Cho. Now, Gentlemen, imagine
That young Cromwell is in Antwerp,
Ledger for the English Merchants:
And Banister, to shun this Bagot's Hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his Debts,
Is fled to Antwerp, with his Wife and Children;
Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them:
And thither sends his Bills of Debt before,
To be reveng'd on wretched Banister:
What doth fall out, with Patience sit and see,
A just Requital of false Treachery.* (Exit.)

*Enter Cromwell in his Study, with Bags of Money
before him, casting of Account.*

Crom. Thus far my reckoning doth go straight and ev'n.
But, *Cromwell*, this same plodding fits not thee;
Thy mind is altogether set on Travel,
And not to live thus cloyster'd, like a Nun:
It is not this same trash that I regard,
Experience is the Jewel of my Heart.

Enter a Post.

Post. I pray, Sir, are you ready to dispatch me?

Crom. Yes, here's those Sums of Money, you must carry.
You go so far as *Frankford*, do you not?

Post. I do, Sir.

Crom. Well, prithee make all the haste thou canst,
For there be certain *English* Gentlemen
Are bound for *Venice*, and may happily want,
And that if you should linger by the way:
But in hope that you will make good speed,
There's two Angels to buy you Spurs and Wands.

Post. I thank you, Sir, this will add wings indeed.

Crom. Gold is of Pow'r to make an Eagle's speed.

Enter Mistress Banister.

What Gentlewoman is this, that grieves so much?
It seems she doth address herself to me.

Mrs. Ban. God save you Sir, pray is your Name
Master *Cromwell*?

Crom.

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 13

Crom. My Name is *Thomas Cromwell*, Gentlewoman.

Mrs. Ban. Know you not one *Bagot*, Sir, that's come to *Antwerp*?

Crom. No, trust me, I never saw the Man,
But here are Bills of Debt I have received
Against one *Banister*, a Merchant fall'n into decay.

Mrs. Ban. Into decay indeed, long of that Wretch:
I am the Wife to woful *Banister*,
And by that bloody Villain am pursu'd,
From *London* here to *Antwerp*:

My Husband he is in the Governor's Hands,
And God of Heav'n knows how he'll deal with him;
Now, Sir, your Heart is fram'd of milder Temper,
Be merciful to a distressed Soul,

And God no doubt will treble bless your Gain,

Crom. Good Mistress *Banister*, what I can, I will,
In any thing that lies within my Power.

Mrs. Ban. O speak to *Bagot*, that same wicked Wretch,
An Angel's Voice may move a damned Devil.

Crom. Why is he come to *Antwerp*, as you hear?

Mrs. Ban. I heard he landed some two Hours since.

Crom. Well Mistress *Banister*, assure yourself,
I'll speak to *Bagot* in your own behalf,
And win him t'all the pity that I can;
Mean time, to comfort you in your distress,
Receive these Angels to relieve your need,
And be assur'd, that what I can effect,
To do you good, no way will I neglect.

Mrs. Ba. That mighty God that knows each Mortal's Heart
Keep you from trouble, sorrow, grief and smart.

[*Exit Mistress Banister.*]

Crom. Thanks, courteous Woman, for thy hearty Pray'r:
It grieves my Soul to see her Misery,
But we that live under the Work of Fate,
May hope the best, yet know not what to state
Our Stars and Destinies have us assign'd,
Fickle is Fortune, and her Face is blind.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Bagot solus.

Bag. So, all goes well, it is as I would have it,
Banister he is with the Governor:

And

And shortly shall have Gyves upon his Heels.
 It glads my Heart to think upon the Slave:
 I hope to have his Body rot in a Prison,
 And after here, his Wife to hang her self,
 And all his Children die for want of Food,
 The Jewels I have brought to *Antwerp*
 Are reckon'd to be worth five thousand Pound,
 Which scarcely stood me in three hundred Pound,
 I bought them at an easy kind of rate,
 I care not which way they came by them
 That sold them me, it comes not near my Heart;
 And least they should be stole, as sure they are,
 I thought it meet to sell them here in *Antwerp*,
 And so have left them in the Governor's Hand,
 Who offers me within two hundred Pound
 Of all my Price: but now no more of that,
 I must go see and if my Bills be safe,
 The which I sent to Master *Cromwell*,
 That if the Wind should keep me on the Sea,
 He might arrest him here before I came:
 And in good time, see where he is: God save you, Sir.
Enter Cromwell.

Crom. And you; pray pardon me, I know you not.

Bag. It may be so, Sir, but my Name is *Bagot*,
 The Man that sent to you the Bills of Debt.

Crom. O, the Man that pursues *Banister*,
 Here are the Bills of Debt you sent to me:
 As for the Man, you know best where he is;
 It is reported you've a Flinty Heart,
 A Mind that will not stoop to any Pity;
 An Eye that knows not how to shed a Tear,
 A Hand that's always open for Reward.
 But, Master *Bagot*, would you be rul'd by me,
 You should turn all these to the contrary;
 Your Heart should still have feeling of remorse.
 Your Mind, according to your State, be liberal
 To those that stand in need, and in distress;
 Your Hand to help them that do stand in want,
 Rather than with your Poise to hold them down,
 For every ill turn show your self more kind,
 Thus should I do; pardon, I speak my Mind.

Bag.

Bag. I, Sir, you speak to hear what I would say,
But you must live, I know, as well as I :
I know this Place to be Extortion,
And 'tis not for a Man to keep safe here,
But he must lye, cog, with his dearest Friend ;
And as for Pity, scorn it, hate all Conscience :
But yet I do commend your Wit in this,
To make a show of what I hope you are not,
But I commend you, and it is well done :
This is the only way to bring your Gain.

Crom. My Gain? I had rather chain me to an Oar,
And like a Slave, there toil out all my Life,
Before I'd live so base a Slave as thou,
I, like an Hypocrite, to make a show
Of seeming Virtue, and a Devil within?
No *Bagot*, if thy Conscience were as clear,
Poor *Banister* ne'e had been troubled here.

Bag. Nay, good Master *Cromwell*, be not angry, Sir,
I know full well that you are no such Man.
But if your Conscience were as white as Snow,
It will be thought that you are otherwise.

Crom. Will it be thought that I am otherwise?
Let them that think so, know they are deceiv'd ;
Shall *Cromwell* live to have his Faith misconiter'd?

Antwerp, for all the Wealth within thy Town,
I will not tarry here full two Hours longer :
As good luck serves, my Accounts are all made even,
Therefore I'll straight unto the Treasurer :

Bagot, I know you'll to the Governor.
Commend me to him, say I am bound to Travel,
To see the fruitful Parts of *Italy* ;

And as you ever bore a Christian Mind,
Let *Banister* some Favour of you find.

Bag. For your Sake, Sir, I'll help him all I can,
To starve his Heart out ere he gets a Groat ;
So, Master *Cromwell*, do I take my leave,
For I must straight unto the Governor. [*Exit Bagot*]

Crom. Farewel, Sir, pray you remember what I said.
No, *Cromwell*, no, thy Heart was ne'er so base,
To live by Falshood, or by Brokery ;
But 't falls out well, I little it repent,
Hereafter, time in Travel shall be spent.

Enter

Enter Hodge, his Father's Man.

Hod. Your Son *Thomas*, quoth you, I have been *Thomas*; I had thought it had been no such matter to a gone by Water; for at *Putney* I'll go you to Parish Garden for two Pence, fit as still as may be, without any wagging or joulting in my Guts, in a little Boat too: Here we were scarce four Miles in the great green Water, but I thinking to go to my Afternoon's Lunchines, as 'twas my manner at home, but I felt a kind of rising in my Guts: At last one of the Sailors spying of me, be a good cheer, says he, set down thy Victuals, and up with it, thou hast nothing but an Eel in thy Belly: Well, to't went I, to my Victuals went the Sailors, and thinking me to be a Man of better Experience than any in the Ship, ask'd me what Wood the Ship was made of: They all swore I told them as right as if I had been acquainted with the Carpenter that made it: At last we grew near Land, and I grew villainous hungry, went to my Bag, the Devil a bit there was, the Sailors had tickled me: yet I cannot blame them, it was a part of kindness, for I in kindness told them what Wood the Ship was made of, and they in kindness eat up my Victuals, as indeed one good turn asketh another: Well, would I, could I, find my Master *Thomas* in this *Dutch Town*, he might put some *English Beer* into my Belly.

Crom. What, *Hodge*, my Father's Man, by my Hand welcome: How doth my Father? what's the News at Home?

Hod. Master *Thomas*, O God, Master *Thomas*, your Hand, Glove and all, this is to give you to Understanding, that your Father is in Health, and *Alice Downing* here hath sent you a Nutmeg, and *Bess Make-water* a Race of Ginger, my Fellows *Will* and *Tom* hath between them sent you a dozen of Points, and *Goodman Toll*, of the *Goat*, a pair of Mittons, myself came in Person, and this is all the News.

Crom. Gramercy, good *Hodge*, and thou art welcome. But in as ill a time thou comest as may be; (to me, For I am travelling into *Italy*,

What say'st thou, *Hodge*, wilt thou bear me Company?

Hod. Will I bear thee Company, *Tom*? what tell'st me of *Italy*? were it to the farthest part of *Flanders*, I would go with thee, *Tom*; I am thine in all weal and woe, thy own

to command; what *Tom*, I have pass'd the rigorous Waves
of *Neptune's* Blasts, I tell you *Tom*, I have been in danger
of the Floods, and when I have seen *Boreas* begin to play
the Ruffin with us, then would I down a my Knees, and
call upon *Vulcan*.

Crom. And why upon him?

Hodge. Because as this same Fellow *Neptune* is God of
the Seas, so *Vulcan* is Lord over the Smiths, and there-
fore I being a Smith, thought his Godhead would have
some Care yet of me.

Crom. A good Conceit: but tell me, hast thou din'd yet?

Hodge. Thomas, to speak the Truth, not a bit yet I.

Crom. Come go with methou shalt have Cheer good store:
And farewell *Antwerp*, if I come no more.

Hodge. I follow thee, sweet *Tou*, I follow thee.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

*Enter the Governor of the English House, Bagot,
Banister, his Wife, and two Officers.*

Gov. Is *Cromwell* gone then? say you, Mr. *Bagot*.
What Dislike, I pray? What was the Cause?

Bag. To tell you true, a wild Brain of his own,
Such Youth as they cannot see when they are well:
He is all bent to Travel, that's his Reason,
And doth not love to eat his Bread at home.

Gov. Well good Fortune with him, if the Man be gone
We hardly shall find such a Man as he,
To fit our Turns, his Dealings were so honest.
But now Sir, for the Jewels that I have,
What do you say? What will you take my Price?

Bag. O Sir you offer too much under foot.

Gov. 'Tis but two hundred Pound between us, Man.
What's that in Payment of five thousand Pound.

Bag. Two hundred Pound, birlady Sir, 'tis great,
Before I got so much it made me sweat.

Gov. Well, Master *Baggot*, I'll proffer you fairly,
You see this Merchant, Master *Banister*,
Is going now to Prison on your Suit:

His Substance all is gone, what would you have?
Yet in-Regard I knew the Man of Wealth,
Never dishonest Dealing, but such Mishaps
Hath fallen on him, may light on me or you.
There is two hundred Pound between us,

We

We will divide the same, I'll give you one,
On that condition you will set him free:
His state is nothing that you see yourself,
And where nought is, the King must lose his Right.

Ba. Sir, Sir, you speak out of your Love,
'Tis foolish Love, Sir, sure to pity him:
Therefore content yourself, this is my Mind,
To do him good I will not bate a Penny.

Ban. This is my Comfort, tho' thou doest no good,
A mighty Ebb follows a mighty Flood.

Mrs. Ba. O thou base Wretch, whom we have foster'd,
Even as a Serpent for to poison us,
If God did ever right a Woman's wrong,
To that same God I bend and bow my Heart,
To let his heavy wrath fall on thy Head,
By whom my hopes and joys are butcher'd.

Bag. Alas! fond Woman, I prithee pray thy worst,
The Fox fares better still when he is curst.

Enter Master Bowser a Merchant.

Gov. Master Bowser! you're welcome, Sir, from England,
What's the best News? how do all our Friends?

Bow. They are all well, and do commend them to you,
There's Letters from your Brother and your Son:
So, fare you well, Sir, I must take my leave,
My Haste and Business doth require so.

Gov. Before you dine, Sir? what go you out of Town?

Bow. I faith unless I hear some News in Town,
I must away; there is no Remedy.

Gov. Master Bowser, what is your Business, may I know it.

Bow. You may, Sir, and so shall all the City.
The King of late hath had his Treasury robb'd,
And of the choicest Jewels that he had:
The value of them was seven thousand Pounds,
The Fellow that did steal these Jewels is hang'd,
And did confess that for three hundred Pound,
He sold them to one Bagot dwelling in London:
Now Bagot's fled, and as we hear, to Antwerp,
And hither am I come to seek him out,
And they that first can tell me of his News,
Shall have a hundred Pound for their Reward.

Ban

Ban. How just is God to right the innocent !

Gov. Master *Bowser*, you come in happy time,
Here is the Villain *Bagot* that you seek,
And all those Jewels have I in my Hands:
Officers look to him, hold him fast.

Bag. The Devil ought me a shame, and now he hath paid it.

Bow. Is this that *Bagot* ? Fellows, bear him hence,
We will not now stand for his Reply ;
Lade him with Irons, we will have him try'd
In *England*, where his Villainies are known.

Bag. Mischief, confusion light upon you all,
O hang me, drown me, let me kill myself,
Let go my Arms, let me run quick to Hell.

Bow. Away, bear him away, stop the Slave's Mouth.
[*They carry him away.*]

Mrs. Ba. Thy Works are infinite, great God of Heav'n.

Gov. I heard this *Bagot* was a wealthy Fellow.

Bow. He was indeed, for when his Goods were seiz'd,
Of Jewels, Coin, and Plate within his House,
Was found the value of five thousand Pound,
His Furniture fully worth half so much,
Which being all strain'd for the King,
He frankly gave it to the *Antwerp* Merchants,
And they again, out of their bounteous Mind,
Have to a Brother of their Company,
A Man decayed by Fortune of the Seas,
Given *Bagot's* Wealth to set him up again.
And keep it for him, his Name is *Banister*.

Gov. Master *Bowser*, with this happy News,
You have reviv'd two from the Gates of Death,
This is that *Banister* and this his Wife.

Bow. Sir, I am glad my Fortune is so good,
To bring such Tidings as may comfort you.

Ban. You have giv'n Life unto a Man deem'd dead,
For by these News my Life is newly bred.

Mrs. Ba. Thanks to my God, next to my Sovereign King ;

And last to you, that these good News do bring.

Gov. The hundred Pound I must receive, as due,
For finding *Bagot*, I freely give to you.

Bow. And, Master *Banister*, if so you please,

I'll bear you Company, when you cross the Seas.

Ban. If it please you Sir, my Company is but mean,
Stands in your liking, I'll wait on you.

Gov. I am glad that all Things do accord so well :
Come, Master *Bowser*, let us to Dinner :
And, Mrs. *Banister*, be merry Woman,
Come, after Sorrow now let's cheer your Spirit,
Knaves have their Due, and you but what you merit.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Cromwell and Hodge in their Shirts, and without Hats.

Hodge. Call you this seeing Fashions ?
Marry would I had staid at *Putney* still.

O Master *Thomas*, we are spoil'd, we are gone.

Crom. Content thee, Man, this is but Fortune.

Hodge. Fortune, a Plague of this Fortune it makes me
go wet-shod, the Rogues would not leave me a Shoe to my
Feet ; for my Hose, they scorn'd them with their Heels ;
but for my Doublet and Hat, O Lord, they embrac'd me,
and unlac'd me, and took away my Cloaths, and so disgrac'd me.

Crom. Well, *Hodge*, what Remedy ?
What shift shall me make now ?

Hodge. Nay I know not, for Begging I am nought, for
Stealing worse ; by my Troth, I must even fall to my old
Trade, to the Hammer and the Horse-heels again ; but
now the worst is, I am not acquainted with the Humour
of the Horses in this Country ; whether they are not colt-
ish, given much to kicking, or no ; for when I have one
Leg in my Hand, if he should up and lay t'other on my
Chops, I were gone, there lay I, there lay *Hodge*.

Crom. *Hodge*, I believe thou must work for us both.

Hodge. O Master *Thomas*, have I not told you of this ?
have not I many Time and often said *Tom*, or Master
Thomas, learn to make a Horse-shoe, it will be your own
another Day ; this was not regarded. Hark you, *Thomas*,
what do you call the Fellows that robb'd us ?

Crom. The *Bandetti*,

Hodge. The *Bandetti*, do you call them ? I know not
what they are called here, but I am sure we call them
plain

plain Thieves in *England*. O, *Tom*, that we were now at *Putney*, at the Ale there.

Crom. Content thee Man, here set up these two Bills,
And let us keep our Standing on the Bridge:
The Fashion of this Country is such,
If any Stranger be oppress'd with Want,
To write the manner of his Misery,
And such as are dispos'd to succour him,
Will do it. What hast thou set them up?

Hodge. Ay they're up, God send some to read them,
And not only to read them, but also to look on us:
And not altogether look on us,
But to relieve us. - O cold, cold, cold.

[*One stands at one end, and one at the other*.

Enter Friskibal the Merchant, and reads the Bills.

Fris. What's here? two *Englishmen* robb'd by the *Bandetti*.

One of them seems to be a Gentleman:
'Tis Pity that his Fortune was so hard,
To fall into the desperate Hands of Thieves.
I'll question him, of what Estate he is.

God save you, Sir, are you an *Englishman*?

Crom. I am, Sir, a distressed *Englishman*.

Fris. And what are you, my Friend.

Hodge Who, I Sir, by my Troth I do not know my
self, what I am now, but Sir I was a Smith, Sir, a poor
Farrier of *Putney*, that's my Master, Sir, yonder, I was
robb'd for his sake, Sir.

Fris. I see you have been met by the *Bandetti*,
And therefore need not ask how you came thus.
But *Friskibal*, why dost thou question them
Of their Estate, and not relieve their Need?
Sir, the Coin I have about me is not much:
There's sixteen Duckets for to cloath your selves,
There's sixteen more to buy your Diet with,
And there's sixteen to pay for your Horse hire.
'Tis all the Wealth, you see my Purse possesses;
But if you please for to enquire me out,
You shall not want for ought that I can do,
My Name is *Friskibal*, a *Florence* Merchant:
A Man that always lov'd your Nation.

Bed.

Crom. This unexpected Favour at your Hands,
Which God doth know, if ever I shall requite it,
Necessity makes me to take your Bounty,
And for your Gold can yield you nought but thanks.
Your Charity hath help'd me from Despair;
Your Name shall still be in my hearty Prayer.

Fris. It is not worth such Thanks, come to my House,
Your Want shall better be reliev'd than thus.

Crom. I pray excuse me, this shall well suffice
To bear my Charges to *Bononia*.

Whereas a noble Earl is much distress'd:
An *Englishman Russel* the Earl of *Bedford*
Is by the *French* King sold unto his Death,
It may fall out that I may do him good:
To save his Life, I'll hazard my Heart Blood:
Therefore, kind Sir, thanks for your liberal Gift,
I must be gone to aid him there's no shift.

Fris. I'll be no hinderer to so good an Act,
Heav'n prosper you in what you go about:
If Fortune bring you this Way back again,
Pray let me see you; so I take my Leave,
All good a Man can wish, I do bequeath, [Exit *Fris.*

Crom. All good that God doth send, light on your Head,
There's few such Men within our Climate bred.
How say you now, *Hodge*, is not this good Fortune?

Hodge. How say you, I'll tell you Master *Thomas*,
If all Men be of this Gentleman's Mind.
Let's keep our Standings upon this Bridge.
We shall get more here, by begging in one Day,
Than I shall with making Horse-shoes in a whole Year.

Crom. No, *Hodge*, we must be gone to *Bononia*,
There to relieve the noble Earl of *Bedford*:
Where if I fail not in my Policy,
I shall deceive their subtle Treachery.

Hodg. Nay, I'll follow you, God bless us from the
thieving *Bandetti* again. [Exeunt.

Enter Bedford and his Host.

Bed. Am I betray'd? was *Bedford* born to die
By such base Slaves, in such a Place as this?
Have I escap'd so many times in *France*,
So many Battles have I over-pass'd,
And made the *French* stir, when they heard my Name:
And

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 23

And am I now betray'd unto my Death?

Some of their Hearts Blood first shall pay for it.

Hof. They do desire, my Lord, to speak with you.

Bed. The Traitors do desire to have my Blood;
But by my Birth, my Honour, and my Name,
By all my Hopes, my Life shall cost them dear.
Open the Door, I'll venture out upon them,
And if I must die, then I'll die with Honour.

Hof. Alas, my Lord, that is a desperate Course,
They have begirt you round about the House;
Their meaning is to take you Prisoner,
And to send your Body unto France.

Bed. First shall the Ocean be as dry as Sand,
Before alive they send me unto France:
I'll have my Body first bor'd like a Sieve,
And die as *Hector*, 'gainst the *Mermydons*,
Ere France shall boast, *Bedford's* their Prisoner,
Treacherous France, that 'gainst the Law of Arms,
Hath here betrayed the Enemy to Death;
But be assur'd, my Blood shall be reveng'd
Upon the best Lives that remain in France.
Stand back, or else thou run'st upon thy Death.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Pardon, my Lord, I come to tell your Honour,
That they have hired a *Neopolitan*
Who by his Oratory hath promis'd them,
Without the shedding of one drop of Blood,
Into their Hands safe to deliver you,
And therefore craves none but himself may enter,
And a poor Swain that attends on him.

Bed. A *Neopolitan*? bid him come in. (*Ex. Servant.*)
Were he as cunning in his Eloquence,
As *Cicero* the famous Man of Rome,
His Words would be as Chaff against the Wind.
Sweet tongu'd *Ulysses*, that made *Ajax* mad,
Were he and his Tongue in this Speaker's Head,
Alive he wins me not; then 'tis no Conquest.

Enter Cromwell like a Neopolitan, and Hodge with him.

Crom. Sir, are you the Master of the House?

Hof. I am, Sir.

Crom. By the same Token you must leave this Place,
And leave none but the Earl and I together,
And this my Peasant here to tend on us. *Hof.*

Hof. With all my Heart, God grant you do some good.

[*Exit Hof. Cromwell shuts the Door.*]

Bed. Now Sir, what's your Will with me?

Crom. Intends your Honour not to yield your self?

Bed. No good-man Goose, not while my Sword doth last;
Is this your Eloquence for to persuade me?

Crom. My Lord, my Eloquence is for to save you;
I am not, as you judge, a *Neapolitan*,
But *Cromwell* your Servant, and an *Englishman*.

Bed. How? *Cromwell*? not my Farrier's Son?

Crom. The same, Sir, and am come to succour you.

Hodge. Yes faith Sir, and I am *Hodge* your poor Smith;
Many a time and oft have I shooed your dapper Grey.

Bed. And what avails it me, that thou art here?

Crom. It may avail, if you'll be rul'd by me;
My Lord you know the Men of *Mantua*,
And these *Bononians*, are at deadly Strife,
And they my Lord, both love and honour you;
Could you but get out of the *Mantua* Port,
Then were you safe, despite of all their Force.

Bed. Tut, Man, thou talk'st of Things impossible;
Dost thou not see, that we are round beset,
How then is't possible we should escape?

Crom. By Force we cannot, but by Policy;
Put on the Apparel here that *Hodge* doth wear,
And give him Yours; the States they know you not,
For, as I think, they never saw your Face,
And at a Watch-word must I call them in,
And will desire that we two safe may pass
To *Mantua*, where I'll say my Business lies;
How doth your Honour like of this Advice?

Bed. O wondrous good; But wilt thou venture *Hodge*?

Hod. Will I? O noble Lord, I do accord in any thing I can;
And do agree to set thee free, do Fortune what she can.

Bed. Come then, let's change our Apparel straight.

Crom. Go *Hodge*, make haste, lest they chance to call.

Hodge. I warrant you I'll fit him with a Sute.

[*Exeunt Earl and Hodge.*]

Crom. Heavens grant this Policy doth take Success,
And that the Earl may safely scape away.
And yet it grieves me for this simple Wretch,
For fear they should offer him Violence.

But

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 25

But of two Evils 'tis best to shun the greatest,
And better is it that he live in thrall,
Than such a nob'e Earl as he should fall.
Their stubborn Hearts, it may be will relent;
Since he is gone, to whom their hate is bent.
My Lord, have you dispatch'd?

*Enter Bedford like the Clown, and Hodge in his Cloak
and his Hat.*

Bed. How dost thou like us, *Cromwell*, is it well?

Crom. O, my good Lord, excellent. *Hodge*, how dost
feel thyself?

Hodge. How do I feel myself? why, as a Noble Man
should do.

O how I feel Honour come creeping on,
My Nobility is wonderful Melancholy:
Is it not most Gentleman-like to be Melancholy?

Crom. Yes, *Hodge*; now go sit down in thy Study,
And take State upon thee.

Hodge. I warrant you my Lord, let me alone to take
State upon me: but hark, my Lord, do you feel nothing
b'ie about you?

Bed. No, trust me, *Hodge*.

Hodge. Ay, they know they want their old Pasture:
'tis a strange thing of this Vermin, they dare not meddle
with Nobility.

Crom. Go take thy place, *Hodge*, I will call them in.
[*Hodge sits in the Study, and Cromwell calls in the States.*
All is done, enter and if you please

Enter the States, and Officers with Halberts.

Gov. What have you won him? will he yield himself?

Crom. I have, an't please you, and the quiet Earl
Doth yield himself to be disposed by you.

Gov. Give him the Money that we promised him:
So let him go, whither he please himself.

Crom. My Business, Sir, lies unto *Mantua*;
Please you to give me safe Conduct thither.

Gov. Go, and conduct him to the *Mantua* Port,
And see him safe delivered presentl.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and Bedford.*

Go draw the Curtain; let us see the Earl,
O, he is writing, stand apart a while.

Hod. Fellow *William*, I am not as I have been; I went
B from

from you a Smith, I write to you as a Lord ; I am at this present writing, among the *Polonian Castles*. I do commend my Lordship to *Ralph* and to *Roger*, to *Bridget* and to *Dorothy*, and so to all the Youth of *Putney*.

Gov. Sure these are the Names of *English* Noblemen, Some of his special Friends, to whom he writes :
But stay, he doth address himself to Sing.

[*Here he sings a Song.*]

My Lord, I am glad you are so Frolick and so Blithe ;
Believe me, noble Lord, if you knew all,
You'd change your merry Vein to sudden Sorrow.

Hod. I change my merry Vein ? no thou *Bononian*, no ;
I am a Lord, and therefore let me go ;
I do defie thee and thy *Castles* :

Therefore stand off, and come not near my Honour.

Gov. My Lord, this Jestling cannot serve your turn.

Hod. Dost think, thou black *Bononian* Beast,
That I do flout, do gibe, or jest ?
No, no, thou Beer-pot, know that I,
A noble Earl, a Lord par-dy.

Gov. What means this Trumpet's sound ?

[*A Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.*]

Cit. One from the States of *Mantua*.

Gov. What would you with us, speak thou Man of
Mantua ?

Mes. Men of *Bononia*, this my Message is,
To let you know the noble Earl of *Bedford*
Is safe within the Town of *Mantua*,
And wills you send the Peasant that you have,
Who hath deceiv'd your Expectation ;
Or else the States of *Mantua* have vow'd,
They will recall the Truce that they have made,
And not a Man shall stir from forth your Town,
That shall return, unless you send him back.

Gov. O this misfortune, how it mads my Heart ?
The *Neapolitan* hath beguil'd us all.

Hence with this Fool, what shall we do with him,
The Earl being gone ? a plague upon it all.

Hod. No I'll assure you, I am no Earl, but a Smith, Sir,
One *Hodge*, a Smith at *Putney*, Sir ;
One that hath gulled you, that hath bored you, Sir.

Go. Away with him, take hence the Fool you came for.

Hodge.

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 27

Hod. Ay, Sir, and I'll leave the greater Fool with you.

Mef. Farewel, Bononians. Come Friend, along with me.

Hod. My Friend afore, my Lordship will follow thee.

(Exit.

Gov. Well, Mantua, since by thee the Earl is lost,
Within few Days I hope to see thee crost. (Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Cho, Thus far you see how Cromwell's Fortune pass'd.
The Earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's Company into France,
To make Requital for his Courtship:

But Cromwell doth deny the Earl his Suit,
And tells him that those Parts he meant to see,

He had not yet set footing on the Land,

And so directly takes his way to Spain;

The Earl to France, and so they both do part,

Now let your Thoughts as swift as in the Wind,

Skip some few Years that Cromwell spent in Travel;

And now imagine him to be in England,

Servant unto the Master of the Rolls:

Where in short time he there began to flourish,

An Hour shall show you what few Years did cherish. (Ex.

The Mutek plays, they bring out the Banquet. Enter Sir

Christopher Ha'es, Cromwell, and two Servants.

Hales. Come, Sirs, be careful of your Master's Credit;

And as our Bounty now exceeds the Figure

Of common Entertainment, so do you,

With looks as free as is your Master's Soul,

Give formal Welcome to the thronged Tables,

That shall receive the Cardinal's Followers,

And the Attendance of the great Lord Chancellor.

But all my Care, Cromwell, depends on thee:

Thou art a Man differing from vulgar Form,

And by how much the Spirit is rankt 'bove these,

In rules of Art, by so much it shines brighter by travel,

Whose Observance pleads his Merit,

In a most learn'd yet unassuming Spirit.

Good Cromwell, cast an Eye of fair Regard

'Bout all my House, and what this ruder Flesh,

Through Ignorance, or Wine do miscreate,

Salve thou with Courtship; if Welcome want,

Full Bowels, and ample Banquets will seem scant.

B 2

Crom.

Crom. Sir, whatsoever lies in me,
Assure you I will shew my utmost Duty. [*Ex. Crom.*]

Hales. About it then, the Lords will straight be here :
Cromwell, thou hast those parts would rather sute
The Service of the State than of my House :
I look upon thee with a loving Eye,
That one Day will prefer thy Destiny.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Sir, the Lords be at hand.

Hales. They are welcome, bid *Cromwell* straight attend us,

And look you all things be in perfect readiness.

The Musick plays. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas Moor, and Gardiner.

Wol. O, Sir *Christopher*, you are too liberal : What a Banquet too ?

Hales. My Lords, if Words could shew the ample Welcome, that my free Heart affords you, I could then become a Prator : but I now must deal a Feast *Politician* with your Lordships, defer your Welcome 'till the Banquet end, that it may then serve our defect of Fare :
Yet welcome now, and all that tend on you.

Wol. Thanks to the kind Master of the Rolls.

Come and sit down, sit down Sir *Thomas Moor* :

'Tis strange, how that we and the *Spaniard* differ,
Their Dinner is our Banquet, after Dinner,
And they are Men of Active Disposition :
This I gather, that by their sparing Meat,
Their Bodies are more fitter for the Wars :
And if that Famine chance to pinch their Maws,
Being us'd too fast, it breeds less Pain.

Hales. Fill me some Wine ; I'll answer *Cardinal Wolsey* :
My Lord, we *English* Men are of more freer Souls,
Than hungar starv'd, and ill-complexion'd *Spaniards* ;
They that are rich in *Spain*, spare belly Food,
To deck their Backs with an *Italian* Hood,
And Silks of *Sevil*, and the poorest Snake,
That feeds on Lemons, Pilchers, and ne'er heated
His Pallet with sweet Flesh, will bear a case
More fat and gallant than his starved Face :
Pride, the Inquisition, and this Belly-evil,
Are, in my Judgment, *Spain's* three-headed Devil.

Moor.

Moor. Indeed it is a plague unto their Nation,
Who stagger after in blind Imagination.

Hal. My Lords, with welcome, I present your Lordships a solemn Health.

Moor. I love Health well, but when as Healths do bring
Pain to the Head, and Bodies surfeiting,
Then Cease I Healths :

Nay spill not Friend, for tho' the drops be small,
Yet have they force, to force Men to the Wall.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, is that your Man ?

Hal. And like your Grace, he is a Scholar and a Linguist,
One that hath travelled many parts of Christendom, my
Lord.

Wol. My Friend, come nearer, have you been a Traveller ?

Crom. My Lord, I have added to my Knowledge,
the *Low Countries*,

France, *Spain*, *Germany*, and *Italy* :

And tho' small gain of Profit I did find,
Yet did it please my Eye, content my Mind,

Wol. What do you think of the several States,
And Princes Courts as you have travelled ?

Cram. My Lord, no Court with *England* may compare,
Neither for State, nor Civil Government :

Lust dwells in *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
From the poor Peasant, to the Prince's Train;

In *Germany*, and *Holland*, Riot serves,
And he that most can drink, most he deserves.

England I praise not : For I here was born,
But that she laugheth the others unto scorn.

Wol. My Lord, there dwells within that Spirit,
More than can be discern'd by outward Eye ;

Sir *Christopher*, will you part with your Man ?

Hal. I have sought to proffer him to your Lordship,
And now I see he hath preferr'd himself.

Wol. What is thy Name ?

Crom. *Cromwell*, my Lord.

Wol. Then, *Cromwell*, here we make thee Solicitor
of our Causes,

And nearest next ourself,

Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the Man.

[*Gardiner embraces him.*

Moor. My Lord, you are a Royal Winner,
Hath got a Man, besides a bounteous Dinner,
Well, Knight, pray we come no more :
If we come often thou may'st shut thy Door.

Wol. Sir *Christopher*, hadst thou given me
Half thy Lands, thou could'st not have pleased
So much as with this Man of thine :
My infant Thoughts do spell,
Shortly his Fortune shall be lifted higher ;
True Industry doth kindle Honour's Fire,
And so, kind Master of the Rolls, farewell.

Hal. *Cromwell*, Farewel.

Crom. *Cromwell* takes his leave of you,
That ne'er will leave to love, and honour you.

[*Exeunt.* *The Musick plays as they go out.*
Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now *Cromwell's* highest Fortunes do begin.
Wolsey that lov'd him, as he did his Life,
Committed all his Treasure to his Hands :
Wolsey is dead, and *Gardiner* his Man,
Is now created Bishop of *Winchester* :
Pardon if we omit all *Wolsey's* Life,
Because our Play depends on *Cromwell's* Death.
Now sit and see his highest State of all ;
His height of rising, and his sudden fall :
Pardon the Errors are already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last :
My hope upon your Favour doth depend,
And look to have your liking ere the end. (*Exit.*

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Sir Thomas Moor, Sir Christopher Hales, and Cromwell.

Nor. Master *Cromwell*, since Cardinal *Wolsey's* Death,
His Majesty is given to understand,
There's certain Bills and Writings in your Hand,
That much concern the State of *England* ;
My Lord of *Winchester*, is it not so ?

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk*, we two were whilome Fellows,
And Master *Cromwell*, tho' our Master's love
Did bind us, while his love was to the King,
It is no boot now to deny those things,
Which may be prejudicial to the State ;

And

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 31

And tho' that God hath rais'd my Fortune higher,
Than any way I looked for, or deserv'd,
Yet my Life no longer with me dwell,
Than I prove true unto my Sovereign.

Suf. What say you, Master *Cromwell*? have you those Writings, ay, or no?

Crom. Here are the Writings, and upon my Knees,
I give them up unto the worthy Dukes,
Of *Suffolk*, and of *Norfolk*; he was my Master,
And each virtuous Part

That liv'd in him, I tender'd with my Heart,
But what his Head complotted 'gainst the State,
My Country's love commands me that to hate.
His sudden Death I grieve for, not his Fall,
Because he sought to work my Country's thrall.

Suf. *Cromwell*, the King shall hear of thy Duty;
Whom I assure myself, will well reward thee;
My Lord, let's go unto his Majesty,
And shew those Writings which he longs to see.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Enter Bedford hastily.

Bed. How now, who's this, *Cromwell*?
By my Soul, welcome to *England*:
Thou once didst save my Life, didst thou not, *Cromwell*?

Crom. If I did so, 'tis greater Glory
For me that you remember it,
Than for myself vainly to report it.

Bed. Well, *Cromwell*, now is the time,
I shall commend thee to my Sovereign:
Cheer up thyself, for I will raise thy State,
A *Russel* yet was never found ingrate. [Exit.]

Hal. O how uncertain is the wheel of State,
Who lately greater than the Cardinal,
For Fear, and Love; and now who lower lies?
Gay Honours are but Fortune's flatteries,
And whom this Day Pride and Promotion swells,
To Morrow Envy and Ambition quells.

Moor. Who sees the Cob-web intangle the poor Fly,
May boldly say the Wretch's Death is nigh.

Gar. I knew his State, and proud Ambition,
Were too too violent to last over-long.

Hal. Who soars too near the Sun, with golden Wings,
Melts

Melts them, to ruin his own Fortune brings.

Enter the Duke of Suffolk.

Suf. Cromwell kneel down in King Henry's Name,
Arise, Sir Thomas Cromwell, thus begin thy Fame.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk.

Nor. Cromwell, the Majesty of England,
For the good liking he conceives of thee,
Makes thee Master of the Jewel-house,
Chief Secretary to himself, and withal,
Creates thee one of his Highness's Privy Council.

Enter the Earl of Bedford.

Bed. Where is Sir Thomas Cromwell? is he Knighted?

Suf. He is, my Lord.

Bed. Then, to add honour to his Name,
The King Creates him Lord Keeper of his Privy Seal,
And Master of the Rolls;
Which you, Sir Christopher, do now enjoy:
The King determines higher place for you.

Crom. My Lords, these Honours, are too high for my
Desert.

Moor. O content thee, Man, who would not chuse it?
Yet thou art wise, in seeming to refuse it.

Gar. Here's Honours, Titles and Promotions;
I fear this climbing will have a sudden fall.

Nor. Then come, my Lords, let's altogether bring
This new-made Counsellor to England's King.

[Exeunt all but Gardiner.]

Gar. But Gardiner means his Glory shall be dim'd:
Shall Cromwell live a greater Man than I?
My Envy with his Honour now is bred,
I hope to shorten Cromwell by the Head. *(Exit.)*

Enter Friskibal very poor.

Frisk. O Faiskibal, what shalt become of thee?
Where shalt thou go, or which way shalt thou turn?
Fortune, that turns her too unconstant Wheel,
Hath turn'd thy Wealth and Riches in the Sea;
All parts abroad where-ever I have been,
Grow weary of me, and deny me Succour;
My Debtors, they that should relieve my want,
Forswear my Money, say they owe me none:
They know my State too mean to bear out Law;
And here in London, where I oft have been,

And

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 33

And have done good to many a wretched Man,
Am now most wretched here, despis'd myself;
In vain it is more of their Hearts to try,
Be patient therefore, lay thee down and die.

[He lies down.

Enter Goodman Seely, and his Wife Joan.

See. Come *Joan*, come, let's see what he will do for us now? I wis we have done for him, when many a time and often he might have gone a hungry to Bed.

Wife. Alas Man, now he is made a Lord, he'll never look upon us; he'll fulfil the old Proverb, *Set Beggars a Horse-back and they'll ride*; a, well a day for my Cow; such as he hath made us come behind hand, we had never pawn'd our Cow else to pay our Rent.

See. Well *Joan*, he'll come this way; and by Gad's Dickers I'll tell him roundly of it, and if he were ten Lords; a shall know that I had not my Cheese and my Bacon for nothing.

Wife. Do you remember Husband, how he would mouch upon my Cheese-cakes, he hath forgot this now, but now we'll remember him.

See. Ay, we shall have now three flaps with a Fox Tail: But i'faith I'll gibber a Joint, but I'll tell him his own; stay, who comes here? O, stand up, here he comes, stand up.

Enter Hodge very fine, with a Tipstaff, Cromwell with the Macé carried before him; the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffol'k, and Attendants.

Hodge. Come, away with these Beggars here,
Rise up, Sirrah; come out, good People;
Run before there, ho.

[*Friskibal riseth, and stands afar off.*

See. Ay, we are kick'd away now, we come for our own; the time hath been he wou'd a look'd more friendly upon us: and you, *Hodge*, we know you well enough, tho' you are so fine.

Crom. Come hither, Sirrah: Stay, what Men are these? My honest Host of *Hounslow*, and his Wife;
I owe thee Money, Father, do I not?

See. Ay, by the Body of me, dost thou; wou'd thou would'st pay me, good four Pound it is, I have a the Post at home.

Crom. I know 'tis true; Sirrah, give him ten Angels,
And look your Wife and you do stay to Dinner;
And while you live, I freely give to you
Four Pound a Year, for the four Pound I ought you,

Seely. Art not chang'd, art o'd *Tom* still?
Now God blefs thee, good Lord *Tom*:
Home *Joan*, home; I'll dine with my Lord *Tom* to day,
And thou sha't come next Week,
Fetch my Cow;—home *Joan*, home.

Wife. Now God blefs thee, my good Lord *Tom*,
I'll fetch my Cow presently.

Enter Gardiner.

Crom. Sirrah, go to yon Stranger, tell him I desire him
stay to Dinner: I must speak with him.

Gar. My Lord of *Norfolk*, see you this same Bubble?
That same puff; but mark the end, my Lord, mark
the end.

Nor. I promise you, I like not something he hath done,
But let that pass; the King doth love him well.

Crom. Good morrow to my Lord of *Winchester*:
I know you bear me hard about the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Have I not Reason, when Religion is wrong'd?
You had no colour for what you have done.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of Antichrist,
And of his Popish order from our Realm:
I am no Enemy to Religion,
But that is done, it is for *England's* good:
What did thy serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy Abbots, and of full-fed Fryars?
They neither Plow, nor Sow, and yet they Reap
The Fat of all the Land, and suck the Poor:
Look what was theirs, is in King *Henry's* Hands,
His Wealth before lay in the Abbey Lands.

Gar. Indeed these things you have alledg'd, my Lord,
When, God doth know, the Infant yet unborn,
Will curse the time, the Abbies were pull'd down;
I pray you where is Hospitality?
Where now may poor distressed People go,
For to relieve their Need, or rest their Bones,
When weary Travel doth oppress their Limbs,
And where religious Men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back by a Mastive Dog:

And

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 35

And thousand, thousand——

Nor. O my Lord, no more :

Things past redress, 'tis bootless to complain.

Crom. What, shall we to the Convocation-house?

Nor. We'll follow you, my Lord, pray lead the way.

Enter old Cromwell, like a Farmer.

Old Crom. How? one *Cromwell*

Made Lord Keeper since I left *Putney*,
And dwelt in *Yorkshire*? I never heard better News;
I'll see that *Cromwell*, or it shall go hard.

Crom. My Aged Father! State set aside :

Father, on my Knee I crave your Blessing :

One of my Servants go and have him in,

At better Leisure will we talk with him.

Old Crom. Now if I die how happy were the Day,
To see this Comforts rains forth showers of Joy.

[Exit old Crom.]

Nor. This Duty in him shows a kind of Grace.

Crom. Go on before time draws on apace.

[Exeunt all but Friskibal.]

Frif. I wonder what this Lord would have with me,
His Man so strictly gave me charge to stay :
I never did offend him to my Knowledge:
Well, good or bad, I mean to bide it all,
Worse than I am now, never can befall.

Enter Banister and his Wife.

Ban. Come, Wife, I take it be almost Dinner time,
For Mr. *Newton*, and Mr. *Crosby* sent to me
Last Night, they would come dine with me,
And take their Bond in : I pray thee hie thee home.
And see that all things be in readiness.

Mrs Ban. They shall be welcome, Husband, I'll go
But is not that Man Master *Friskibal*. *(before,*

[She runs and embraces him.]

Ban. O Heav'n's! it is kind Master *Friskibal* :
Say, Sir, what hath brought you to this pass?

Frif. The same that brought you to your Misery.

Ban. Why would you not acquaint me with your state?
Is *Banister* your poor Friend forgot?

Whose Goods, whose Love, whose Life and all is yours.

Frif. I thought your Usage would be as the rest,
That had more kindness at my Hands than you,

Yet

Yet look aſcance when as they ſaw me poor.

Mrs. Ban. If *Baniſter* would bear ſo baſe a Heart,
I never would look my Husband in the Face,
But hate him as I would a Cockatrice.

Ban. And well thou mighteſt, ſhould *Baniſter* deal ſo.
Since that I ſaw you, Sir my State is mended :

And for the thouſand Pound I owe to you,
I have it ready for you, Sir at home :

And tho' I grieve your Fortune is ſo bad,
Yet that my Hap's to help you makes me glad :
And now Sir, will it please you walk with me.

Friſ. Not yet I cannot, for the Lord Chancellor,
Hath here commanded me to wait on him,
For what I know not, pray God it be for good.

Ban. Never make doubt of that, I'll warrant you,
He is as kind a noble Gentleman,
As ever did poſſeſs the Place he hath.

Mrs. Ban. Sir, my Brother is his Steward, if you pleaſe,
We'll go along and bear you Company ;
I know we ſhall not want for welcome there.

Friſ. With all my Heart, but what's become of *Bagot* ?

Ban. He is hang'd for buying Jewels of the King's.

Friſ. A juſt Reward for one ſo impious.

The Time draws on, Sir, will you go along ?

Ban. I'll follow you, kind Maſter *Friſkibal*. [*Exeunt.*
Enter two Merchants.

1 *Mer.* Now Maſter *Crosby*, I ſee you have a care
To keep your Word, in Payment of your Money.

2 *Mer.* By my Faith I have reaſon upon a Bond,
Three thouſand Pound is too much to forfeit.
Yet I doubt not Maſter *Baniſter*.

1 *Mer.* By my Faith your Sum is greater than mine,
And yet I am not much behind you too,
Conſidering that to Day I paid at Court.

2 *Mer.* Maſs, and well remembered :
What's the reaſon the Lord *Cromwell*'s Men
Wear ſuch long Skirts upon their Coats ?
They reach down to their very Hams.

1 *Mer.* I will reſolve you Sir, and thus it is ;
The Biſhop of *Wincheſter*, that loves not *Cromwell*,
As great Men are envied as well as leſs,
A while ago there was a Jar between them,

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 37

And it was brought to my Lord *Cromwell's* Ear,
That Bishop *Gardiner* would sit on his Skirts,
Upon which Word he made his Men long blue Coats,
And in the Court wore one of them himself:
And meeting with the Bishop, quoth he, my Lord,
Here's Skirts enough now for your Grace to sit on:
Which vex'd the Bishop to the very Heart;
This is the reason why they wear long Coats.

2 *Mer.* 'Tis always seen, and mark it for a Rule,
That one great Man will envy still another;
But 'tis a Thing that nothing concerns me:
What, shall we now to Master *Banister*?

1 *Mer.* Ay come, we'll pay him royally for our Dinner.
[*Exeunt*

Enter the Usher and the Shewer, the Meat goes over the Stage.
Ush. Uncover there Gentlemen.

Enter Cromwell, Bedford, Suffolk, old Cromwell, Friskiball, Goodman Seely, and Attendants

Crom. My noble Lords of *Suffolk* and *Bedford*,
Your Honours welcome to poor *Cromwell's* House,
Where is my Father? nay be cover'd, Father,
Altho' that Duty to these Noblemen doth challenge it,
Yet I'll make bold with them.

Your Head doth bear the Calendar of Care:
What? *Cromwell* cover'd, and his Father bare?
It must not be. Now Sir, to you;

Is not your Name *Friskibal*, and a *Florentine*?

Frif. My Name was *Friskibal*, 'till cruel Fate
Did rob me of my Name, and of my State.

Crom. What Fortune brought you to this Country now?

Frif. All other Parts have left me succourless,
Save only this, because of Debts I have
I hope to gain, for to relieve my Want.

Crom. Did you not once upon your *Florence* Bridge,
Help a distressed Man, robb'd by the *Bandetti*,
His Name was *Cromwell*?

Frif. I never made my Brain
A Calendar of any good I did,
I always lov'd this Nation with my Heart.

Crom. I am that *Cromwell* that you there reliev'd,
Sixteen Duckets you gave me for to cloath me,
Sixteen to bear my Charges by the Way,

And

And sixteen more I had for my Horse-hire ;
 There be those several Sums justly return'd :
 Yet it Injustice were, that serving at my Need,
 For to repay them without Interest :
 Therefore receive of me these four several Bags ;
 In each of them there is four hundred Mark,
 And bring to me the Names of all your Debtors,
 And if they will not see you paid, I will.
 O God forbid that I should see him fall,
 That helpt me in my greatest Need of all.
 Here stands my Father that first gave me Life,
 Alas what Duty is too much for him ?
 This Man in time of need did save my Life,
 And therefore cannot do too much for him ?
 By this old Man I oftentimes was fed,
 Else might I have gone supperless to Bed.
 Such kindness have I had from these three Men,
 That *Cromwell* no way can repay agen.
 Now into Dinner, for we stay too long,
 And to good Stomachs is no greater wrong. [Exeunt.

Enter Gardiner in his Study, and his Man.

Gard. Sirrah, where be those Men I caus'd to stay ?

Ser. They do attend your Pleasure, Sir, within

Gard. Bid them come hither, and stay you without,
 For by those Men the Fox of this same Land,
 That makes a Goose of better than himself,
 Must worried be unto his latest home,
 Or *Gardiner* will fail in his Intent.

As for the Dukes of *Suffolk* and of *Norfolk*,
 Whom I have sent for to come speak with me,
 However outwardly they shadow it,
 Yet in their Hearts I know they love him not.
 As for the Earl of *Bedford*, he is but one,
 And dares not gainsay what we do set down.

Enter the two Witnesses

Now my Friends, you know I sav'd your Lives
 When by the Law you had deserved Death ;
 And then you promis'd me upon your Oaths,
 To venture both your Lives to do me good.

Both W. We swore no more than what we will perform.

Gard. I take your Words, but that which you must do,
 Is service for your God, and for your King ;
 To root a Rebel from this flourishing Land,

One

One that's an Enemy unto the Church :
And therefore must you take your solemn Oaths,
That you heard *Cromwell*, the Lord Chancellor,
Did with a Dagger at King *Henry's* Heart :
Fear not to swear it, for I heard him speak it ;
Therefore we'll shield you from ensuing Harms.

2 Wit. If you will warrant us the Deed is good,
We'll undertake it.

Gard. Kneel down, and I will here absolve you both ;
This Crucifix I lay upon your Heads,
And sprinkle Holy-water on your Brows :
The Deed is meritorious that you do,
And by it shall you purchase Grace from Heav'n.

1 Wit. Now Sir, we'll undertake it, by our Souls.

2 Wit. For *Cromwell* never lov'd none of our sort.

Card. I know he doth not, and for both of you
I will prefer you to some Place of Worth.
Now get you in, untill I call for you,
For presently the Dukes mean to be here. [*Exeunt Wit.*
Cromwell sit fast, thy time's not long to reign ;
The Abbies that were pull'd down by thy means,
Is now a mean for me to pull thee down :
Thy Pride also thy own Head lights upon,
For thou art he hath chang'd Religion :
But now no more, for here the Dukes are come.

Enter Suffolk, Norfolk, and the Earl of Bedford.

Suf. Good Even to my Lord Bishop.

Nor. How fares my Lord ? what are you all alone ?

Gard. No, not alone, my Lords, my Mind is troubled :
I know your Honours muse wherefore I sent,
And in such haste : What came you from the King ?

Nor. We did, and left none but Lord *Cromwell* with him.

Gard. O what a dangerous time is this we live in ?
There's *Thomas Walsley* he's already gone,
And *Thomas Moor*, he follow'd after him :
Another *Thomas* yet there doth remain,
That is far worse than either of those Twain :
And if with Speed, my Lords, we not pursue it,
I fear the King and all the Land will rue it.

Bed. Another *Thomas* ? pray God it be not *Cromwell*.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, it is that Traitor *Cromwell*.

Bed. Is *Cromwell* false ? my Heart will never think it,

Suf.

Suf. My Lord of *Winchester*, what likelihood,
Or proof have you of this his Treachery?

Gard. My Lord, too much; call in the Men within.

Enter the Witnesses.

These Men, My Lord, upon their Oaths affirm,
That they did hear Lord *Cromwell* in his Garden,
Wished a Dagger sticking at the Heart
Of our King *Henry*: What is this but Treason?

Bed. If it be so, my Heart doth bleed with Sorrow.

Suf. How say you, Friends; what did you hear these
Words?

1 *Wit.* We did, an't like your Grace.

Nor. In what Place was Lord *Cromwell* when he spake
them?

2 *Wit.* In his Garden; where we did attend a Suit,
Which we had waited for two Years and more.

Suf. How long is't since you heard him speak these

2 *Wit.* Some half a Year since. [Words?

Bed. How chance that you conceal'd it all this time?

1 *Wit.* His Greatness made us fear; that was the cause.

Gard. Ay, ay, his Greatness, that's the cause indeed;
And to make his Treason here more manifest,
He calls his Servants to him round about,
Tells them of *Wolfey's* Life, and of his Fall,
Says that himself hath many Enemies,
And gives to some of them a Park, or Manor,
To others Leases, Lands to other some:
What need he do this in his prime of Life,
And if he were not fearful of his Death?

Suf. My Lord, these likelihoods are very great.

Bed. Pardon me, Lords, for I must needs depart;
Their Proofs are great, but greater is my Heart.

[Exit *Bedford*.

Nor. My Friends, take heed of that which you have said
Your Souls must answer what your Tongues report:
Therefore take heed, be wary what you do.

2 *Wit.* My Lord, we speak no more but truth.

Nor. Let them depart, my Lord of *Winchester*;
Let these Men be close kept until the Day of Trial.

Gard. They shall, my Lord; ho, take in these two Men.

[Exeunt *Witnesses*.

My Lords, if *Cromwell* have a publick Trial.

That

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 41

That which we do, is void by his denial ;
You know the King will credit none but him.

Nor. 'Tis true, he rules the King ev'n as he pleases.

Suf. How shall we do for to attack him then ?

Gard. Marry, my Lords, thus,
By an Act he made himself,
With an Intent to intrap some of our, Lives,
And this it is : If any Counsellor
Be convicted of High Treason,
He shall be executed without a publick Trial.
This Act, my Lords, he caus'd the King to make.

Suf. A did indeed, and I remember it,
And now it is like to fall upon himself.

Nor. Let us not slack it, 'tis for *England's* good,
We must be wary, else he'll go beyond us.

Gard. Well hath your Grace said, my Lord of *Norfolk*,
Therefore let us presently to *Lambeth*,
Thither comes *Cromwell*, from the Court to Night,
Let us arrest him, send him to the *Tower*,
And in the Morning cut off the Traitor's Head.

Nor. Come then about it, let us guard the Town,
This is the Day that *Cromwell* must go down.

Gard. Along my Lords ; well *Cromwell* is half dead.
He shak'd my Heart, but I will shave his Head. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bedford solus.

Bed. My Soul is like a Water troubled,
And *Gardner* is the Man that makes it so ;
O *Cromwell* I do fear thy End is near :
Yet I'll prevent their Malice if I can,
And in good time, see where the Man doth come,
Who little knows how near's his Day of Doom.

*Enter Cromwell with his Train, Bedford makes as if he
would speak with him : He goes on.*

Crom. You're well encountered, my good Lord of *Bed-*
Pray pardon me, I am sent for to the King, [*ford,*]
And do not know the Business yet my self,
So fare you well, for I must needs be gone.

[*Exit with his Train.*]

Bed. You must well what remedy ?
I fear too soon you must be gone indeed,
The King hath Business, but little dost thou know,
Who's busy for thy Life thou think'st not so,

Enter

Enter Cromwell, and the Train again.

Crom. The second time well met my Lord of *Bedford*:
I am very sorry that my haste is such,
Lord Marquis *Dorset* being sick to Death,
I must receive of him the Privy-seal.
At *Lambeth*, soon my Lord, we'll talk our fill.

[Exit with the Train.]

Bed. How smooth and easy is the Way to Death

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Dukes of *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*,
Accompanied with the Bishop of *Winchester*,
Intreat you to come presently to *Lambeth*,
On earnest Matters that concern the State.

Bed. To *Lambeth*, so: Go fetch me Pen and Ink,
I and Lord *Cromwell* there shall talk enough:
Ay and our last, I fear, and if he come.

He writes a Letter.

Here take this Letter, and bear it to Lord *Cromwell*,
Bid him read it, say it concerns him near,
Away, begone, make all the haste you can,
To *Lambeth* do I go a woeful Man. *[Exit.]*

Enter Cromwell and his Train.

Crom. Is the Barge ready? I will straight to *Lambeth*,
And if this one Day's Business once were past,
I'd take my ease to-Morrow after trouble.

How now my Friend, would'st thou speak with me?

(The Messenger brings the Letter, he puts it in his Pocket.)

Mes. Sir here's a Letter from my Lord of *Bedford*.

Crom. O good my Friend, commend me to thy Lord;
Hold, take these Angels, drink them for thy Pains.

Mes. He doth desire your Grace to read it,
Because he saith it doth concern you near.

Crom. Bid him assure himself of that, farewell,
To-morrow, tell him, he shall hear from me.

Set on before there, and away to *Lambeth*. *(Exeunt.)*

*Enter Winchester, Suffolk, Norfolk, Bedford, Serjeant
at Arms, the Herald, and Halberts.*

Gard. Halberts stand close unto the Water-side,
Serjeant at Arms, be bold in your Office,
Herald, deliver the Proclamation.

Her. This is to give Notice to all the King's Subjects,
The late Lord *Cromwell*, Lord Chancellor of England.

Vicar

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 43

Vicar General over the Realm,
Him to hold and esteem as a Traitor,
Against the Crown and Dignity of *England*.
God save the King.

Gard. Amen.

Bed. Amen, and root thee from the Land,
For whilst thou livest Truth cannot stand.

Nor. Make a Lane there, the Traitor is at hand.

Keep back *Cromwell's* Men :

Drown them if they come on. Serjeant your Office.

Enter Cromwell, they make a Lane with their Halberts.

Crom. What means my Lord of *Norfolk* with these
Sirs, come along. [Words ?

Gard. Kill them if they come on.

Ser. Lord *Cromwell*, in King *Henry's* Name,
I do arrest your Honour of High Treason.

Crom. Serjeant, me of Treason ?

[*Cromwell's Men offer to draw.*

Suf. Kill them, if they draw a Sword.

Crom. Hold I charge you, as you love me draw not a
Who dares accuse *Cromwell* of Treason now ? (Sword.

Gard. This is no Place to reckon up your Crime,
Your Dove-like Looks were view'd with Serpents Eyes.

Crom. With Serpents Eyes indeed, by thine they were,
But *Gardiner*, do thy worst I fear thee not.

My Faith compar'd with thine, as much surpass,
As doth the Diamond excel the Glasse.

Attach'd of Treason, no Accusers by,
Indeed what Tongue dares speak so foul a Lie ?

Nor. My Lord, my Lord, matters are too well known,
And it is time the King hath note thereof.

Crom. The King, let me go to him Face to Face,
No better Trial I desire than that,

Let him but say, that *Cromwell's* Faith was feign'd,
Then let my Honour and my Name be stain'd ;

If e're my Heart against the King was set,
O let my Soul in Judgment answer it :

Then if my Faith's confirm'd With his Reason,
'Gainst Whom hath *Cromwell* then committed Treason.

Suf. My Lord, your Matter shall be tried.
Mean time With Patience content your self.

Crom. Perforce I must With Patience be content :

O dear Friend *Bedford*, dost thou stand so near?

Cromwell rejoyceth, one Friend sheds a Tear:

And whither is't? which way must *Cromwell* now?

Gard. My Lord, you must unto the *Tower*:

Lieutenant, take him to your Charge.

Crom. Well, where you please; yet before I part,
Let me confer a little with my Men,

Gard. As you go by Water so you shall.

Crom. I have some Business present to impart.

Nor. You may not stay, Lieutenant, take your Charge.

Crom. Well, well, my Lord; you second *Gardiner's* Text.

Norfolk, farewell, thy turn will be the next.

[*Exit Cromwell and the Lieutenant.*]

Gard. His guilty Conscience makes him rave, my Lord.

Nor. Ay, let him talk, his time is short enough.

Gard. My Lord of *Bedford*, come, you weep for him,
That would not shed a Tear for you.

Bed. It grieves me for to see his sudden Fall.

Gard. Such Success wish I unto Traitors all. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter two Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Why? can this news be true? is't possible?
The great Lord *Cromwell* arrested upon High Treason,
I hardly will believe it can be so.

2. *Cit.* It is too true, Sir, would it were otherwise,
Condition I spent half the Wealth I have;
I was at *Lambeth*, saw him there arrested,
And afterwards committed to the *Tower*.

1 *Cit.* What was't for Treason that he was committed?

2 *Cit.* Kind Noble Gentleman: I may rue the time;
All that I have, I did enjoy by him,
And if he die, then all my State is gone.

1 *Cit.* It may be hoped that he shall not die,
Because the King did favour him so much.

2 *Cit.* O Sir, you are deceiv'd in thinking so:
The Grace and Favour he had with the King,
Hath caus'd him to have so many Enemies:
He that in Court secure will keep himself,
Must not be great, for then he is envied at.
The Shrub is safe, when as the Cedar shakes,
For where the King doth love above compare,
Of others they as much more envied are.

1 *Cit.* 'Tis pity that this Nobleman should fall,
He did so many charitable Deeds.

2 *Cit.*

2 Cit. 'Tis true, and yet you see in each Estate,
There's none so good, but some one doth him hate,
And they before would smile him in the Face,
Will be the foremost to do him disgrace:
What, will you go along unto the Court?

1 Cit. I care not if I do, and hear the News,
How Men will judge what will become of him.

2 Cit. Some Men will speak hardly, some will speak in pity
Go you to the Court. I'll go into the City,
There I am sure to hear more News than you.

1 Cit. Why then soon will we meet again, [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cromwell in the Tower.

Crom. Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to meditate,
And think upon thy state, and of the time:
Thy Honours came unsought, ay, and unlook'd for;
They fall as sudden, and unlook'd for too:
What Glory was in England that had I not?
Who in this Land commanded more than Cromwell?
Except the King, who greater than my self?
But now I see what after ages shall,
The greater Men, more sudden is their Fall.
And now I do remember, the Earl of Bedford
Was very desirous for to speak to me:
And afterwards sent unto me a Letter,
The which I think I have still in my Pocket.
Now may I read it, for I now have leisure,
And this I take it is. [*He reads the Letter.*]

My Lord, come not this Night to Lambeth,

For if you do, your State is overthrowen.

And much I doubt your Life, and if you come:

Then if you love your self, stay where you are.

O God, had I but read this Letter,
Then had I been free from the Lion's Paw:
Deferring this to read until to Morrow,
I spurn'd at Joy, and did embrace my Sorrow.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower and Officers.

Now, Master Lieutenant, when's this Day of Death?

Lieu. Alas, my Lord, would I might never see it:
Here are the Dukes of Suffolk, and of Norfolk,
Winchester, Bedford, and Sir Richard Ratcliff,
With others, but why they come I know not.

Crom. No matter wherefore, Cromwell is prepar'd,

For

For *Gardiner* has my Life and state insnar'd :
 Bid them come in, or you shall do them wrong,
 For here stands he, whom some think lives too long.
 Learning kills Learning, and instead of Ink
 To dip his Pen, *Cromwell's* Heart-blood doth drink,
Enter all the Nobles.

Nor. Good morrow, *Cromwell*, what, alone so sad ?

Crom. One good among you, none of you are bad :
 For my part, it best fits me be alone,
 Sadness with me, not I with any one.

What, is the King acquainted with my Cause ?

Nor. We have, and he hath answered us, my Lord.

Crom. How shall I come to speak with him myself ?

Gard. The King is so advertised of your Guilt,
 He will by no means admit you to his Presence.

Crom. No way admit me ! am I so soon forgot ?
 Did he but yesterday embrace my Neck,
 And said that *Cromwell* was even half himself,
 And are his Princely Ears so much bewitch'd
 With scandalous Ignominy, and stand'rous Speeches,
 That now he doth deny to look on me ?

Well, my Lord of *Winchester*, no doubt but you
 Are much in Favour with his Majesty,
 Will you bear a Letter from me to his Grace ?

Gar. Pardon me, I'll bear no Traitor's Letters.

Crom. Ha, will you do this kindness then ?
 Tell him by word of Mouth what I shall say to you.

Gar. That will I.

Crom. But on your Honour will you ?

Gar. Ay, on my Honour.

Crom. Bear witness, Lords.

Tell him, when he hath known you,
 And try'd your Faith but half so much as mine,
 He'll find you to be the falsest hearted Man
 In *England* : Pray tell him this.

Bed. Be patient, good my Lord, in these Extremities.

Crom. My kind and honourable Lord of *Bedford*,
 I know your Honour always lov'd me well,
 But, pardon me, this still shall be my Theme,
Gardiner's the cause makes *Cromwell* so extream :
Sir Ralph Sadler, pray a word with you ;
 You were my Man, and all that you possess

Came

of Thomas Lord Cromwell. 47

Came by my means, to requite all this,
Will you take this Letter here of me,
And give it with your own Hands to the King.

Sad. I kiss your Hand, and never will I rest,
Ere to the King this be delivered. [Exit Sadler.]

Crom. Why yet *Cromwell* hath one Friend in store.

Gard. But all the haste he makes shall be but vain;
Here's a discharge for your Prisoner,
To see him executed presently:

My Lord, you here the tenor of your Life.

Crom. I do embrace it, welcome my last date,

And of this glittering World I take last leave,

And, Noble Lords, I take my leave of you:

As willingly I go to meet with Death,

As *Gardiner* did pronounce it with his Breath:

From Treason is my Heart as white as Snow.

My Death only procured by my Foe:

I pray commend me to my Sovereign King,

And tell him in what sort his *Cromwell* dy'd,

To lose his Head before his Cause was try'd;

But let his Grace, when he shall hear my Name,

Say only this, *Gardiner* procur'd the same.

Enter young Cromwell.

Lieu. Here is your Son come to take his leave.

Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, *Harry Cromwell*

Mark, Boy, the last words that I speak to thee;

Flatter not Fortune, neither fawn upon her;

Gape not for State, yet lose no spark of Honour;

Ambition, like the Plague, see thou eschew it.

I die for Treason, Boy, and never knew it;

Yet let thy Faith as spotless be as mine,

And *Cromwell's* Virtues in thy Face shall shine:

Come, go along and see me leave my Breath,

And I'll leave thee upon the floor of Death.

Son. O Father, I shall die to see that Wound,
Your Blood being spilt will make my Heart to sound.

Crom. How, Boy, not look upon the Axe?
How shall I do then to have my Head strook off?

Come on, my Child, and see the end of all,

And after say, that *Gardiner* was my Fall.

Gard. My Lord you speak it of an envious Heart,
I have done no more than Law and Equity.

Bed. O, my good Lord of *Winchester*, forbear;

48 *The Life and Death, &c.*

It would better seem'd you to been absent,
Than with your Words disturb a dying Man.

Crom. Who me, my Lord? no: he disturbs not me,
My Mind he stirs not, tho' his mighty Shock
Hath brought more Peers Heads down to the Block.
Farewel, my Boy, all *Cromwell* can bequeath,
My hearty Blessing, so I take my leave.

Han. I am your Death's Man, pray my Lord forgive me.

Cro. Ev'n with my Soul, why Man thou art my Doctor,
And bring'st me precious Physick for my Soul;
My Lord of *Bedford*, I desire of you,
Before my Death, a corporal Embrace.

[*Bedford comes to him, Cromwell embraces him.*
Farewell, great Lord, my Love I do commend:
My Heart to you, my Soul to Heav'n I send;
This is my Joy, that e'er my Body fleet,
Your honour'd Arms is my true Winding-sheet;
Farewell, dear *Bedford*, my Peace is made in Heav'n;
Thus falls great *Cromwell* a poor Ell in length.
Torn'd to unmeasur'd height, wring'd with new strength.
The Lands of Worms, which dying Men discover,
My Soul is shrin'd with Heaven's Celestial cover.

[*Exeunt Cromwell and the Officers, and others.*

Bed. Well, farewell *Cromwell*, the truest Friend
That ever *Bedford* shall possess again;
Well, Lords, I fear when this Man is dead,
You'll wish in vain that *Cromwell* had a Head.

Enter one with Cromwell's Head.

Offic. Here is the Head of the Deceased *Cromwell*.

Bed. Pray thee go hence, and bear his Head away,
Unto his Body, inter them both in Clay.

Enter Sir Ralph Sadler.

Sad. How now, my Lords, what is Lord *Cromwell* dead?

Bed. Lord *Cromwell*'s Body now doth want a Head.

Sad. O God, a little Speed had sav'd his Life,
Here is a kind Reprieve come from the King,
To bring him straight unto his Majesty.

Suf. Ay, ay, Sir *Ralph*, Reprieves come now too late.

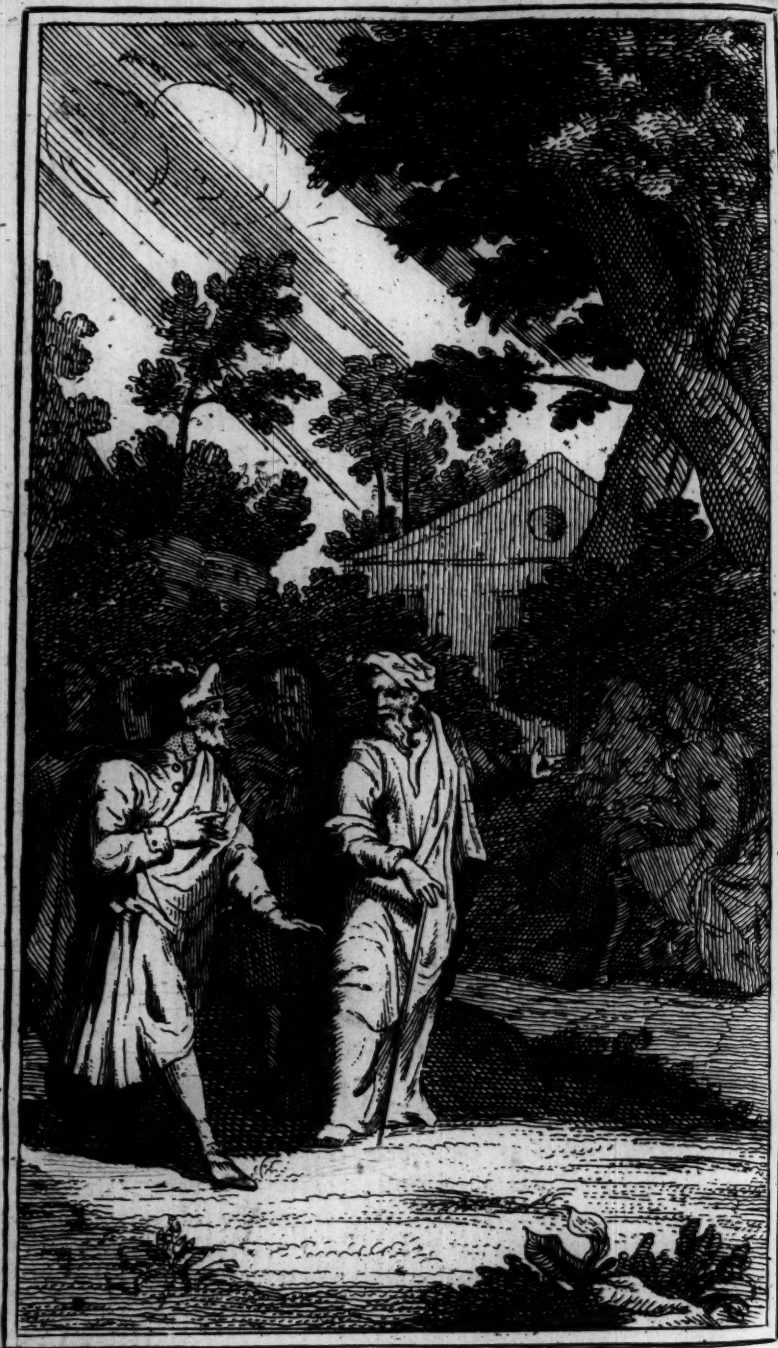
Gar. My Conscience now tells me this Deed was ill;
Would Christ that *Cromwell* were alive again.

Nor. Come let us to the King, whom well I know,
Will grieve for *Cromwell*, that his Death was so. [*Ex. om.*

F 21 A 1 N 90 I S.

MUSEUM





Smith Sc.

THE
TEMPEST.
A
COMEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakespear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Alonso, *King of Naples.*
Sebastian, *his Brother.*
Prospero, *the right Duke of Millan.*
Anthonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of*
Millan.
Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor.*
Adrian, and Francisco, *Lords.*
Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*
Trinculo, *a Jester.*
Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*
Ariel, *an aiery Spirit.*
Iris,
Ceres,
Juno,
Nymphs,
Reapers,

} *Spirits.*



SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*

THE



THE
T E M P E S T.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A tempestuous Noise of Thunder and Lightning heard:
Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.*

M A S T E R.



Boatswain.

Boatsf. Here Master: What cheer?

Maft. Good, ſpeak to th' Mariners:
Fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelves
a-ground, beſtir, beſtir.

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey my Hearts, cheerly my Hearts; yare,
yare; take in the Top-ſail; tend to th' Maſter's Whiſtle;
Blow 'till thou burſt thy Wind, if room enough.

*Enter Alonſo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand,
Gonzalo, and others.*

Alon. Good Boatswain have care: Where's the Maſter?
Play the Men.

Boatsf. I pray now keep below.

Ant. Where is the Maſter, Boatswain?

A 2

Boatsf.

Boatf. Do you not hear him? You mar our Labour; Keep your Cabins; you do assist the Storm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boatf. When the Sea is; hence. What care these Roarers for the Name of King? To Cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatf. None that I love more than myself. You are a Counsellor; if you can command these Elements to Silence, and work the Peace of the Present, we will not hand a Rope more; use your Authority: If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long and make yourself ready in your Cabin for the Mischance of the Hour, if it so hap. Cheerly good Hearts; Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Gonz. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks he hath no drowning Mark upon him; his Complexion is perfect Gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own doth little Advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our Case is miserable.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Boatswain.

Boat. Down with the Top-Mast: Yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with Main Course. A Plague ———

A cry within. *Enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.* upon this Howling: they are louder than the Weather, or our Office. Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a Mind to sink?

Seba. A pox o' your Throat, you bawling blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Boat. Work you then.

Ant. Hang Cur, hang, you Whoreson insolent Noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, tho' the Ship were no stronger than a Nut-shell, and as leaky as an un-stanch'd Wench.

Boat. Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two Courses off to Sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to Prayers, to Prayers! all lost!

Boat. What must our Mouths be cold?

Gon.

Gon. The King and Prince are at Prayers, let's assist them, for our Case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of Patience.

Ant. We are meerly cheated of our Lives by Drunkards. This wide-chopt Rascal——would thou might'st lie drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Tho' every drop of Water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him. [*A confused Noise within.*
Mercy on us.

We split, we split : Farewel my Wife and Children,
Farewel Brother : We split, we split, we split.

Ant. Let's all sink with the King.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand Furlongs of Sea
for an Acre of barren Ground : Long Heath, brown Furze
any thing ; the Wills above be done, but I would fain die
a dry Death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by our Art (my dearest Father) you have
Put the wild Waters in this Roar, allay them :
The Sky it seems would pour down stinking Pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' Welkins Cheek,
Dashes the Fire out O ! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer : A brave Vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble Creature in her)
Dash'd all to Pieces. Oh ! the Cry did knock
Against my very Heart : Poor Souls, they perished,
Had I been any God of Power, I would
Have sunk the Sea within the Earth, or e'er
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting Souls within her.

Pro. Be collected ;
No more Amazement ; tell your piteous Heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo, the Day !

Pro. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee
(Of thee my dear one, thee my Daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing

Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
Than *Prospero*, Master of a full poor Cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know

Did never meddle with thy Thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy Hand,
And pluck my magick Garment from me: So!
Lie there my Art. Wipe thou thine Eyes, have Comfort.
The direful Spectacle of the Wrack, which touch'd
The very Virtue of Compassion in thee,
I have with such Compassion in mine Art
So safely order'd, that there is no Soul lost,
No not so much Perdition as an Hair
Betide to any Creature in the Vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: Sit
For thou must now know farther. [down,

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And let me to the bootless Inquisition;
Concluding, Stay, not yet.

Pro. The Hour's now come,

The very Minute bids thee ope thine Ear,
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this Cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three Years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other House, or Person?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy Remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a Dream, than an Assurance
That my Remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five Women once that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: But how is it
That this lives in thy Mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and Abyfine of Time
If thou remembrest ought e'er thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro.

Pro. Twelve Year since, *Miranda*, twelve Year since
Thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and
A Prince of Power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pro. Thy Mother was a piece of Virtue, and
She said thou wast my Daughter; and thy Father
Was Duke of *Millan*, and his only Heir
And Princeps; no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the Heav'ns,
What foul Play had we that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my Girl:
By foul Play (as thou sayest) were we heav'd thence,
But blessed help hither.

Mira. O my Heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my Remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My Brother and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*——
I pray thee mark me, that a Brother should
Be so perfidious! He, whom next thy self
Of all the World I lov'd, and to him put
The Manage of my State; as at that time
Through all the Signories it was the first,
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In Dignity; and for the Liberal Arts,
Without a Parallel; those being all my Study;
The Government I cast upon my Brother,
And to my State grew Stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret Studies. Thy false Uncle ——
(Dost thou attend me)?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant Suits,
How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The Creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd em; having both the Key
Of Officer and Office, set all Hearts o'th' State
To what Tune pleas'd his Ear, that now he was
The Ivy which had hid my princely Trunk.
And suckt my Verdure out on't Thou attend'st not?

Mira. O good Sir. I do.

Pro. I pray thee mark me:

I thus neglecting worldly Ends, all dedicated
 To Closeness, and the bettering of my Mind
 With that which but by being retired
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate; in my false Brother
 Awak'd an evil Nature, and my Trust,
 Like a good Parent, did beget of him
 A Falshood in its contrary, as great
 As my Trust was; which had indeed no Limit,
 A Confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,
 Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
 But what my Power might else exact; like one
 Who having into Truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a Sinner of his Memory
 To credit his own Lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the Duke, out o' th' Substitution
 And executing th' outward Face of Royalty
 With all Prerogative. Hence his Ambition growing---
 Dost thou here?

Mira. Your Tale, Sir, would cure Deafness.

Pro. To have no Screen between this Part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
 Absolute *Millan*; me, poor Man, my Library
 Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal Royalties
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
 (So dry he was for Sway) wi' th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual Tribute, do him Homage,
 Subject his Coronet to his Crown, and bend
 The Dukedom yet unbow'd (alas poor *Millan*!)
 To much ignoble stooping.

Mira. Oh the Heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his Condition, and th' Event, then tell me
 If this might be a Brother.

Mira. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my Grand-mother:
 Good Wombs have born bad Sons.

Pro. Now the Condition:
 This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
 To me inveterate, harkens my Brother's Suit;
 Which was, That he in lieu o' th' Premises,
 Of Homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedom, and confer fair *Millan*,

With

With all the Honours, on my Brother. Whereon
A treacherous Army levi'd, one Midnight,
Fated to th' Purpose, did *Antonio* open
The Gates of *Millan*, and i' th' dead of Darknes
The Minister for th' Purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack for pity !

I not remembring how I cry'd out then
Will cry it o'er again ; it is a hint
That wrings mine Eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present Business
Which now's upon's, without the which this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That Hour destroy us ?

Pro. Well demanded, Wench ;
My Tale provokes that Question. Dear, they durst not ;
So dear the Love my People bore me : Nor set
A Mark so bloody on the Business ; but
With Colours fairer painted their foul Ends,
In few ; they hurried us aboard a Bark,
Bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten Carcass of a Boat, not rigg'd,
Nor Tackle, nor Sail, nor Mast ; the very Rats
Instinctively had quit it : There they hoist us
To cry to th' Sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh
To th' Winds, whose Pity fighting back again
Did us but loving Wrong.

Mira. Alack ! what Trouble
Was I then to you ?

Pro. O ! a Cherubim
Thou wast that did preserve me : Thou didst smile,
Infused with a Fortitude from Heav'n,
When I have deck'd the Sea with Drops full salt,
Under my Burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undergoing Stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore ?

Pro. By Providence divine ;
Some Food we had, and some fresh Water, that

A noble *Neapolitan Gonzalo*,
 Out of his Charity (who being then appointed
 Master of this Design) did give us, with
 Rich Garments, Linnen, Stuffs, and Neccessaries
 Which since have fledded much. So of his Gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd my Books, he furnished me
 From my own Library, with Volumes, that
 I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
 But ever see that Man.

Pro. Now I arise,
 Sit still, and hear the last of our Sea-sorrow,
 Here in this Island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy School-master, made thee more profit
 Than other Princes can, that have more time
 For vainer Hours, and Tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't; and now I pray you,
 (For still 'tis beating in my-Mind) your Reason (Sir,
 For raising this Sea storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
 By Accident most strange, bountiful Fortune
 (Now my dear Lady) hath mine Enemies
 Brought to this Shore: And by my Prescience
 I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
 A most auspicious Star, whose Influence
 If now I court not, but omit, my Fortunes
 Will ever after droop: Here cease more Questions,
 Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good Dulness,
 And give it way; I know thou can'st not chuse.
 Come away, Servant, come; I am ready now,
 Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail! I come
 To answer thy best Pleasure. Be it to fly;
 To swim, to dive into the Fire; to ride
 On the curl'd Clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his Quality.

Pro. Hast thou, Spirit,
 Perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.

I boarded the King's Ship: Now on the Beak,
 Now in the Wasse, the Deck, in every Cabin,
 I flam'd

I flam'd Amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many Places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. *Jove's* Lightning the Precursers
O'th' dreadful Thunder Claps, more momentary
And Sight out-running were not; the Fire and Cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold Waves tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

Pro. My brave Spirit,
Who was so firm, so constant, that this Coil
Would not infect his Reason?

Ari. Not a Soul
But felt a Feaver of the Mind, and plaid
Some tricks of Desperation: All but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Vessel,
Then all a fire with me: The King's Son *Ferdinand*
With Hair up-staring (then like Reeds, not Hair)
Was the first Man that leapt; cry'd Hell is empty,
And all the Devils are here.

Pro. Why that's my Spirit,
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a Hair perished:
On their sustaining Garments not a Blemish,
But fresher than before; and as thou badst me,
In Troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the Isle:
The King's Son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the Air with Sighs,
In an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting,
His Arms in this sad Knot.

Pro. Of the King's Ship,
The Mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' th' Fleet?

Ari. Safely in Harbour,
Is the King's Ship; in the deep Nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at Midnight, to fetch Dew
From the still-vest *Bermoothes*, there she's hid:
The Mariners all under Hatches flow'd,
Who, with a Charm joined to their suffered Labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest 'o th' Fleet

(Which

(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,
Supposing that they saw the King's Ship wrackt,
And his great Person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy Charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work:
What is the Time o'th' Day?

Ari. Past the mid Season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more Toil? Since thou dost give me Pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My Liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? No more.

Ari. I prethee

Remember I have done thee worthy Service,
Told thee no Lies, made no Mistakings, serv'd
Without or Grudge, or Grumbings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full Year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a Torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and thinkest it much to tread the Ooze
Of the salt Deep;

To run upon the sharp Wind of the North,
To do me Business in the Veins o'th' Earth
When it is bak'd with Frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou liest malignant Thing: Hast thou forgot
The foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy
Was grown into a Hoop? Hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me,

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must

Once in a Month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgetest. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*

For

For Mischiefs manifold, and Sorceries terrible
To enter human Hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'st was banish'd: For one thing she did
They would not take her Life. Is this not true!

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Sailors: thou my Slave,
As thou report'st thy self, was then her Servant,
And, for thou wast a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhorr'd Commands,
Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most unmitigable Rage,
Into a cloven Pine; within which Rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen Years, within which Space she dy'd,
And left thee there: Where thou didst vent thy Groans
As fast as Mill wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the Son that she did litter here
A frekel'd Whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human Shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her Son.

Pro. Dull Thing, I say so: He that *Caliban*
Whom now I keep in Service. Thou best know'st
What Torment I did find thee in; thy Groans
Did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breasts
Of ever-angry Bears; it was a Torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: It was mine Art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, Master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak
And peg thee in his knotty Entrails, 'till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve Winters.

Ari. Pardon, Master.

I will be correspondent to Command,
And do my Spriting gently.

Pro. Do so: And after two Days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble Master:
What shall I do? Say what? What shall I do?

Pro.

Pro. Go make thyself like to a Nymph o' th' Sea:
Be subject to no Sight but mine: Invisible
To every Eye-ball else. Go take this Shape,
And hither come in't: Go hence
With Diligence.

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear Heart awake, thou hast slept well,
Awake.

Mira. The Strangeness of your Story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
We'll visit *Caliban*, my Slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a Villain, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Pro. But as 'tis

We cannot miss him: He does make our Fire,
Fetch in our Wood, and serves Offices
That profit us. What ho! Slave! *Caliban*!
Thou Earth thou! speak.

Cal. (*within.*) There's Wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say, there's other Business for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when —

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine Apparition; my quaint *Ariel*,
Heark in thine Ear.

Ari. My Lord, it shall be done.

[Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous Slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked Dam; come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother brush'd
With Ravens Feather from unwhomom Fen,
Drop on you both: A South-west blow on ye,
And blister ye all o'er.

Pro. For this, be sure, to Night thou shalt have Cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy Breath up, Urchins
Shall, for that Vast of Night that they may work,
All exercise on thee. Thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as Honey-comb, each Pinch more stinging
Than Bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my Dinner;
This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first
Thou

Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; Would'st give
Water with Berries in't; and teach me how [me
To name the bigger Light, and how the less,
That burn by Day and Night: And then I lov'd thee,
And shewed thee all the Qualities o' the Isle,
The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren Place and fertile.
Curs'd be I that I did so! All the Charms
Of *Sycorax*; Toads, Beetles, Bats light on you!
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own King: And here you sty me
In this hard Rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the Island.

Pro. Thou most lying Slave,
Whom Stripes may move, not Kindness; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with human Care, and lodg'd
In mine own Cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The Honour of my Child.

Cal. Oh, oh, oh, oh, would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Mira. Abhorred Slave;
Which any Print of Goodness will not take.
Being capable of all: I pitied thee,
Took Pains to make thee speak, taught thee each Hour
One thing or other: When thou didst not, Savage,
Know thine own Meaning; but would'st gabble, like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy Purposes
With Words that made them known. But thy vile Race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this Rock, who hadst
Deserv'd more than a Prison.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my Profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: The Red-plague rid you
For learning me your Language.

Por. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in Fewel, and be quick, thou wer't best
To answer other Business: Shrug'st thou, Malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old Cramps,
Fill all thy Bones with Aches, make thee roar,

That

That Beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

I must obey, his Art is of such Power,
It would controul my Dam's God *Setebos*,
And make a Vassal of him.

Pro. So Slave, hence.

[*Exit Caliban.*]

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL's SONG.

Come unto these yellow Sands,
And then take Hands,
Curt'sied when you have, and kist,
The wild Waves whist;

Foot it featly here and there, and sweet Sprights bear
The Burthen. [Burthen dispersedly.]

Hark hark bough-wawgh: The Watch-Dogs bark,
Bough-wawgh.

Ari. Hark bark, I hear

The Strain of strutting Chanticleer,
Cry Cock-adoodle-do.

Fer. Where should this Musick be? I'th' Air or th'
It sounds no more: And sure it waits upon (Earth?)
Some God o'th' Island, sitting on a Bank,
Weeping again the King my Father's Wreck,
This Musick crept by me upon the Waters,
Allaying both their Fury, and my Passion
With its sweet Air: Thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather; but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

Full Fathom five thy Father lies,
Of his Bones are Coral made:
Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea change,
Into something rich, and strange.
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his Knell.

[Burthen: ding-dong.]

Hark now I hear them, ding-dong Bell.

Fer.

Fer. The Ditty does remember my drown'd Father;
This is no mortal Business, nor no Sound
That the Earth owes: I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed Curtains of thine Eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't, a Spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave Form. But 'tis a Spirit.

Pro. No Wench it eats, and sleeps, and hath such Senses
As we have; such. This Gallant which thou see'st
Was in this Wreck: And but he's something stain'd
With Grief (that Beauty's Canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly Person. He hath lost his Fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A Thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see,
As my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit, I'll free thee
Within two Days for this.

Fer. Most sure the Goddess
On whom these Ayres attend! Vouchsafe my Pray'r
May know if you remain upon this Island,
And that you will some good Instruction give
How I may bear me here: My prime Request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you Wonder,
If you be made or no?

Mira. No Wonder, Sir,
But certainly a Maid.

Fer. My Language! Heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this Speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wert thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And that he does, I weep: My self am *Naples*,
Who with mine Eyes (never since at Ebb) beheld
The King my Father wrackt.

Mira. Alack, for Mercy!

Fer. Yes faith, and all his Lords; the Duke of *Millan*
And his brave Son, being twain.

Pro.

Pro. The Duke of *Millan*.

And his more braver Daughter could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't : at the first Sight
They have chang'd Eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this. A Word, good Sir,
I fear you have done yourself some Wrong, A Word,

Mira. Why speaks my Father so ungently ? This
Is the third Man that e'er I saw ; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for : Pity move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth ; I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft Sir, one Word more.
They are both in either's Pow'r : But this swift Business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the Prize light. One Word more ; I charge thee
That thou attend me ; thou dost here usurp
The Name thou owest not, and hast put thyself
Upon this Island, as a Spy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I a Man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple.
If the ill Spirit have so fair a House,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.
Speak you not for him : He's a Traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy Neck and Feet together ;
Sea Water shalt thou drink, thy Food shall be
The fresh-brook Muscles, wither'd Roots, and Husks
Wherein the Acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such Entertainment, 'till
Mine Enemy has more Pow'r.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mira. O dear Father,
Make not too rash a Trial of him ; for
He's gentle and not fearful.

Pro. What I say,
My Foot my Tutor ? Put thy Sword up, Traitor,
Who mak'st a Shew, but dar'st not strike ; thy Conscience
Is possess'd with Guilt ? Come from thy Ward,

Fer

For I can here disarm thee with this Stick,
And make thy Weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, Father.

Pro. Hence : Hang not on my Garment.

Mira. Sir, have Pity ;

I'll be his Surety.

Pro. Silence ; one Word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What
An Advocate for an Impostor? Hush!

Thou think'st there are no more such Shapes as he,
(Having seen but him and *Caliban*) foolish Wench,
To th'most of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My Affections

Are the most humble: I have no Ambition
To see a goodlier Man.

Pro. Come on, obey :

Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again,
And have no Vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :

My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up.
My Father's loss, the Weakness which I feel,
The Wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's Threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my Prison once a Day
Behold this Maid : All Corners else o' th' Earth
Let Liberty make use of ; Space enough
Have I, in such a Prison.

Pro. It works: Come on.

Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: Follow me,
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My Father's of a better Nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech : This is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free

As Mountain Winds ; but then exactly do
All Points of my Command.

Ari. To th' Syllable.

Pro. Come follow : Speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T

ACT II. SCENE. I.

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gonz. **B**Eseech you Sir, be merry: You have Cause
(So have we all) of Joy; for our Escape
Is much beyond our Loss; our Hint of Woe
Is common every Day, some Sailor's Wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant
Have just our Theam of Woe: But for the Miracle,
(I mean our Preservation) few in Millions
Can speak like us: Then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our Sorrow with our Comfort.

Alon. Prithee Peace.

Seb. He receives Comfort like cold Porridge.
The Visitor will not give over so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the Watch of his Wit.
By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,

Seb. On: Tell.

Gon. When every Grief is entertain'd
That's offer'd; comes to the Entertainer——

Seb. A Dolour.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you have spoken
truer than you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you

Gon. Therefore, my Lord. [should.

Ant. Fie, what a Spend-thrift is he of his Tongue?

Alon. I prithee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good Wager,
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cock.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The Wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A Match.

Adr. Though this Island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: You're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet.

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not mis's't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate Temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate Wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The Air breaths upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a Fen.

Gon. Here is every Thing advantagious to Life.

Ant. True, save Means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the Grass looks?

How green?

Ant. The Ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an Eye of green in't.

Ant. He misse's not much.

Seb. No: He does but mistake the Truth totally.

Gon. But the Rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond Credit——

Seb. As many voucht Rarities are.

Gon. That our Garments, being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses being rather new dy'd than stain'd with salt Water.

Ant. If but one of his Pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his Report.

Gon. Methinks our Garment are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Affrick*, at the Marriage of the King's fair Daughter *Claribel*, to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet Marriage, and we prosper well in our Return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since Widow *Dido*'s time.

Ant. Widow? a Pox o'that: How came that Widow in? Widow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said Widower *Aeneas* too?
Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you *Carthage*.

Ant. His Word is more than the miraculous Harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the Wall, and Houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he Make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Island home in his Pocket, and give it his Son for an Apple.

Ant. And sowing the Kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our Garments seem now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the Marriage of your Daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, Widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, Widow *Dido*? Ay, Widow *Dido*.

Gon. Is not my Doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first Day I wore it? I mean in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your Daughter's Marriage.

Alon. You cram these Words into mine Ears against The Stomach of my Sense. Would I had never Married my Daughter there! For coming thence My Son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from *Italy* removed, I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine Heir Of *Naples* and of *Millan*, what strange Fish Hath made his Meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the Surges under him,
And ride upon their Backs he trod the Water,
Whose Enmity he flung aside; and breast'd
The Surge most swollen that met him: His bold Head
'Bove the contentious Waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good Arms in lusty Strokes
To th'Shore; that o'er his wave born Basis bow'd
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great Loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your Eye,
Who hath Cause to wet the Grief on't.

Alon. Prethee Peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us: And the fair Soul her self
Weigh'd between Loathness and Obedience, at
Which End the Beam should bow. We have lost your
I fear for ever: *Millan* and *Naples* have [Son
More Windows in them of this business making,
Than we bring Men to comfort them:
The Fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o'th' Loss.

Gon. My Lord *Sebastian*,
The Truth you speak doth lack some Gentleness
And Time to speak it in: You rub the Sore
When you should bring the Plaister.

Seb. Very Well.

Ant. And most Chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul Weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul Weather?

Ant. Very Foul.

Gon. Had I the Plantation of this Isle, my Lord.

Ant. He'd sow't with Nettle-feed.

Seb. Or Docks, or Mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of Wine.

Gon. I'th' Commonwealth I would, by contraries,
Execute all things: For no kind of Traffick
Would I admit; not Name of Magistrate;
Letters should not be known; Riches, Poverty,
And use of Service, none; Contract, Succession,
Bourn, Bound of Land, Tith, Vineyard none;
No use of Metal, Corn, or Wine, or Oyl;
No Occupation, all Men idle, all,
And Women too; but innocent and pure;
No Sovereignty.

Seb. Yet he would be King on't.

Ant.

Ant. The latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common Nature should produce Without Sweat or Endeavour. Treason, Felony, Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or need of any Engine Would I not have, but Nature should bring forth, Of its own kind, all Foyzon, all Abundance To feed my innocent People.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his Subjects?

Ant. None, Man; all idle; Whores and Knaves.

Gon. I would with such Perfection govern, Sir, T' excell the Golden Age:

Seb. Save your Majesty.

Ant. Long live Gonzalo.

Gon. And do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Prithee no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness, and did it to minister Occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such nimble Lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: So you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a Blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of brave Metal; you would lift the Moon out of her Sphere, if she would continue in it five Weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel playing solemn Musick,

Seb. We would so, and then go a Bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my Lord be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not adventure my Discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy.

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish mine Eyes Would with themselves, shut up my Thoughts: I find they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy Offer of it:
It seldom visits Sorrow; when it doth,
It is a Comforter.

Ant. We two, my Lord

Will guard your Person, while you take your Rest.

And watch your Safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

[*All Sleep but Seb. and Ant.*]

Seb. What a strange Drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the Quality o' th' Climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our Eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my Spirits are nimble:

They fell together all, as by Consent

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke. What might

Worthy *Sebastian*——O, what might——no more.

And yet, methinks I see it in thy Face:

What thou shouldst be: The Occasion speaks thee, and

My strong Imagination sees a Crown

Dropping upon thy Head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely

It is a sleepy Language, and thou speak'st

Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?

This is a strange Repose, to be asleep

With Eyes wide open: Standing, speaking, moving,

And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy Fortune sleep; die rather: Wink'st

Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy Snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my Custom. You

Must be so too, if you heed me; which to do,

Troubles thee o'er.

Seb. Well: I am standing Water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the Purpose cherish,

Whilst thus you mock it; how in stripping it

You more invest it: Ebbing Men, indeed,

Most often do so near the Bottom run,

By their own Fear or Sloth.

B.

Seb.

Seb. Prithee say on,
The setting of thine Eye and Cheek proclaim
A Matter from thee; and a Birth, indeed,
Which throws thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:

Altho' this Lord of weak Remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little Memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perswaded
(For he's a Spirit of Persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King his Son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no Hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no Hope,
What great Hope have you: No Hope that way, is
Another way so high an Hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a Wink beyond,
But doubt Discovery there. Will you grant with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me who's the next Heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten Leagues beyond Man's Life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no Note, unless the Sun were Post,
The Man i' th' Moon's too slow, 'till new born Chins
Be rough, and razorable; she from whom
We all were Sea-swallow'd, tho' some cast again,
And by that Destiny to perform an Act;
Whereof, what's past in Prologue, what to come
In your's, and my Discharge——

Seb. What Stuff is this? How say you?
'Tis true, my Brother's Daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she Heir of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is some Space.

Ant. A Space whose ev'ry Cubit
Seems to cry out, How shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back by *Naples*? keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were Death
That now hath seiz'd them, why they were no worse
Than now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*

As well as he that sleeps; Lords, that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A Cough of as deep Chat; O, that you bore
The Mind that I do; what a Sleep were this
For your Advancement? Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your Content
Tender your own good Fortune?

Seb. I remember

You did supplant your Brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True.

And look how well my Garments fit upon me,
Much feater than before My Brother's Servants
Were then my Fellows, now they are my Men.

Seb. But for your Conscience.

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that? If 'twere a Kybe
'Twould put me to my Slipper: But I feel not
This Deity in my Bosom. Twenty Consciences
That stand 'twixt me and *Millan*, candied be they,
And melt e'er they molest. Here lyes your Brother;
No better than the Earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient Steel, three Inches of it,
Can lay to Bed for ever: Whilst you doing thus,
To the perpetual Wink for ay might put
This ancient Morfel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our Course. For all the rest
They'll take Suggestion, as a Cat laps Milk;
They'll tell the Clock, to any Business that
We say befits the Hour.

Seb. Thy Case, dear Friend,
Shall be my President: As thou got'st *Millan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy Sword, one Stroke
Shall free thee from the Tribute which thou payest,
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my Hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one Word.

Enter Ariel with Musick and Song.

Ari. My Master through his Art foresees the Danger
That you, his Friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his Project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's Ear.

While you do here snoring lie,

Open-ey'd Conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of Life you keep a Care,

Shake off Slumber, and beware.

Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

[They wake.

Alon. Why how now ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly Looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your Repose,
Even now we heard a hollow Burst of bellowing
Like Bulls, or rather Lions; did't not wake you?
It strook mine Ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a Din to fright a Monster's Ear,
To make an Earthquake; Sure it was the Roar
Of a whole Herd of Lions.

Alon. Heard you this, *Gonzalo*?

Gon. Upon mine Honour, Sir, I heard a Humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me!
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd, as mine Eyes open'd,
I saw their Weapons drawn: there was a Noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our Guard;
Or that we quit this Place; let's draw our Weapons.

Alon. Lead off this Ground, and let's make further
For my poor Son. *(Search*

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these Beasts:
For he is sure i' th' Island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prospero*, my Lord, shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy Son. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Caliban with a Burden of Wood, a Noise of Thunder heard.

Cal. All the Infections that the Sun sucks up,
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By Inch-meal a Disease: His Spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with Urchin Shews, pitch me i' th' Mire,
Nor lead me, like a Firebrand, in the Dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like Hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my Bare foot-way, and mount
Their pricks at my Foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with cloven Tongues
Do hiss me into Madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing Wood in slowly: I'll fall flat,
Perchance he will not mind me.

Tri. Here's heither Bush nor Shrub to bear off any Weather at all, and another Storm brewing: I hear it sing i' th' Wind: Yond same black Cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul Bumbard that would shed his Liquor. If it should Thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my Head: Yond same Cloud cannot chuse but fall by Pail-fuls. What have we here, a Man or a Fish? dead or alive? A Fish; he smells like a Fish: A very ancient and fish-like Smell. A kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John*: A strange Fish; were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this Fish painted, not an Holiday-fool there but would give a piece of Silver; there would this Monster make a Man; any strange Beast there makes a Man: When they will not give a Doit to relieve a lame Beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Leg'd like a Man! and his Fins like Arms! warm o' my troth; I do now let loose my Opinion, hold it no longer; this is no Fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a Thunder-bolt, Alas! the Storm is come

again. My best way is to creep under his Gaberdine : There is no other Shelter hereabout ; Misery acquaints a Man with strange Bedfellows : I will here shrowd 'till the Dregs of the Storm be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to Sea, to Sea, here shall I die a shore.
This is a very scurvy Tune to sing at a Man's Funeral : Well, here's my Comfort. [Drinks.]

*Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boatswain and I,
The Gunner, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate ;
For she had a Tongue with a Tang,
Would cry to a Sailor go hang :
She lov'd not the Savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where e'er she did itch.
Then to Sea, Boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy Tune too :

But here's my Comfort. [Drinks.]

Cal. Do not Torment me : Oh !

Ste. What's the Matter ?

Have we Devils here ?

Do you put Tricks upon's with Salvages, and Men of Inde ? ha ? I have not scap'd drowning to be afraid now of your four Legs ; for it hath been said, as proper a Man as ever went on four Legs cannot make him give Ground ; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his Nostrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me : Oh !

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle with four Legs ; who has got, as I take it, an Ague : Where the Devil should he learn our Language ? I will give him some Relief if it be but for that : If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Present for any Emperor that ever trod on Neats-Leather.

Cal. Do not Torment me, prithee ; I'll bring my Wood home faster.

Ste. He's in a Fit now ; and does not talk after the Wisest : He shall taste of my Bottle. If he have never drunk Wine afore, it will go near to remove his Fit : If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take

too much for him ; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy Trembling : Now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your Mouth ; here is that which will give Language to you, Cat ; open your Mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : You cannot tell who's your Friend ; open your Chaps again.

Tri. I should know that Voice
It should be —

But he is drown'd : and these are Devils ; O ! defend me.

Ste. Four Legs, and two Voices ; a most delicate Monster : his Forward Voice now is to speak of his Friend ; his backward Voice is to utter foul Speeches, and to detract. If all the Wine in my Bottle will recover him, I will help his Ague : Come ! *Amen !* I will pour some in thy other Mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other Mouth call me ? Mercy ! Mercy ! This is a Devil, and no Monster : I will leave him ; I have no long Spoon.

Tri. Stephano : If thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am *Trinculo* ; be not afraid, thy good Friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser Legs : If any be *Trinculo's* Legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo* indeed : How cam'st thou to be the Siege of this Moon-calf ? Can he vent *Trinculo's* !

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a Thunder-stroke ; But art thou not drown'd, *Stephano* ? I hope now thou art not drown'd : Is the Storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead Moon-calf's Gaberdine, for fear of the Storm : and art thou living *Stephano* ? O *Stephano*, two *Neopolitans* scap'd ?

Ste. Prithee do not turn me about, my Stomach is not constant.

Gal. These be fine things, and if they be not Sprights : That's a brave God, and bears Celestial Liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape?

How cam'st thou hither?

Swear by this Bottle how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a Butt of Sack, which the Sailors heav'd o'er-board, by this Bottle! which I made of the Bark of a Tree, with mine own Hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that Bottle, to be thy true Subject; for the Liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: Swear then how thou escap'dst,

Tri. Sworn ashore, Man, like a Duck; I can swim like a Duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the Book.

Tho' thou canst swim like a Duck, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole Butt, Man; my Cellar is in a Rock by th' Sea-side, where my Wine is hid:

How now, Moon-calf, how does thine Ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from Heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' Moon, I do assure thee. I was the Man in th' Moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: My Mistress shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush.

Ste. Come swear to that; kiss the Book: I will furnish it anon with new Contents, Swear.

Tri. By this good Light, this is a very shallow Monster, I afraid of him? a very shallow Monster:

The Man i' th' Moon?

A most poor credulous Monster:

Well drawn, Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew the every fertile Inch o' th' Isle; and I will kiss thy Foot: I prithee be my God.

Tri. By this Light, a most perfidious and drunken Monster; when his God's asleep he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy Foot. I'll swear myself thy Subject.

Ste. Come on then; Down, and swear.

Tri. I shall laugh myself to Death at this Puppy-headed Monster: A most scurvy Monster: I could find in my Heart to beat him.

Ste. Come, kiss.

Tri. But that the poor Monster's in Drink:
An abominable Monster.

Cal.

Cal. I'll shew thee the best Springs; I'll pluck thee Berries; I'll fish for thee, and get thee Wood enough.
A plague upon the Tyrant that I serve;
I'll bear him no more Sticks, but follow thee, thou wondrous Man.

Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a Wonder of a poor Drunkard.

Cal. I prithee let me bring thee were Crabs grow; and I with my long Nails will dig thee Pig-nuts; show thee a Jay's Nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet, I'll bring thee to clustring Filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our Company else being drown'd, we will inherit here; here, bear my Bottle; Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Caliban sings drunkenly.

Farewel Master; farewel, farewel.

Tri. A howling Monster; a drunken Monster,

Cal. No more Dams I'll make for Fish,

Nor fetch in Firing, at requiring

Nor scrape Trenchering, nor wash Dish.

Ban, Ban, Cacalyban

Has a new Master, got a new Man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day Freedom, Freedom, hey-day Freedom.

Ste. O brave Monster lead the way. *(Exeunt.)*

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

Fer. **T**Here besome Sports are painful, and their Labour
Delight in them sets off; Some kinds of Baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor Matters
Point to rich Ends; this my mean Task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious, but
The Misthess which I serve, quickens what's dead,

And makes my Labours Pleasures: O she is
 Ten times more gentle than her Father's crabbed;
 And he's compos'd of Harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these Logs and pile them up,
 Upon a sore Injunction; my sweet Mistress
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says such Baseness
 Had never like Executor; I forget;
 But these sweet Thoughts do even refresh my Labours,
 Most busy least when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a Distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
 Work not so hard; I would the Lightning had
 Burnt up those Logs that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
 Pray set it down and rest you; when this burns
 'Twill weep for having weary'd you; my Father
 Is hard at study, pray now rest yourself,
 He's safe for these three Hours.

Fer. O most dear Mistress,
 The Sun will set before I shall discharge
 What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
 I'll bear your Logs the while. Pray give me that,
 I'll carry it to the Pile.

Fer. No, precious Creature,
 I had rather crack my Sinews, break my Back,
 Than you should such Dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
 As well as it does you; and I should do it
 With much more Ease; for my Good-will is to it,
 And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor Worm, thou art infected,
 This Visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble Mistress, 'tis fresh Morning with me,
 When you are by at Night. I do beseech you,
 Chiefly that I might set it in my Prayers,
 What is your Name?

Mira. Miranda. O my Father,
 I have broke your Hest to say so.
Adm'r'd Miranda!
 Indeed the top of Admiration, worth

What's

What's dearest to the World; full many a Lady
 I have ey'd with best Regard, and many a time
 Th' Harmony of their Tongues hath into Bondage
 Brought my too diligent Ear; for several Virtues
 Have I lik'd several Women, never any
 With so full Soul, but some Defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest Grace she ow'd,
 And put it to the Foil. But you, O you,
 So perfect, and so peerless, are created
 Of every Creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
 One of my Sex; no Woman's Face remember,
 Save, from my Glass, mine own; nor have I seen
 More than I may call Men, than your good Friend,
 And my dear Father; how Features are abroad
 I am skilless of; but my Modesty,
 The Jewel in my Dowry, I would not wish
 Any Companion in the World but you;
 Nor can Imagination form a Shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of; but I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my Father's Precepts
 I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my Condition,
 A Prince, *Miranda*, I do think a King;
 I would not so, and would no more endure
 This wooden Slavery, than to suffer
 The flesh-flie blow my Mouth. Hear my Soul speak;
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My Heart fly to your Service, there resides
 To make me Slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient Log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O Heav'n, O Earth, bear Witness to this Sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind Event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to Mischief; I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i' th' World,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a Fool
 To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair Encounter
 Of two most rare Affections! Heav'n's rain Grace

On

On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine Unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger Bulk it shews. Hence bashful Cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy Innocence.
I am your Wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your Maid: to be your Fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your Servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My Mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My Husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a Heart so willing
As Bondage e'er of Freedom: here's my Hand.

Mira. And mine, with my Heart in't; and now farewell
'Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand. (Exeunt.)

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my Book,
For yet e'er-Supper time must I perform
Much Business appertaining. (Exit.)

S C E N E II.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me; when the Butt is out, we will drink
Water, not a drop before; therefore bear up, and board
'em, Servant Monster; drink to me.

Tri. Servant Monster! the Folly of this Island! they
say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them,
if the other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

Ste. Drink, Servant Monster, when I bid thee; thy
Eyes are almost set in thy Head.

Trin. Where should they be set else; he were a brave
Monster indeed if they were set in his Tail.

Ste. My Man-Monster hath drown'd his Tongue in
Sack; for my Part the Sea cannot drown me, I swam,
e'er I could recover the Shore, five and thirty Leagues
off

off and on; by this Light thou shalt be my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant, if you list, he's no Standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lye like Dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy Life, if thou beest a Moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy Honour? Let me lick thy Shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lyeest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to juttle a Constable; why thou debosh'd Fish, thou, was there ever Man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sack as I to Day! wilt thou tell me a monstrous Lye, being but half a Fish and half a Monster?

Cal. Lo how he mocks me: Wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a Monster should be such a Natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to Death, I prithee.

Ste. *Trinculo*, keep a good Tongue in your Head; if you prove a Mutineer, the next Tree-- the poor Monster's my Subject, and he shall not suffer Indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble Lord. Will thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the Suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I; kneel and repeat it;
I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*,

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a Tyrant, A Sorcerer, that by his Cunning hath cheated me Of the Island.

Ari. Thou lyeest.

Cal. Thou lyeest, thou jesting Monkey thou;
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee;
I do not lye.

Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's Taste, By this Hand, I will supplant some of your Teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say by Sorcery he got this Isle,
From me he got it. If thy Greatness will
Revenge it on him, for I know thou dar'it,
But this thing dare not.

Ste.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now, shall this be compast?

Can'st thou bring me to the Party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my Lord, I'll yield him thee asleep.
Where thou may'st knock a Nail into his Head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd Ninny's this? Thou scurvy Patch!
I do beseech thy Greatness give him Blows,
And take his Bottle from him; when that's gone
He shall drink nought but Brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick Freshes are.

Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further Danger:
Interrupt the Monster one Word further, and by this Hand
I'll turn thy Mercy out o' Doors, and make a Stock-
fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing;
I'll go no further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that, *[Beats him.]*
As you like this, give me the Lye another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the Lye; out o'your Wits
and Hearing too?

A pox o'your Bottle, this can Sack and Drinking do:
A murrain on your Monster, and the Devil take your
Fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale; prithee stand fur-
ther off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further; come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a Custom with him
I'th' Afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his Books! or with a Log
Batter his Skull, or paunch him with a Stake,
Or cut his Wezand with thy Knife. Remember
First to possess his Books; for without them
He's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command. They all do hate him

As

As rootedly as I. Burn but his Books ;
He has brave Utensils, for so he calls them,
Which when he has an House, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The Beauty of his Daughter, he himself
Calls her a Non-pariel : I never saw a Woman
But only *Sycorax* my Dam, and she ;
But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*
As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so brave a Lass ?

Cal. Ay, Lord, she will become thy Bed, I warrant
And bring thee forth brave Brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this Man : His Daughter
and I will be King and Queen, save our Graces : and
Trinculo and thyself shall be Vice-Roys.
Dost thou like the Plot, *Trinculo* ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy Hand ; I am sorry I beat thee :
But while thou liv'st keep a good Tongue in thy Head.

Cal. Within this half Hour will he be asleep ;
Wilt thou destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on my Honour.

Ari. This will I tell my Master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry ; I am full of Pleasure ;
Let us be jocund. Will you trouble the Catch
You taught me but while ago ?

Ste. At thy Request, Monster, I will do Reason,
And Reason : Come on, *Trinculo* let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em : and skout 'em, and flout 'em ;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the Tune.

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Taber and Pipe*

Ste. What is the same ?

Trin. This is the Tune of our Catch, plaid by the
Picture of No-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a Man, shew thyself in thy Likeness ;
If thou be'st a Devil, take it as thou list.

Trin. O forgive me my Sins.

Ste. He that dies pays all Debts : I defy thee.
Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afraid ?

Ste.

Ste. No, Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid; the Isle 'is full of Noises,
Sounds, and sweet Airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine Ears; and sometimes Voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long Sleep,
Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
The Clouds methought would open, and shew Riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave Kingdom to me,
Where I shall have my Musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by:
I remember the Story.

Trin. The Sound is going away;
Let's follow it, and after do our Work.

Ste. Lead, Monster;
We'll follow. I would I could see this Taborer,
He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come?

I'll follow *Stephana*. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter *Alonso*, *Sebastian*, *Anthonio*, *Gonzalo*, *Adrian*,
Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r-lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
My old Bones ake: Here's a Maze trod indeed
Through Forth rights and Meanders, by your Patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with Weariness
To th' dulling of my Spirits; sit down and rest:
Even here I will put off my Hope, and keep it.
No longer for my Flatterer: He is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate Search of Land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of Hope,
Do not, for one Repulse, forego the Purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb.

Seb. The next Advantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to Night;

For, now they are oppress'd with Travel, they
Will not, nor cannot use such Vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemn and strange Musick, and Prospero on the Top invisable. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet; and dance about it with gentle Actions of Salutation, and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Seb. I say to Night: No more.

Alon. What Harmony is this? My good Friends, hark.

Gon. Marvellous sweet Musick!

Alon. Give us kind Keepers, Heav'n; what are these!

Seb. A living Drollery. Now I will believe
That they are Unicorns; that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phoenix Throne, one Phoenix
At this Hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:

And what does else want Credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though Fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such Islanders:

(For certes these are People of the Island)

Who tho' they are of monstrous Shape, yet note
Their Manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human Generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost nay.

Pro. Honest Lord,

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than Devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,

Such Shapes, such Gesture, and such Sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of Tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb Discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They

They have left their Viand behind ; for we have Stomachs,
Wilt please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not fear. When we were Boys,
Who would believe that there were Mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like Bulls, whose Throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of Flesh ? or that there were such Men
Whose Heads stood in their Breasts ! which now we find
Each Putter out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last ; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my Lord, the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel like a Harpy, claps
his Wings upon the Table, and with a quaint Device the
Banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three Men of Sin, whom Destiny,
That hath no Instrument this lower World,
And what is in't, the never-surfeited Sea
Hath caus'd to belch you up ; and on this Island,
Where Man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst Men -
Being most unfit to live : I have made you mad ;
And even with such like Valour Men hang and drown
Their proper selves : You Fools, I and my Fellows
Are Ministers of Fate ; the Elements
Of whom your Swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud Winds, or with bemockt-at Stabs
Kill the still closing Waters, as diminish
One Dowle that's in my Plume : My Fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your Swords are now too massie for your Strengths,
And will not be up-lifted, But remember,
For that's my Business to you, that you three
From *Millan* did supplant good *Prospero* :
Expos'd unto the Sea, which hath requit it,
Him add his innocent Child : - For which foul Deed
The Powers delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the Seas and Shores, yea, all the Creatures,
Against your Peace : Thee of thy Son, *Alonso*,
They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,

Lingring

Lingring Perdition, worse than any Death
Can be at once, shall Step by Step attend
You and your Ways, whose Wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this most desolate Isle, else falls
Upon your Heads, is nothing but Heart's-sorrow,
And a clear Life ensuing,

*He vanishes in Thunder: Then, to soft Musick, Enter the
Shapes again, and dance with Mocks and Mowes, and
carrying out the Table.*

Pro. Bravely the Figure of this Harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a Grace it had devouring:
Of my Instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: So with good Life,
And Observation strange, my meaner Ministers
Their several Kinds have done; my high Charms work,
And these, mine Enemies, are all knit up
In their Distractions: They now are in my Power;
And in these Fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young *Ferdinand*, whom they suppose is drown'd,
And his, and my lov'd Darling.

Gon. I'th'Name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange Stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the Billows spoke, and told me of it;
The Winds did sing it to me, and the Thunder,
That deep and dreadful Organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Prosper*: It did base my Trespas,
Therefore my Son i'th' Ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er Plummetsounded,
And with him there lie mudded.

[*Exit.*

Seb. But one Fiend at a time,
I'll fight their Legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy Second.

[*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great Guilt,
Like Poison giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the Spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler Joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this Extasy
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*
ACT

ACT IV, SCENE I.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. **I**F I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your Compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a third of mine own Life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy Hand; All thy Vexations
Were but my Trials of thy Love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the Test. Here afore Heav'n
I ratifie this my rich Gift: O *Ferdinand*.
Do not smile at me that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will out-strip all Praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my Gift, and thine own Acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter;
If thou dost break her Virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious Ceremonies may
With full and holy Rite, be ministred,
No sweet Asperision shall the Heav'ns let fall
To make this Contract grow; but barren Hate,
Sour-ey'd Disdain, and Discord shall bestrew
The Union of your Bed with Weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* Lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet Days, fair Issue, and long Life,
With such Love as 'tis now, the merkiest Den,
The most opportune Place, the strong'st Suggestion,
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine Honour into Lust, to take away
The Edge of that Day's Celebration,
When I shall think or *Phæbus* Steeds are founde'r'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my industrious Servant, *Ariel*.

Enter.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent Master? here I am.

Pro. Thou, and my meaner Fellows, your last Service Did worthily perform; and I must use you In such another Trick; go bring the Rabble, O'er whom I give thee Power, here, to this Place? Incite them to quick Motion, for I must Bestow upon the Eyes of this young Couple Some Vanity of mine Art; it is my Promise, And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a Twink.

Ari. Before you can say Come, and go, And breathe twice; and cry, So, so; Each one tripping on his Toe, Will be here with Mop and Mow, Do you love me, Master? No?

Pro. Dearly, my Delicate *Ariel*; do not approach Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look thou be true; do not give Dalliance Too much the Rein; the strongest Oaths are Straw To th' Fire i'th' Blood: Be more Abstemious, Or else good-night your Vow.

Fer. I warrant you, Sir, The white cold Virgin-Snow upon my Heart, Abates the Ardour of my Liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come my *Ariel*, bring a Corolary. Rather than want a Spirit, appear, and pertly.

[*Soft Musick.*

No Tongue; all Eyes; be silent.

Enter Iris.

Iris. *Ceres*, most beauteous Lady, the rich Leas Of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oats, and Pease; Thy tufty Mountains, where live nibbling Sheep, And flat Meads thatch'd with Stover, them to keep; Thy Banks with pioned, and tulip'd Brims, Which spongy *April*, at thy Heit betrim, To make cold Nymphs chaste Crown; and thy Brooms. Whose Shadow the dismissed Batchelor loves, [groves, Being

Being Lash-lorn; thy pole-clipt Vineyard,
 And thy Sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
 Where thou thy self do'st air; the Queen o'th'Sky,
 Whose watry Arch, and Messenger, am I
 Bids thee leave these, and with her Sov'reign Grace,
 Here on this Grass-plot, in this very place

[Juno descends.

To come, and sport; her Peacocks fly amain:
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail many-colour'd Messenger, that ne'er
 Do'st disobey the Wife of *Jupiter*:
 Who, with thy Saffron Wings, upon my Flowers
 Diffusest Honey Drops, refreshing Showers,
 And with each end of thy blue Bow do'st crown
 My bosky Acres, and my unshrub'd Down,
 Rich Scarf to my proud Earth; why hath thy Queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass Green?

Iris. A Contract of true Love to celebrate,
 And some Donation freely to estate
 On the blest'd Lovers.

Cer. Tell me heav'nly Bow,
 If *Venus* or her Son, as thou do'st know,
 Do now attend the Queen? since they did plot
 The Means, that dusky *Dis*, my Daughter, got;
 Her and her blind Boy's scandal'd Company
 I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her Society
 Be not afraid; I met her Deity
 Cutting the Clouds towards *Paphos*, and her Son
 Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
 Some wanton Charm upon this Man and Maid,
 Whose Vows are, that no Bed-right shall be paid
 'Till *Hymen's* Torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot Minion is return'd again;
 Her waspish-headed Son has broke his Arrows,
 Swears he will shoot no more, but play with Sparrows,
 And be a Boy right-out.

Cer. Highest Queen of State,
 Great *Juno* comes, I know her by her Gate.

Jun. How does my bounteous Sister? Go with me
 To

To bleſs this Twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their Iſſue. *[They ſing.]*

*Jun. Honour, Riches. Marriage Bleſſing,
Long Continuance and encreaſing,
Hourly Joys be ſtill upon you,
Juno ſings her Bleſſings on you :
Earth's Increaſe, and Foyſon plenty,
Barns and Garners never empty,
Vines, with cluſtring Bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly Burthen bowing :
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very End of Harveſt :
Scarcity and Want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres Bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtick Viſion, and
Harmonius charmingly ; may I be bold
To think theſe Spirits ?

Pro. Spirits which by mine Art
I have from all their Conſines call'd, t' enact
My preſent Fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd Father, and a Wife,
Makes this place Paradife.

Pro. Sweet now, Silence :
Juno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriously ;
There's ſomething elſe to do ; huiſh, and be mute,
Or elſe our Spell is marr'd.

Juno and *Ceres* whiſper, and ſend *Iris* on *Employment*.

Iris. You Nymphs call'd *Nayades* of the winding Brooks,
With your ſedg'd Crowns and ever-harmleſs Looks,
Leave your criſp Channels, and on this Green-land
Answer your Summons, *Juno* does Command :
Come, temperate Nymphs, and help to celebrate
A Contract of true Love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen, of *Auguſt* weary,
Come hither from the Furrow, and be merry ;
Make Holy-day ; your Rye-ſtraw Hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nymphs encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful Dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which to a strange hollow and confused Noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that foul Conspiracy
Of the Beast *Caliban*, and his Confederates,
Against my Life; the Minute of that Plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is strange; your Father's in some Passion
That Works him strangely.

Mira. Never 'till this Day
Saw I him touch'd with Anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my Son in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir,
Our Revels now are ended. These our Actors,
As I foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Air, into thin Air;
And like the baseless Fabrick of their Vision,
The Cloud-capt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
Yea, all which is inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial Pageant faded,
Leave not a Rack behind; we are such Stuff
As Dreams are made on, and our little Life
Is rounded with a Sleep. Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my Weakness, my old Brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my Infirmary;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose; a Turn or two I'll Walk
To fill my beating Mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish you Peace.

[*Exe.*

Pro. Comewith a Thought; I thank thee, *Ariel*: Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy Pleasure?

Pro. Spirit, we must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my Commander, when I presented *Ceres*
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these Varlets?

Ari.

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking ?
So full of Valour, that they smote the Air
For breathing in their Faces; beat the Ground
For kissing of their Feet; yet always bending
Towards their Project: Then I beat my Tabor,
At which, like unbackt Colts, they prickt their Ear,
Advanc'd their Eye lids, lifted up their Noses,
As they smelt Musick; so I charm'd their Ears,
That, Calf-like, they my Lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd Briars, sharp Furzes, pricking Goss and Thorns
Which enter'd their frail Shins: At last I left them
I'th' filthy and mantled Pool beyond your Cell,
There dancing up to th' Chins, that the foul Lake
O'er stunk their Feet.

Pro. This was well done, my Bird;
Thy Shape invisible retain thou still;
The Trumpery in my House, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these Thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[Exit.

Pro. A Devil, a born Devil, on whose Nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my Pains,
Humanly taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with Age, his Body uglier grows,
So his Mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring: Come, hang on them this Line.

Enter Ariel laden with glistening Apparel, &c. Enter

Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blind Mole may not
Hear a Foot fall; we now are near his Cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you says a harmless *Fairy*,
Has done little better than paid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all Horse-piss, at which
My Nose is in great Indignation.

Ste. So is mine: Do you hear, Monster? If I should
Take a Displeasure against you; look you——

Trin. Thou wert-but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy Favour still:
Be patient, for the Prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this Mischance; therefore speak softly
All's hush'd as Midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our Bottles in the Pool.

Sic. There is not only Disgrace, and Dishonour in that
Monster,

Monster, but an infinite Loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my weiting :
Yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my Bottle,
Tho' I be o'er Ears for my Labour.

Cal. Prethee, my King, be quiet : Seest thou here,
This is the Mouth o'th' Cell ; no Nose, and enter ;
Do that good Mischief which may make this Island
Thine own for ever ; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy Foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy Hand ;
I do begin to have bloody Thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano* ! O Peer ! O worthy *Stephano* !
Look what a Wardrobe here is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone, thou Fool, it is but Trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, Monster ; we know what belongs to
a Frillery, O King *Stephano*.

Ste. Put off that Gown, *Trinculo*, by this Hand I'll
have that Gown.

Trin. Thy Grace shall have it.

Cal. The Dropsie drown this Fool ; what do you mean
To doat thus on such Luggage ? Let's alone,
And do the Murder first : If he awake,
From Toe to Crown he'll fill our Skins with Pinches ;
Make us strange Stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, Monster. Mistress Line, is not this
my Jerkin ? Now is the Jerkin under the Line : Now Jer-
kin you are like to lose your Hair, and prove a bald Jerkin.

Trin. Do, do ; we steal by Line and Level, and't like
your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that Jest, here's a Garment for't ;
Wit shall not go unrewarded while I am King of this
Country : Steal by Line and Level, is an excellent Pate
of Pate ; there's another Garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come put some Lime upon your Fin-
gers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't ; we shall lose our Time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes,
With Foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your Fingers ; help to bear this
away, where my Hoghead of Wine is, or I'll turn you
out of my Kingdom ; go to, carry this.

Trin.

Trin. And this,
Ste. Ay. and this.

A Noise of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Hounds, hunting them about ; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver ; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury ; there Tyrant, there ; hark, hark ;
Go, charge my Goblins that they grind their Joints
With dry Convulsions, shorten up their Sinews
With aged Cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than Pard, or Cat o' Mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this Hour
Lie at my Mercy all mine Enemies :
Shortly shall all my Labours end, and thou
Shall have the Air at Freedom ; for a little
Follow, and do me Service, [Exeunt.

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Prospero in his Magick Robes, and Ariel.

Pro. **N**OW does my Project gather to a head ;
My Charms crack not ; my Spirits, obey, and
Goes upright with his Carriage : How's the Day ? (Time

Ari. On the sixth Hour, at which time, my Lord,
You said our Work should cease.

Pro. I did say so
When first I rais'd the Tempest ; say my Spirit,
How fares the King and's Followers ?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same Fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them, all Prisoners. Sir,
In the Lime-Grove which weather-fends your Cell.
They cannot budge 'till you release. The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-ful of Sorrow and Dismay ; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalo.
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter Drops

From

From Eaves of Reeds; your Charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your Affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, Spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but Air, a Touch, a Feeling
Of their Afflictions, and shall not my self,
One of their Kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
'Tho' with their high Wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler Reason, 'gainst my Fury,
Do I take part; the rarer Action is
In Virtue than in Vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole Drift of my Purpose doth extend
Not a Frown further: Go release them, *Ariel*;
My Charms I'll break, their Senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit,*

Pro. Ye Elves of Hills, Brooks, standing Lakes and Groves,
And ye that on the Sands with printless Foot
Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you Demy Puppets that
By Moon shine do the green sour Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites; and you whose Pastime
Is to make Midnight Mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn Curfew, by whose Aid,
Weak Masters that ye be, I have be-dimm'd
The Noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous Winds,
And 'twixt the green Sea and the azur'd Vault
Set roaring War; To the dread rattling Thunder
Have I given Fire, and risted *Jove's* stout Oak
With his own Bolt: The strong bas'd Promontory
Have I made Shake, and by the Spurs pluckt up
The Pine and Cedar: Graves at my Command
Have wak'd their Sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heavenly Musick, which even now I do,
To work mine End upon their Senses, that
This airy Charm is for, I'll break my Staff,
Bury it certain Fathoms in the Earth,

And

And deeper than did ever Plummets found
I'll drown my Book.

(Solemn Musick.

*Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick
Gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio,
in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco,
They all enter the Circle which Prospero had made, and
there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks:*

A solemn Air, and the best Comforter

To an unsettled Fancy, cure thy Brains,

Now useless, boil'd within thy Skull; there stand,

For you are spell-slopt.

Holy Gonzalo, honourable Man,

Mine Eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,

Fall fellowy Drops: The Charm dissolves apace,

And as the Morning steals upon the Night,

Melting the Darkness, so their rising Senses

Begin to chase the ignorant Fumes that mantle

Their clearer Reason. O good Gonzalo,

My true Preserver, and a loyal Sir

To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy Graces

Home both in Word and Deed. Most cruelly

Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me, and my Daughter:

Thy Brother was a Furtherer in the Act;

Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*. Flesh and Blood,

You, Brother mine, that entertain'd Ambition,

Expell'd Remorse and Nature, who with *Sebastian*,

Whose inward Pinches therefore are most strong,

Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,

Unnatural tho' thou art. Their Understanding

Begins to swell, and the approaching Tide

Will shortly fill the reasonable Shore,

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them

That yet looks on me, or would know me; *Ariel*,

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell;

I will discale me, and myself present,

As I was sometime *Millan*: Quickly, Spirit;

Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I:

In a Cowslip's Bed I lie:

There I couch when Owls do cry.

On the Bat's Back I do fly

After Summer merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bough.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have Freedom. So, so, so.
To the King's Ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the Mariners asleep
Under the Hatches; the Master and the Boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this Place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the Air before me, and return
Or e'er your Pulse twice beat. *(Exit.)*

Gon. All Torment, Trouble, Wonder and Amazement
Inhabits here; some heavn'ly Power guide us
Out of this fearful Country.

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Millan*, *Prospero*:
For more Assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy Body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty Welcome.

Alon. Where thou bee'st he or no,
Or some enchanted Trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy Pulse
Beats as of Flesh and Blood, and since I saw thee
Th' Affliction of my Mind amends, with which
I fear a Madness held me; this must crave,
And if this be at all, a most strange Story:
The Dukedom I resign, and do intreat
Thou pardon me my Wrongs; But how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble Friend,
Let me embrace thine Age, whose Honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some Subtilties o' th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my Friends all;
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness frown upon you,

And

And justify you Traitors; at this time
I will tell no Tales.

Seb. The Devil speaks in him.

Pro. No!

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call Brother
Would even infect my Mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest Faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou bee'st *Prospero*,
Give us Particulars of thy Preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three Hours since
Were wrackt upon this Shore? where I have lost,
(How sharp the Point of this Remembrance is!)
My dear Son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am wo for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the Loss, and Patience
Says it is past her Cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her Help, of whose soft Grace,
For the like Loss, I have her Sovereign Aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like Loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and insupportable
To make the dear Loss, have I Means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my Daughter.

Alon. A Daughter?

O Heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that Oozy Bed
Where my Son lies. When did you lose your Daughter?

Pro. In this last Tempest. I perceive these Lords
At this Encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their Reason, and scarce think
Their Eyes do Offices of Truth, their Words
Are natural Breath; but howsoever you have
Been justified from your Senses, known for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millan*, who most strangely
Upon this Shore, where you were wrack't, was landed
To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a Chronicle of Day by Day,

Not

Not a Relation for a Breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir ;
 This Cell's my Court ; here have I few Attendants,
 And Subjects none abroad ; pray you look in ;
 My Dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing,
 At least, bring forth a Wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my Dukedom.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
 playing at Chess.*

Mira. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest Love.

I would not for the World.

Mira. Yes, for a score of Kingdoms you should wrangle
 And I would call it fair Play. [gle.

Alon. If this prove
 A Vision of the Island, one dear Son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high Miracle.

Fer. Tho' the Seas threaten, they are merciful :
 I have curs'd them without cause.

Alon. Now all the Blessings
 Of a glad Father compass thee about ;
 Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O ! Wonder !
 How many goodly Creatures are there here ?
 How beautiful Mankind is ! O brave new World,
 That has such People in't.

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this Maid with whom thou wast at play ?
 Your eld'st Acquaintance cannot be three Hours,
 Is she the Goddess that hath serv'd us,
 And brought us thus together.

Fer. Sir, she is mortal ;
 But by immortal Providence she's mine ;
 I chose her when I could not ask my Father
 For his Advice ; nor thought I had one : She
 Is Daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
 Of whom so often I have heard Renown,
 But never saw before ; of whom I have
 Receiv'd a second Life ; and second Father.
 This Lady makes him to me.

Alon.

Alon. I am hers ;

But O, how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my Child Forgiveness ?

Pro. There, Sir, stop,
Let us not burthen our Remembrance with
An Heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke e'er this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this Couple drop a blessed Crown :
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the Way
Which brought us hither.

Alon. I say *Amen*, *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Was *Millan*, thrust from *Millan*, that his Issue
Should become Kings of *Naples* ! O rejoice
Beyond a common Joy, and set it down
With Gold on lasting Pillars : In one Voyage
Did *Claribel* her Husband find a *Tunis* ;
And *Ferdinand* her Brother, found a Wife,
Where he himself was lost ; *Prospero*, his Dukedom,
In a poor Isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
When no Man was his own.

Alon. Give me your Hands :
Let Grief and Sorrow still embrace his Heart,
That doth not wish you Joy.

Gon. Be it so, *Amen*.

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look Sir, look Sir, here is more of us !
I prophesy'd, if a Gallows were on Land
This Fellow could no drown : Now, Blasphemy,
That swear'st Grace o'er-board, not an Oath on Shore.
Hast thou no Mouth by Land ?
What is the News ?

Boatsf. The best News is that we have safely found
Our King and Company ; the next, our Ship,
Which but three Glasses since we gave our split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ari. Sir, all this Service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey Spirit.

Alon. These are not natural Events ; they strengthen
From strange to strange : Say, how came you hither ? *Bo.*

Boatf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
 I'd strive to tell you: We were dead of sleep,
 And, how we know not, all clapt under Hatches,
 Where, but even now, with strange and several Noises
 Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling Chains,
 And more diversity of Sounds, all horrible,
 We were awak'd; straightway at Liberty;
 Where we, in all our Trim, freshly beheld
 Our royal, good, and gallant Ship; our Master
 Capring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
 Even in a Dream, were we divided from them,
 And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro. Bravely, my Diligence; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a Maze as e'er Mentrod,
 And there is in this business more than Nature
 Was ever Conduct of; some Oracle
 Must rectify our Knowledge.

Pro. Sir, Liege,

Do not infest your Mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this Business; at pickt Leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
 Which to you shall seem probable, of every
 These happen'd Accidents; till when, be chearful,
 And think of each thing well. Come hither, Spirit,
 Set *Caliban* and his Companions free:

Untie the Spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
 There are yet missing of your Company
 Some few odd Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen Apparel.

Ste. Every Man shift for all the rest, and let
 No Man take care for himself; for all is
 But Fortune, *Coragio*, Bully-Monster, *Coragio*.

Trin. If these be true Spies which I wear in my Head,
 Here's a goodly Sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave Spirits indeed!
 How fine my Master is! I am afraid
 He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;

What things are these, my Lord *Antonio*!
 Will Money buy 'em?

Ant.

Ant. Very like ; one of 'em ?

Is a plain Fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the Badges of these Men, my Lords,
Then say if they be true : This misshapen Knave,
His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could controul the Moon, make Flows and Ebbs,
And deal in her Command without her Power :
These three have robb'd me, and this Demy-Devil,
For he's a Bastard one, had plotted with them
To take my Life ; two of these Fellows you
Must know and own, this thing of Darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to Death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler ?

Seb. He is drunk now :

Where had he the Wine ?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe ; where should they
Find this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em ?
How cam' it thou in this pickle ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That I fear me will never be out of my Bones :
I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now *Stephano* ?

Ste. O touch me not : I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'th' Isle, Sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his Shape : Go, Sirrah, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions ; as you look
To have my Pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for Grace. What a thrice double Ais
Was I to take this Drunkard for a God ?
And worship this dull Fool ?

Pro. Go to, away.

[found it.

Alon. Hence, and bestow your Luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my poor Cell ; where you shall take your Rest
For this one Night, which, Part of it, I'll walle
With such Discourte, as I not doubt shall make 't
Go quick away ; the Story of my Life,

And

And the particular Accidents gone by
 Since I came to this Isle : and in the Morn
 I'll bring you to your Ship ; and so to *Naples*.
 Where I have hope to see the Nuptials
 Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd ;
 And thence retire me to my *Millan*, where
 Every third Thought shall be my Grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the Story of your Life, which must
 Take the Ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all,

And promise you calm Seasons, auspicious Gales,
 And Sail so expeditious, that shall catch
 Your Royal Fleet far off : My *Ariel*, Chick,
 This is thy Charge ; then to the Elements
 Be free, and fare thou well. Please you draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my Charms are all o'er thrown,
 And what Strength I have's mine own,
 Which is most saint : Now 'tis true
 I must be here confin'd by you,
 Or send to *Naples*. Let me not,
 Since I have my Dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the Deceiver, dwell
 In this bare Island by your Spell ;
 But release me from my Bands,
 With the help of your good Hands.
 Gentle Breath of yours, my Sails
 Must fill, or else my Project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, Art to enchant ;
 And my ending is Despair,
 Unless I be reliev'd by Prayer ;
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy it self, and frees all Faults.
 As you from Crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your Indulgence set me free.

F I N I S.

es.





J. Smith Sculp^t

M

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Printe

THE
MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR.
A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, in *Turn-again Lane*, near
Fleet Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

S I R John Falstaff.
Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*
Shallow, *a Country Justice.*
Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country 'Squire.*
Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at*
Mr. Ford, } *Windsor.*
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*
Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*
Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*
Bardolph, }
Pistol, } *Sharpers attending on Falstaff.*
Nym, }
Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*
William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*
Simple, *Servant to Slender.*
Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

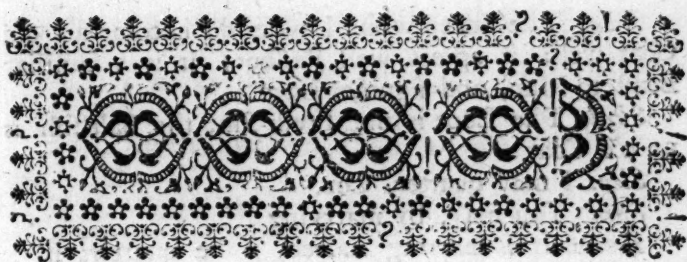
Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr. Page.*
Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr. Ford.*
Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr. Page,*
in Love with Fenton.
Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE WINDSOR.

THE





T H E
Merry Wives of *Windsor*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir
Hugh Evans.*

S H A L L O W.



I R *Hugh*, persuade me not; I will
make a *Star-Chamber* Matter of it:
If he were twenty Sir *John Falstaff's*,
he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow, Esq;*
Slen. In the County of *Glocester*,
Justice of Peace, and *Coram*.

Shal. Ay, Cousin *Slender*, and *Custalorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *Rato-lorum* too; and a Gentleman
born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero*,
in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these
hundred Years.

Slen. All his Successors, gone before him, have
don't; and all his Ancestors, that come after him,
may; they may give the dozen white *Luces* in their
Coat.

Shal. It is an old Coat.

A 2

Eva.

Eva. The dozen white Lowfes do become an old Coat well; it agrees well Passant; it is a familiar Beast to Man, and signifies Love.

Shal. The Luce is the Fresh-fish, the Salt-fish is an o'd Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, Coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evan. It is marring indeed, if he quarters it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes per-lady; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three Skirts for yourself, in my simple Conjectures; but that is all one: If Sir *John Falstaff* have committed Disparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my Benevolence, to make Attonements and Compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot; there is no Fear of Got in a Riot: The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the Fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot; take you viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my Life, if I were young again, the Sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword, that end it; and there is also another Device in my Prain, which peradventure prings good Discretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty Virginity.

Slen. Mistress *Anne Page*? she has brown Hair, and speaks like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry Person for all the Orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred Pounds of Monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grand-fire upon his Death-bed (Got deliver to a joyful Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen Years old: It were a good Motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a Marriage between Master *Abraham*, and Mistress *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leave her seven hundred Pound.

Eva.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. 5

Eva. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter Penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman: she has good Gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds, and possibility is goot Gifts.

Shal. Well; let us see honest Mr. Page: Is *Falstaff* there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a Lye? I do despise a Liar as I do despise one that is false; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and I beseech you be ruled by your Well-wishers. I will peat the Door [*Knocks*] for Master Page. What hoa? Got bless your Houste here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's blessing, and your Friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young Master *Slender*; that peradventures shall tell you another Tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your Worship's well: I thank you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good Heart: I wished your Venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress Page? and I thank you always with my Heart, la; with my Heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was out-run on *Cotfale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confels, you'll not confels.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your Fault; 'tis your Fault; 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

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Page. Sir, he's within; and I would I could do a good Office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Master *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a Word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'n my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in Council; You'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good Worts.

Fal. Good Worts? Good Cabbage. *Slender* I broke your Head: what Matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry Sir, I have Matter in my Head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheese.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my Humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my Man? Can you tell, Cousin.

Eva. Peace, I pray you; Now let us understand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master *Page*, *fidelicet*, Master *Page*; and

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and there is myself, *fdelicet*, myself; and the three Party is, lastly, and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Mr. Page. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a Prief of it in my Note Book, and we will afterwards ork upon the Cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol.

Pist. He hears with Ears.

Eva. The Tevil and his Tam; what Phraße is this, he hears with Ear? Why it is Affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master *Slender's* Purse?

Slen. Ay, by these Gloves he did, or I would that I might never come in mine own great Chamber again else, of seven Groats in Mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovel-boards, that cost me two Shilling and two Pence a-piece, of *Yead* Miller; by these Gloves.

Fal. Is this true, *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a Pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou Mountain Foreigner; Sir *John*, and Master mine, I Combate challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe: Word of Denial in thy *Labras* here; word of Denial; Froth and Scum, thou ly'st.

Slen. By these Gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good Humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the Nut-hooks Humour on me; that is the very Note of it.

Slen. By this Hat, then he in the red Face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*.

Bar. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the Gentleman had drunk himself out of his five Sentences.

Eva. It is his five Senses: Fy, what the Ignorance is?

Bar. And being sap, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so Conclusions pass the Car-eires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly Company for this Trick; If I

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be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the Fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

Eva. So Got udge me, this is a virtuous Mind.

Fal. You hear all these Matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with Wine.

Page. Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in; we'll drink within.

Slen. Oh Heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Enter Mistress Ford, and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my Troth you are very well met; by your leave good, Mistress.

Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome: Come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to Dinner: Come, Gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all Unkindness.

[*Ex. Fal. Page, &c.*

Manent Shallow, Evans, and Slender.

Slen. I had rather than forty Shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here,

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Allhallowmas* last, a Fortnight afore *Michaelmas*?

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz; we stay for you: A word with you, Coz; Marry this, Coz; there is, as 'twere a Tender, a kind of Tender, made afar off by *Sir Hugh* here: Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay Sir, you shall find me reasonable; If it be so, I shall do that that is Reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give Ear to his Motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the Matter to you, if you be Capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you pardon me: he's a Justice of Peace in his Country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva.

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Eva. But that is not the Question: The Question is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable Demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your Mouth, or of your Lips: For divers Philosophers hold, that the Lips is Parcel of the Mouth: Therefore precisely, can you marry your good Will to the Maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do Reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your Desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you, upon good Dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Request, Cousin, in any Reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet Coz, what I do is to pleasure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your Request; But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Hav'n may decrease it upon better Acquaintance; when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another; I hope upon Familiarity will grow more Content: But if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion Answer; save the fall is in th'Ort dissolutely: The Ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; his Meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mrs. Anne: Would I were Young for your sake, Mistress Anne.

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Anne. The Dinner is on the Table ; my Father desires your Worship's Company.

Shal. I will wait on him fair Mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's pless'd Will, I will not be absence at the Grace. [Ex. *Shallow and Evans.*

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir ?

Slen. No, I thank you forsooth heartily, I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, Forsooth : Go, Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow* ; a Justice of Peace sometime may be beholding to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead ; but what though, yet I live a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship : they will not sit 'till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing ; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you : I bruise'd my Shin th'other Day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence, three Veneyes for a Dish of stew'd Prunes, and by my troth I cannot abide the smell of hot Meat since. Why do your Dogs bark so ? be there Bears i'th' Town ?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the Sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any Man in *England*. You are afraid if you see the Bear loose, are you not ?

Anne. Ay indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's Meat and Drink to me now ; I have seen *Sackerson* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain ; but, I warrant you, the Women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past : But Women indeed cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Enter

The Merry Wives of Windsor. 11

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing. I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Pye you shall not choose, Sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the Way,

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir, pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly I will not go first, truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius* House which is the Way; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry Nurse, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Washer, and his Ringer.

Simp. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet; give her this Letter, for it is a 'oman that altogethers Acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire and require her to solicit your Master's Desires to Mrs. *Anne Page*: I pray you be gone; I will make an end of my Dinner; there's Pippins and Cheese to come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What says my Bully *Rooke*? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my Followers.

Host. Discard, Bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten Pounds a Week.

Host.

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Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pheazer*. I will entertain *Bardolph*, he will draw, he will tap, said I well, Bully *Hector*.

Fal. Do so, good mine *Host*.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see the froth and live: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him, a Tapster is a good Trade; an old Cloke makes a new Jerkin; a wither'd Serving Man, a fresh Tapster; go adieu.

Bar. It is a Life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base *Hungarian* Wight, will thou the Spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in Drink; is not the Humour conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this Tinderbox; his Thefts were too open, his Filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good Humour is to steal at a Minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: Steal? foh, a fico for the Phrase.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at Heels.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Young Ravens must have Food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town.

Pist. I ken the Wight, he is of Substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two Yards and more.

Fal. No Quips now, *Pistol*: Indeed I am, in the Waste two Yards about; but I am now about no Waste, I am about Thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make Love to *Ford's* Wife: I spy Entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the Leer of Invitation; I can construe the Action of her familiar

liar Stile, and the hardest Voice of her Behaviour, to be English'd right, is, *I am Sir, John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her Will, and translated her Will, out of Honesty into *English*.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that Humour pass?

Fal. Now, the Report goes, she has all the Rule of her Husband's Purse: He hath a Legion of Angels.

Pist. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, say I.

Nym. The Humour rises; it is good; humour me the Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here another to *Page's* Wife, who even now gave me good Eyes too, examined my Parts with most judicious Iliads, sometimes the Beam of her View guided my Foot, sometimes my portly Belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on Dunghil shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that Humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my Exteriors with such a greedy Intention, that the Appetite of her Eye did seem to scorch me up like a Burning-Glass; Here's another Letter to her; she bears the Purse too; she is a Region in *Guiana*, all Gold and Bounty. I will be Cheaters to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; they shall be my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this Letter to Mrs. *Page*, and thou this to Mrs. *Ford*: We will thrive, Lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become; And by my Side wear Steal? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no base Humour: Here take the Humour-Letter, I will keep the Haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these Letters rightly, Sail like my Pinnacle to these golden Shores.

Rogues, hence, avaunt, vanish like Hail-stones; go, Trudge, plod away o'th' hoof, seek shelter, pack:

Falstaff will learn the Honour of the Age,

French Thrift, you Rogues, myself and skirted Page.

[Exit Fal, and Boy.

Pist.

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Pist. Let Vultures Gripe thy Guts; for Gourd and Fullam holds; and high and low beguiles the rich and poor. Tetter I'll have in Pouch when thou shalt lack, Base *Phrygian-Turk*.

Nym. I have Operations,
Which be Humours of Revenge?

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her Star.

Pist. With Wit, or Steel?

Nym. With both the Humours, I;

I will discuss the Humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold

How *Falstaff*, Varlet vile,

His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,

And his soft Couch defile.

Nym. My Humour shall not cool; I will incense *Ford* to deal with Poison, I will possess him with Yellowness, for the Revolt of mine is dangerous: That is my true Honour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*; I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter *Mistress Quickly*, *Simple*, and *John Rugby*.

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! I pray the go to the Casement, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor *Caius* coming; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the House, here will be an old abusing of God's Patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit *Rug.*]

Quic. Go, and we'll have a Posset fort soon at Night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal Fire; An honest, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant shall come in a House withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate; his worst Fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is something peevish that way; but no body but has his Fault; but let that pass.

Peter Simple you say your Name is,

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth.

Quic.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. 15.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glover's Pairing-knife?

Simp. No, Forsooth; he hath but a little Wee-face, with a little yellow Beard, a Cane-colour'd Beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted Man, is he not?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth; but he is as tall a Man of his Hands, as any is between this and his Head; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic. How say you? Oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his Head, as it were? And strut in his Gate?

Simp. Yes indeed does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse Fortune. Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wish —

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my Master.

Quic. We shall be all shent; run in here, good young Man, go into this Closet; [*shuts Simple in the Closet*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby*! *John*! What *John*, I say; go *John*, go enquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: and down, down, a-down'a, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des Toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Closet *un boitier verd*; a Box, a green-a Box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a Box.

Quic. Ay Forsooth, I'll fetch it you. I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young Man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. *Fe, se, se, se, ma foi. Il fait fort chaud, js m'en vaie a la Cour——la grande Affaire.*

Quic. It it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mette le au mon Pocket, Depech Quickly: ver is dat Knave Rugby?*

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! *John*,

Rug. Here Sir.

Caius.

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Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my Heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Portch.

Caius. By my Trot I tarry too long: Od's me: *Que ay je oublie*: Dere is some Simples in my Closet, dat I will not for the Varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay-me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Closet? Villanie, *Larron!* *Rugby*, my Rapier.

Quic. Good Master be content.

Caius. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Quic. The young Man is an honest Man.

Caius. What shall de honest Man do in my Closet, dere is no honest Man dat shall come in my Closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an Errand to me from Parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forsooth, to desire her to —

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your Tongue, speak-a your Tale.

Simp. To desire this honest Gentlewoman, your Maid, to speak a good Word to Mistress *Anne Page* for my Master, in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed-la; but I'll ne'er put my Finger in the Fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby* ballow me some Paper; tarry you a little-a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: But notwithstanding, Man, I'll do for your Master what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French* Doctor my Master, I may call him my Master, look you, for I keep his House, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress Meat and Drink, make the Beds, and do all myself.

Simp. 'Tis a great Charge to come under one body's Hand.

Quic

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Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great Charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell in your Ear, I would have no Words of it, my Master himself is in Love with Mistress *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* Mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, Jack'Nape; give'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his Troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a-nape Priest to meddle or make——You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut all his two Stones, by gar, he shall not have a Stone to throw at his Dog. [Exit Simple.]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter' a ver dat: do you not tell a me dat, I shall have *Anne Page* for myself? by gar, I will kill de Jack Preeft; and I have appointed mine Host of de *Fartere* to measure our Weapon; By gar I will myself have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give Folks leave to prate; what the good-ger.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your Head out of my Door; follow my Heels, *Rugby*.

[Ex. Caius and Rug.]

Quic. You shall have *An* Fools Head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* Mind for that; never a Woman in *Windsor* knows more of *Anne's* Mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. [within] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow! Come near the House I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman, how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What News? How does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the Way, I praise Heav'n for it. *Fent.*

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Fent. Shall I do any good think'st thou? shall I not lose my Suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his Hands above; but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a Book she loves you: Have not your Worship a Wart above your Eye?

Fent. Yes marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest Maid as ever broke Bread; we had an Hour's talk of that Wart: I shall never laugh but in that Maid's Company! but, indeed, she is given too much to Allicholy and Musing; but for you — Well — go to —

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's Money for thee: Let me have thy Voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me.---

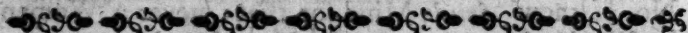
Quic. Will - I? Ay faith that we will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now.

[*Exit.*]

Quic. Farewel to your Worship. Truly an honest Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* Mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot?

[*Exit.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mistress Page, with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. **W**HAT, have I 'scap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day-time of my Beauty, and am I now a Subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no Reason why I love you; for tho' Love use Reason for his Precisian, he admits him not for his

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his Counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and so do I; would you desire better Sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least if the Love of a Soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like Phrase; but I say Love me:

*By me, thine own true Knight, by Day or Night,
Or any kind of Light, with all his Might,
For thee to fight.* John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked World!

One that is well nigh worn to pieces with Age, To shew himself a young Gallant? What unwayed Behaviour hath this *Flemish* Drunkard picht, I' th' Devil's Name, out of my Conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my Company: What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my Mirth, Heav'n forgive me: I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of Men; how shall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his Guts are made of Puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page, trust me, I was going to your House.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you; you look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith you do, in my Mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O Mistress Page, give me some Counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. Ford. O Woman! if it were not for one trifling Respect, I come to such Honour.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, Woman, take the Honour; What is it? dispense with Trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal Moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the Article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn Day-light, here, read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat Men as long as I have an Eye to make difference of Men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praise Women's Modesty, and gave such orderly and well behaved Reproof to all Uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his Disposition would have gone to the Truth of his Words; but they do no more adhere, and keep Place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the Tune of *Green-Sleeves*. What Tempest, I trow, threw this Whale, with so many Tun of Oil in his Belly, a'shore at *Windsor*? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with Hope, 'till the wicked Fire of Lust have melted him in his own Grease, Did you ever hear the like.

Mrs. Page. Letter for Letter, but that the Name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great Comfort in this mystery of ill Opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine ever shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank-space for different Names; nay more; and these are of the second Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts in the Press, when he would put us to. I had rather be a Giantess, and lie under *Mount-Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles, ere one chaste Man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same, the very Hand, the very Words; what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own Honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal;

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withal; for sure unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this Fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call it you? I'll be sure to keep him above Deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my Hatches, I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a Meeting, give him a show of Comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited Delay, 'till he hath pawn'd his Horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any Villany against him that may not sully the Chariness of our Honesty: Oh that my Husband saw this Letter, it would give eternal Food to his Jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes, and my good Man too; he's as far from Jealousy as I am from giving him Cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable Distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight. Come hither

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a Curtal-dog in some Affairs.

Sir John affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, and one with another, *Ford*, he loves thy Gally-mawfry, *Ford* perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife?

Pist. With Liver burning hot: Prevent, Or go thou, like Sir *Aleon*, with

Ring-wood at thy Heels: O, odious is the Name.

Ford. What Name, Sir?

Pist. The Horn, I say: Farewel.

Take heed, have open Eye; for Thiefs do foot by Night

Take heed ere Summer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing.

Away,

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Away, Sir Corporal *Nym*.

Believe it *Page*, he speaks Sense.

[*Exit Pist.*

Ford. I will be patient ; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true : I like not the Humour of lying ; he hath wrong'd me in some Humours : I should have born the humour'd Letter to her ; but I have a Sword, and it shall bite upon my Necessity. He loves your Wife ; there's the short and the long. My Name is Corporal *Nym* ; I speak, and I avouch ; 'tis true ; my Name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife. Adieu ; I love not the Humour of Bread and Cheese : Adieu.

[*Exit Nym.*

Page. The Humour of it, quoth 'a ? here's a Fellow frights *English* out of his Wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it : Well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the Priest o' th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible Fellow : Well.

Page. How now, *Meg* ?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you *George* ! hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, why art thou melancholy !

Ford. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy.

Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith thou hast some Crotchets in thy Head. Now will you go, Mistress *Page* ?

Mrs. Page. Have with you, You'll come to Dinner *George* ? Look who comes yonder : she shall be our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my Daughter *Anne* ?

Quic. Ay, Forsooth ; and I pray how does good Mistress *Anne* ?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see ; we have an Hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quic.*

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Page. How now, Master *Ford*.

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, Slaves, I do not think the Knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in his Intent towards our Wives are a Yoke of discarded Men very Rogues now they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.

Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay marry does he, If he should intend his Voyage toward my Wife, I would turn her loose to him; when he gets more of her than Sharp Words, let it lie on my Head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a Man may be too confident; I would have nothing lie on my Head; I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either Liquor in his Pate, or Money in his Purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, Bully *Rook*? Thou'rt a Gentleman, Cavaleiro-Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow. Good Even, and twenty, good Master *Page*. Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have Sport in Hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully *Rook*.

Shal. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welch* Priest, and *Cains*, the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o' th' Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, Bully *Rook*?

Shal.

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Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their Weapons, and I think, hath appointed them contrary Places; for, believe me, I hear the Parson is no Jester. Hark, I will tell you what our Sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no Suit against my Knight, my Guest-Cavalier!

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a Pottle of burnt Sack to give me Recourse to him, and tell him my Name is *Broom*; only for a Jest.

Host. My Hand, Bully; thou shalt have Egrefs and Regrefs; said I well? and thy Name shall be *Broom*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine Host.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* hath good Skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more; in these times you stand on Distance, your Passes, Stoc-cado's, and I know not what: 'Tis the Heart, Master *Page*; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

Host. Here Boys, here, here: Shall we wag?

Page. Have with you; I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Ex. Host. Shal. and Page.*]

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure Fool, and stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty, yet I cannot put off my Opinion so easily. She was in his Company at *Page's* House, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look farther into't; and I have a Disguise to sound *Falstaff*: If I find her honest, I lose not my Labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis Labour well bestow'd.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a Penny.

Pist. Why then the World's mine Oyster, which I with Sword shall open.

Fal.

Fal. Not a Penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my Countenance to Pawn; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nym*; or else you look'd thro' the Grate, like a Geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Mistress *Bridget* lost the Handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? Hadst thou not fifteen Pence?

Fal. Reason, you Rogue, Reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my Soul *gratis*? At a Word, hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you: Go, a short Knife, and a Thong, to your Manor of *Pick-batch*; go, you'll not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you stand upon your Honour? Why, thou unconfinable Baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the Term of my Honour precise. I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the Fear of Heaven on the left Hand, and hiding my Honour in my Necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue will ensconce your Rags, your Cat-a-Mountain Looks, your Red Lettice Phrases, and your bold-beating Oaths, under the Shelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what would'st thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good Wife.

Quic. Not so, and't please your Worship.

Fal. Good Maid then.

Quic. I'll be sworn,

As my Mother was the first Hour I was born,

Fal. I do believe the Swearer: what with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a Word or two?

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Fal. Two thousand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress Ford, Sir: I pray come a little nearer this ways; I myself dwell with Mr. Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well on, Mistress Ford, you say.

Quic. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship come a little nearer this ways,

Fal. I warrant thee no-body hears: mine own People, mine own People.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a Wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistress Ford, come Mistress Ford.——

Quic. Marry this the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a Canaries as 'tis wonderful: The best Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a Canary. Yet there has been Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, smelling so sweetly; all Musk; and so rushing, I warrant you in Silk and Gold, and in such aligant Terms, and in such Wine and Sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any Woman's Heart; and I warrant you they could never get an Eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty Angels given me this Morning, but I defy all Angels, in any such sort as they say, but in the way of Honesty; and I warrant you they could never get her so much as sip on a Cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good
The Mercury.

Quic.

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Quic. Marry, she hath received your Letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her Husband will be absence from his House between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, Forsooth, and then you may come and see the Picture, she says, that you wet of: Master Ford, her Husband will be from home. Alas! the sweet Woman leads an ill Life with him, he's a very jealousie-Man; she leads a very frampold Life with him, good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her, I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well; But I have another Messenger to your Worship; Mistress Page has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your Ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'er be the other; and she bad me tell your Worship that her Husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time, I never knew a Woman so doat upon a Man; surely I think you have Charms la; yes in Truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the Attraction of my good Parts aside, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Blessing on your Heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this; has Ford's Wife and Page's Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a Jest indeed; they have not so little Grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little Page, of all Loves: Her Husband has a marvellous Infection to the little Page; and truly Master Page is an honest Man. Never a Wife in *Windsor* leads a better Life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to Bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will, and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windsor*,

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truly she is one. You must send her your Page ; no Remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then ; and, look you, he may come and go between you both ; and, in any Case, have a Nayword, that you may know one anothers Mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing ; for 'tis not good that Children should know any Wickedness : Old Folks, you know, have Discretion, as they say, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well ; commend me to them both : There's my Purse, I am yet thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News distracts me.

[*Exit Quic. and Robin.*]

Pist. This Punk is one of *Cupid's* Carriers : Clap on more Sails ; pursue ; up with your Fights ; Give Fire ; she is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack* ? go thy ways ; I'll make more of thy old Body than I have done ; will they yet look after thee ? Wilt thou, after the Expence of so much Money, be now a Gainer ? Good body, I thank thee ; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Sir *John*, there's one Master *Broom* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your Worship a Mornings draught of Sack.

Fal. *Broom* is his Name ?

Bar. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in ; such *Brooms* are welcome to me that o'erflows such Liquor. Ah ! ah ! Mistress *Ford* and Mistress *Page*, have I encompassed you ? Go to, *via*.

Enter Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. And you, Sir ? would you speak with me ?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little Preparation upon you.

Fal.

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Fal. You're welcome; what's your Will? Give us leave, Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much, my Name is *Broom*.

Fal. Good Master *Broom*, I desire more Acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better Plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd Intrusion; for they say, if Money go before, all Ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a Bag of Money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the Carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master *Broom*, I shall be glad to be your Servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never so good Means as Desire to make myself acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing wherein I must very much lay open mine own Imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one Eye upon my Follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Register of your own, that I may pass with a Reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an Offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's Name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her, follow'd her with a doating Observance, ingross'd Opportunities to meet her, feed every slight Occasion that could but niggardly give

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me fight of her ; not only bought many Presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given : Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursued me, which hath been on the Wing of all Occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my Mind, or in my Means, Meed I am sure I have received none, unless Experience be a Jewel I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this :

" Love like a Shadow flies, when Substance Love pursues ;

" Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of Satisfaction at her Hands.

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a Purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what Quality was your Love then ?

Ford. Like a fair House built on another Man's Ground, so that I have lost my Edifice, by mistaking the Place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other Places she enlargeth her Mirth so far, that there is shrew'd Construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the Heart of my Purpose : You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding, admirable Discourse, of great Admittance, authentick in your Place and Person, generally allowed for your many War-like, Court-like, and learned Preparations.

Fal. O Sir !

Ford. Believe it, for you know it ; there is Money, spend it, spend it ; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable Siege to the Honesty of this *Ford's* Wife ; use your Art of Wooing, win her to consent to you ; if any Man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal.

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Fal. Would it apply well to the Vehemence of your Affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift; she dwells so securely on the Excellency of her Honour, that the Folly of my Soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any Detection in my Hand, my Desires had Instance and Argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage Vow, and a thousand other Defences, which now are too strongly embattail'd against me. What say you to't Sir *John*?

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will first make bold with your Money; next give me your Hand, and last as I am a Gentleman, you shall if you will, enjoy *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no Money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford*, Master *Broom*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own Appointment. Even as you came in to me, her Assistant, or Go-between, parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally Knave her Husband will be forth; come you to me at Night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your Acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldy Knave; I know him not; yet I wrong him, to call him poor; they say the jealous witolly Knave hath masses of Money, for the which his Wife seems to me well favoured. I will use her as the Key of the Cuckold-Rogue's Coffer, and there's my Harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

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Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt butter Rogue; I will stare him out of his Wits; I will awe him with my Cudgel; it shall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's Horns. Master *Broom*, thou shalt know I will predominate over the Peasant, and thou shalt lie with his Wife: Come to me soon at Night; *Ford's* a Knave, and I will aggravate his Stile; Thou Master *Broom*, shalt know him for Knave and Cuckold: come to me soon at Night. *[Ex.]*

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Rascal is this! My Heart is ready to crack with Impatience. Who says this is improvident Jealousy? My Wife hath sent to him, the Match is made; Would any Man have thought this? See the Hell of having a false Woman; my Bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my Reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villainous Wrong, but stand under the Adoption of abominable Terms, and by him that does me the Wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* sounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbasen* well, yet they are Devils; additions, the Names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol, Cuckold! the Devil himself hath not such a Name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass, he will trust his Wife; he will not be Jealous; I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my Butter, Parson *Hugh*, the *Welshman*, with my Cheese, an *Irishman* with my *Aqua-vitæ* Bottle, or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding, than my Wife with herself: Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their Hearts they may affect, they will break their Hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my Jealousy. Eleven o'Clock the Hour; I will prevent this, detect my Wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*; and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three Hours too soon, than a Minute too late. *Fy, fy, fy, Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.* *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius.

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Caius. Vat is de Clock, *Jack*?

Rug. 'Tis past the Hour, Sir, that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar he has save his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dar he is no come: By gar, *Jack Rugby*, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wife, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de Herring is no dead so as I vill kill him; take your Rapier, *Jack*, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany; take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's Company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Slender. Give you Good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see the foigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy Puneto, thy Stock, thy Reverse, thy Distance, thy Montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead my *Francisco*? Ha Bully? What says my *Esculapius*? my *Galen*? My Heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward *Jack* Priest of de World; he is not show his Face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion-king Urinal*: *Hector* of Greece, my Boy.

Caius. I pray you bear Witness, that me may stay fix or seven, two tree Hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a Curer of Souls, and you a Curer of Bodies: If you should fight, you go against the hair of your Professions: Is it not true Master *Page*.

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Page. Master *Shallow*, you have yourself been a great Fighter, tho' now a Man of Peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of Peace, if I see a Sword out, my Fingers itches to make one; tho' we are Justices, and Doctors, and Churchmen, Mr. *Page*, we have some Salt of our Youth in us; we are the Sons of Women Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*. Mr. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you Home; I am sworn of the Peace; you have shew'd yourself a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shown himself a wise and patient Churchman: You must go with me Mr. Doctor.

Hof. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-water? Vat is dat?

Hof. Mock-water, in our *English* Tongue, is Vauur, Bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much Mock-water as de *Englishman*, Scurvy-Jack-Dog Priest; by gar me will cut his Ears.

Hof. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, Bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

Hof. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Hof. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tanck you for dat.

Hof. And moreover, Bully; but first, Mr *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eek *Cavaleiro Slender*, go you thre' the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hof. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr Doctor.

[Exit *Page*, *Shal.* and *Slen.*

Caius.

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Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Priest; for he speak for a Jac-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die; sheath thy Impatience, throw cold Water on thy Choler; go about the Fields with me thro' *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Mistress *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-House a feasting, and thou shalt woo her; Cride-game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat! By gar I love you; and I will procure 'a you de good Guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy Adversary toward *Anne Page*: Said I well?

Caius. By gar 'tis good, vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Come at my Heels, *Jack Rugby*.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. I Pray you now, good Master *Slender's* Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your Name, which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*.

Simp. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windsor* way, and every way, but the *Town* way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Simp. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Pless my Soul, how full of Chollars I am, and tremping of Mind! I shall be glad if he have deceived me; how Melanchollies I am! I will knog his Urinals about his Knaves Costard, when I have good Opportunities for the Orke; 'Pless my Soul: *To shallow Rivers, to whose Falls melodious B. rds sing*
Ma-

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Madrigalls; There will we make our Peds of Roses, and a thousand fragrant Posies. To shallow—'Mercy on me, I have a great Disposition to cry. Melodious Birds sing Madrigal—When as I sat in Pablon; and a thousand vagram Posies. To shallow, &c.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. He's welcome. *To shallow Rivers to whose Falls—Heav'n prosper the Right: What Weapons is he?*

Simp. No Weapons, Sir; there comes my Master Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, over the *Stile*, this way.

Eva. Pray you give me my Gown, or else keep it in your Arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good-morrow, good Sir *Hugh*. Keep a Gamster from the Dice, and a good Student from his Book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah sweet *Anne Page*!

Page. Save you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Eva. 'Pless you from his Mercy sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword and the Word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your Doublet and Hose, this raw-rumatick Day?

Eva. There is Reasons and Causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good Office, Mr Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman, who belike having received Wrong by some Person, is at most odds with his own Gravity and Patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore Years, and upward; I never heard a Man of his Place, Gravity and Learning, so wide of his own Respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him, Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned French Physician.

Eva.

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Eva. Got's Will, and his Passion of my Heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of Porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more Knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave besides, a cowardly Knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the Man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his Weapons: Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your Weapon.

Shal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their Limbs and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you let me speak a Word with your Ear: Wherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you use your Patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack Dog*, *John Ape*.

Eva. Pray you let us not be Laughing-stocks to other Mens Humours; I desire you in Friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Urinal about your Knave's Cogs-comb.

Caius. *Diable Jack Rugby*, mine Host de *Jarteer*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de Place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian-soul, now look you, this is the Place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welch*, Soul-curer, and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I Politick? am I Subtile? am I a *Matthiavel*? Shall I lose my Doctor? No; he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No; he gives me the Proverbs and the No-verbs. Give me thy Hand, Celestial, so. Boys
of

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of Art, I have deceiv'd you both: I have directed you to wrong Places; your Hearts are mighty, your Skins are whole, but let burn'd Sack be the Issue. Come, lay their Swords to Pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host. Follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*!

[*Ex. Shal. Slen. Page and Host.*

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? Havo you make a-de-fot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his Vlowing-flog: I desire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our Prains together, to be revenge of the same small scall Scurvy Companion, the Host of the Garter,

Caius. By gar, with all my Heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceives me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his Noddles; pray you follow.

S C E N E. II.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little Galant; you were wont to be a Follower, but now you are a Leader. Whether had you rather lead mine Eyes, or eye your Master's Heels?

Rob. I had rather, Forsooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering Boy; now I see you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, *Mistress Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly Sir, to see your Wife; is she at Home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of Company; I think if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his Name is, my Husband had him of: What do you call your Knight's Name, Sirrah?

Rob.

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Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's Name; there is such a League between my good Man and he. Is your Wife at home, indeed?

Fal. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick 'till I see her.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*]

Ford. Has *Page* any Brains? hath he any Eyes? hath he any thinking; sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this Boy will carry a Letter twenty Miles, as easy as a Cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score; he pieces out his Wife's Inclination, he gives her Folly Motion and Advantage, and now she's going to my Wife, and *Falstaff's* Boy with her. A Man may hear this Shower sing in the Wind; and *Falstaff's* Boy with her! Good Plots; they are laid, and our revolted Wives share Damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed Vail of Modesty from the so seeming Mistress *Page*, divulge *Page* himself for a secure and wilful *Adæon*, and to those violent Proceedings all my Neighbours shall cry aim. The Clock gives me my Cue, and my Assurance bids me search; there I shall find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised of this than mocked; for it is as positive as the Earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good Knot: I have good Cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir;

We have appointed to dine with Mistress *Anne*. And I would not break with her for more Money Than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a Match between *Anne Page* and my Cousin *Slender*, and this Day we shall have our Answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good Will, Father *Page*.

Page.

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Page. You have, *Mr. Slender*, I stand wholly for you; but my Wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Cai. Ay, be gar, and de Maid is love a-me: My Nursh-a-*Quickly* tell me so mush.

Hof. What say you to young *Mr. Fenton*? he capers, he dances, he has Eyes of Youth, he writes Verses, he speaks Holy-Day, he smells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his Buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my Consent, I promise you: The Gentleman is of no having, he kept Company with the wild Prince, and *Poinz*; he is of too high a Region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a Knot in his Fortunes, with the Finger of my Substance. If he take her, let him take her simply; the Wealth I have waits on my Consent, and my Consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to Dinner; besides your Cheer you shall have Sport; I will shew you a Monster. *Mr. Doctor* you shall go, so shall you *Mr. Page*, and you *Sir Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:

We shall have the freer Woing at *Mr. Page's*.

Caius. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hof. Farewell my Hearts; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff* and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe-Wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to see this Monster.

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Ford. What *John*? what *Robert*!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket--

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, let it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your Men the Charge, we must be brief.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ford. Marry as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the Brewhouse, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this Basket on your Shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whistlers in *Datchet Mead*, and there empty it in the muddy Ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha'told them over and over; they lack no Direction. Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my Eyes-Musket, what News with you?

Rob. My Master Sir *John*, is come in at your Back-door, Mistress *Ford*, and requests your Company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-leut, have you been true to us?

Robin. Ay, I'll be sworn; my Master knows not of your being here, and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting Liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'art a good Boy; this Secrefy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new Doublet and Hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so; go tell thy Master, I am alone; Mistress *Page*, remember you your Cue. [*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholsome Humidity, this gross watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel? Why, now let me die; for I have liv'd long enough; This is the Period of my Ambition: O this blessed Hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John*!

Fal.

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Fal. Mistress *Ford*. I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress *Ford*: Now shall I sin in my Wish. I would thy Husband were dead, we'll speak it before the Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir *John*? Alas, I should be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another; I see how thine Eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou hast the right arch beauty of the Brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire-Valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* Admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *John*: My Brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to say so; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firm fixure of thy Foot would give an excellent Motion to thy Gait, in a semicircled Earthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy Foe were not, Nature thy Friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let me persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou at this and that, like a many of these lispng Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in Men's Apparel, and smell like *Buckler's-bury* in simpling-time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love Mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-Gate, which is as hateful to me as the reeks of a Lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that Mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that Mind.

Rob. [within] Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, here's Mistress *Page* at the Door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal.

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Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the Arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tailing Woman.

Enters Mrs. Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. Page. O, *Mistress Ford*, what have you done? You're sham'd, y'are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good *Mistress Page*?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, *Mistress Ford*, having an honest Man to your Husband, to give him such cause of Suspicion.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of Suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of Suspicion? Out upon you; how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman, with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman that he says is now here in the House, by your Consent, to take an ill Advantage of his Absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heav'n it be not so, that you have such a Man here; but 'tis most certain your Husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his Heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you, if you know your self clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewell to your good Life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not mine own Shame so much as his Peril. I had rather than a thousand Pound he were out of the House.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand, you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of some Conveyance; in the House you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceiv'd me? Look, here is a Basket, if he be of any reasonable
Stature.

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Stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul Linnen upon him, as if it were going to Bucking: Or it is whiting time, send him by your two Men to *Datchet Mead*.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't, I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friends Counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away; let me creep in here: I'll never—

[*He goes into the Basket, they cover him with Linnen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your Master, Boy: Call your Men *Mistress Ford*. You dissembling Knight:

Mrs. Ford. What, *John, Robert, John* go take up these Clothes here, quickly. Where's the Cowlstaff? Dook how you drumble: Carry them to the Landress in *Datchet Mead*; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect without Cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your Jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the Landress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with Buck-washing,

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the Buck: Buck, Buck, Buck ay Buck: I warrant you Buck, and of the Season too, it shall appear.

[*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*]

Gentlemen, I have dreamt to Night, I'll tell you my Dream: Here, here, here be my Keys; ascend my Chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me stop this way first: So now uncape.

Page. Good Master *Ford* be contented: You wrong yourself too much.

Ford.

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Ford. True, Master *Page*. Up Gentlemen, you shall see Sport anon: follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is very fantastical Humours and Jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the Fashion of *France*, it is not jealous in *France*——

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, see the Issue of his Search. [Exeunt.]

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double Excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my Husband is deceived, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. what a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who was in the Basket.

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the Water will do him a Benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Rascal; I would all of the lame Strain were in the same Distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my Husband hath some special Suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his Jealousy 'till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a Plot to try that, and we will yet have more Tricks with *Falstaff*: his dissolute Disease will scarce obey this Medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carrion Mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the Water, and give him another Hope, to betray him to another Punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to-morrow by eight o' Clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him, may be the Knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your Thoughts.

Ford.

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Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty Wrong, Mr. *Ford.*

Ford. Ay, ay, I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any body in the House, and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the Presses, Heav'n forgive my Sins.

Caius. By gar nor I too; there is no Bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, Mr. *Ford*, are you not ashamed? What Spirit, what Devil suggests this Imagination? I would not ha your Dilemper in this kind, for the Wealth of *Windsor-Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my Fault, Mr. *Page*, I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pal Conscience, your Wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a Dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Mistress *Page*, I pray you pardon me: Pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to Morrow-Morning to my House to Breakfast, after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the third.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy Knave, mine Holt.

Caius. Dat is god, by gar, with all my Heart.

Eva. A lousy Knave, to have his Gibes, and his Mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

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S.C.E.N.E IV.

Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy Father's Love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan*.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object I am too great of Birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my Expence,
I seek to heal it only by his Wealth.
Besides these, other Bars he lays before me,
My Riots past, my wild Societies:
And tells me tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a Property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come.
Albeit, I will confess, thy Father's Wealth
Was the first Motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne*:
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than Stamps in Gold, or Sums in sealed Bags;
And 'tis the very Riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my Father's Love, still seek it, Sir:
If opportunity and humblest Suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their Talk, Mistress *Quickly*;
My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a Shaft or a Bolt on't: 'D'lid 'tis
but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd,

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me:
I care not for that, but I am afraid.

Quic. Hark'ye; Mr. *Slender* would speak a word
with you.

Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's Choice.
O what a World of vile ill-favour'd Faults
Look handsome in three hundred Pounds a Year?

Quic. And how does good Master *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal.

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Shal. She's coming? to her, Coz.

O Boy, thou hadst a Father!

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. Anne; my Uncle can tell you good Jest of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. Anne the Jest, how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my Cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will; come cut and long-tail under the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that, Good Comfort; she calls you, Coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now Master Slender.

Slen. Now good Mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your Will?

Slen. My Will? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty Jest indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n; I am not such a sickly Creature, I give Heav'n Praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly for my own part, I would little or nothing with you; your Father and my Uncle have made Motions; if it be my Luck, so; if not, happy Man be his dole; they can tell you how things go better than I can; you may ask your Father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now Master Slender: Love him, Daughter Anne.

Why how now? What does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, Sir, thus to haunt my House:

I tell you, Sir, my Daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent.

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Fent. Nay, Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my Child.

Page. She is no Match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come, Master *Shallow*; come Son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my Mind, you wrong me, Master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to Mistress *Page*.

Fent. Good Mistress *Page*, for that I love your Daughter
In such a righteous Fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all Checks, Rebukes and Manners,
I must advance the Colours of my Love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my Master, Master Doctor.

Anne. Alas I had rather be set quick i'th' Earth,
And bow'd to Death with Turneps.

Mrs. Page. Come trouble not yourself, good Master
I will not be your Friend nor Enemy: [*Fenton,*

My Daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then, farewell Sir; she must needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewel, gentle Mistress; farewell *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you
cast away your Child on a Fool, and a Physician?
Look on Master *Fenton*: This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to Night,
Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring. There's for thy Pains.

[*Exit.*]

Quic. Now Heav'n send thee good Fortune. A kind
Heart he hath, a Woman would run thro' Fire and
Water for such a kind Heart. But yet, I would my Ma-
ster had Mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her;
or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what
I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and I'll
be as good as my Word, but especially for Mr. *Fenton*.
Well, I must of another Errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from
my two Mistresses; what a Beast am I to slack it. [*Ex.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.**Fal.* Bardolph, I say.*Bar.* Here, Sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Toast in't. Have I lived to be carried in a Basket, like a Barrow of Butchers Offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my Brains ta'en out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-years Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River, with as little Remorse as they would have drown'd a Blind Bitches Puppies, fifteen i'th' Litter; and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of Alacrity in sinking: If the bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the Shore was shelvy and shallow; a Death that I abhor; for the Water swells a Man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bar. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sack to the *Thames*-Water, for my Belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd Snowballs, for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bar. Come in, Woman.*Enter Mistress Quickly.*

Quic. By your Leave: I cry you Mercy. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalice; Go, brew me a Pottle of Sack finely.

Bar. With Eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of itself: I'll no Pullet-Sperm in my Brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worship from Mrs. *Ford*.

Fal. Mrs. *Ford*? I have had Ford enough; I was thrown into the Ford; I have my Belly full of Ford.

Quic. Alas the Day! good Heart, that was not her Fault: She does so take on with her Men, they mistook their Erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish Woman's Promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your Heart too see it. Her Husband goes this Morning a birding,

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birding, she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I must carry her Word quickly, she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her consider his Frailty, and then judge of my Merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quic. Peace be with you, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master *Broom*; he sent me Word to stay within: I like his Money well.

Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master *Broom*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. That indeed, Sir *John*, is my Business.

Fal. Master *Broom*, I will not lye to you;

I was at her House the Hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master *Broom*.

Ford. How Sir, did she change her Determination?

Fal. No, Master *Broom*; but the peaking Cornuto her Husband, Master *Broom*, dwelling in a continual larum of Jealousy, comes in the instant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were spoke the Prologue of our Comedy, and at his Heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his Distemper, and forsooth, to search his House for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you.

Fal. You shall hear. As good Luck would have it, come in one Mistress *Page*, gives Intelligence of *Ford's* Approach, and in her Invention, and *Ford's* Wife's Distraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yea, a Buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, and greasy

kins, that, Master *Broom*, there was the rankest Compound of villainous Smell, that ever offended Nostril.

Ford. And how lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master *Broom*, what I have suffer'd, to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford's* Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Mistress, to carry me in the name of foul Clothes to *Datchet-lane*; they took me on their Shoulders, met the jealous Knave their Master at the Door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their Basket; I quak'd for fear, lest the Lunatick Knave would have search'd it; but Fate, ordaining he should be a Cuckold, held his Hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul Cloths, but mark, the sequel, Master *Broom*, I suffered the Pangs of three several Deaths: First, an intolerable Fright, to be detested by a jealous rotten Bell-weather; next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo, in the Circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heal to head; and then to be stopt in, like a strong Distillation, with stinking Clothes, that fretted in their own Grease: Think of that, a Man of my Kidney; think of that, that am as subject to heat as Butter, a Man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a Miracle to 'scape Suffocation. And in the height of this Bath, when I was more than half stew'd in Grease, like a *Dutch Dish*, to be thrown into the *Thames* and cool'd glowing hot, in that serge, like a Horse-shoe; think of that; hissing hot, think of that Master *Broom*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My Suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

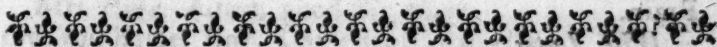
Fal. Master *Broom*, I will be thrown into *Etua*, as I have been into the *Thames*, e'er I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this Morning gone a Birding; I have received from her another Ambassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Master *Broom*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the Conclusion shall be crown'd with

with your enjoying her; Adieu, you shall have her, Master Broom, Master Broom, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! Ha! Is this a Vision? Is this a Dream? Do I sleep? Master Ford awake, awake Master Ford; there's a Hole made in your best Coat, Master Ford; this is to be married? this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck-Baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I am; I will now take the Leacher; he is at my House; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a Half-penny Purse, nor into a Pepper-box. But lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: If I have Horns to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me, I'll be horn-mad, [Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. **I**S he at Mr. Ford's already, think'st thou?
Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the Water; Mrs. Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young Man here to School. Look where his Master comes, 'tis a Playing-day I see. How now Sir Hugh, no School to Day?

Enter Evans.

Eva. No; Master Slender is let the Boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his Heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, My Husband says my Son profits nothing in the World at his Book, I pray you ask him some Questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William, hold up your Head come.
Mrs.

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Mrs. Page. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your Head, answer your Master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many Numbers is in Nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one Number more, because they say od's Nowns.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings, What is, *Fair, William?*

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quic. Poulcats? There are fairer things than Poulcats sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity o'man; I pray you peace. What is *Lapis, William?*

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone, *William?*

Will. A Pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your Prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good *William*: What is he, *William* that does lend Articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the Pronoun, and be thus declined, *Singulariter Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*; pray you mark: *Genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accusative Case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you have your remembrance, Child, *Accusativo hing, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is *Latin* for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave you Prabbles, o'man. What is the *Focative Case, William.*

Will. O, *Vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember *William*, *Focative* is caret.

Quic. And that's a good Root.

Eva. O'man, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive Case Plural, William?*

Will. *Genitive Case.*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitivo, horum, harum, horum.*

Quic. Vengeance of *Ginyes Case*; sy on her; never mean her, Child, if she be a Whore.

Eva. For shame o'man.

Quic

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Quic. You do ill to teach the Child such Words: He teaches him to hic, and to hac, which they'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum; fy upon you.

Eva. Q'man, art thou Lunacies? Hast thou no understandings for thy Cases, and the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as foolish Christian Creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy Peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some Declensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better Scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag Memory. Farewel, *Mrs. Page*.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good *Sir Hugh*.

Get you home, Boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. *Mistress Ford*, your Sorrow hath eaten up my Sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your Love, and I profess Requital to a hairs breadth, not only, *Mistress Ford*, in the simple Office of Love, but in all the Acoutrement, Complement, and Ceremony of it. But are you sure of your Husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a Birding, sweet *Sir John*.

Mrs. Page. [*within*] What hoa, Gossip *Ford*! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into th' Chamber *Sir John*. [*Ex. Fal.*]

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet Heart, who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No certainly. — Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why Woman, your Husband is in his old Lines again; he so takes on yonder with my Husband, so rails against all married Mankind, so curses all *Eve's* Daughters, of what Complexion soever, and so buffets him-

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himself on the Forehead, crying peer-out, peer-out, that any Madness I ever yet beheld, seem'd but Tameness, Civility and Patience to this Distemper he is now in; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carried out the last time he search'd for him in a Basket; protests to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their Company from their Sport, to make another Experiment of his Suspicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own Foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Hardby, at Streets end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? away with him, away with him; better Shame than Murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the Basket again.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, alas, three of Master Ford's Brothers watch the Door with Pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip ere he came; But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the Chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their Birding Pieces; creep into the Kill Hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my Word: Neither Press, Coffer, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an Abstract for the remembrance of such Places, and goes to them by his Note, there is no hiding you in the House.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own Semblance, you die, Sir John, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas-the-day, I know not, there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put a Hat, a Muffler, and a Kerchief, and so escape.

Fal.

Fal. Good Heart, devise something ; any Extremity rather than Mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My Maid's Aunt, the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my Word it will serve him, she's as big as he is, and there's her thrumb Hat, and her Muffler too, Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*, *Mrs. Page* and I will look some Linnen for your Head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight put on the Gown the while. [*Ex. Fal.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would my Husband would meet him in this Shape, he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*, he swears she's a Witch, forbad her my House, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n guide him to my Husband's Cudgel, and the Devil guide his Cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. Ford. But is my Husband coming ?

Mrs. Page. Ay in good Sadness is he, and talks of the Basket too, howsoever he hath had Intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that ; for I'll appoint my Men to carry the Basket again, to meet him at the Door with it as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently ; let's go dress him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my Men what they shall do with the Basket ; go up, I'll bring Linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a Proof, by that which we will do.

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh :

'Tis old but true, still Swine eat all the Draugh.

Mrs. Ford. Go Sirs, take the Basket again on your Shoulders, your Master is hard at Door ; if he bid you set it down obey him : Quickly, dispatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not, I had as lief bear so much lead.

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Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villain; somebody call my Wife: Youth in a Basket! Oh you panderly Rascals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a Conspiracy against me; now shall the Devil be sham'd. What Wife, I say; come, come forth, behold what honest Clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes Master *Ford*, you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is Lunaticks; this is mad as a mad Dog.

Shal. Indeed, Master *Ford*, this is not well indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir, Come hither Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, the honest Woman, the modest Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous Fool to her Husband: I suspect without Cause, Mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my Witness you do, if you suspect me in any Dishonesty.

Ford. Well said Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth Sirrah. [*Pulls the Clothes out of the Basket.*]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the Clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your Wife's Cloaths! Come away.

Ford. Empty the Basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why Man, why?

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a Man, there was one convey'd out of my House yesterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my House I am sure he is; my Intelligence is true, my Jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a Man there, he shall die a Flea's Death.

Page. Here's no Man.

Shal. By my Fidelity this is not well, Master *Ford*, this wrongs you.

Eva. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the Imagination of your own Heart; this is Jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your Brain.

Ford

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Ford. Help to search my House this one time, if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my Extremity; let me so, ever be your Table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as *Ford*, that searched a hollow Walnut for his Wife's Lemman. Satisfy me once more, once more, search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, Mistress *Page*! come you and the old Woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old Woman! what old Woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my Maid's Aunt of *Brainford*.

Ford. A Witch, a Quean, an old cozening Quean; have I not forbid her my House? She comes of Errands, does she? We are simple Men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the Profession of Fortune-telling. She works by Charms, by Spells, by the Figure, and such dawbry as this is, beyond our Element; we know nothing. Come down, you Witch, you hag you, come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet Husband; good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman.

Enter Falstaff in Womens Clothes.

Mrs. Page. Come Mother *Prat*, come, give me your Hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her. Out of my Door you Witch [*Beats him*] you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out, out; I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you. [*Exit Fal.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd?
I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it; 'tis a goodly Credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea, and no, I think the o'man is a Witch indeed: I like not when a o'man has a great Peard; I spy a great Peard under her Muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the Issue of my Jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no Trial, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his Humour a little further:
Come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ford. Nay by th' Mass that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the Cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar; it hath done meritorious Service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of Woman-hood, and the Witness of a good Conscience, pursue him with any further Revenge?

Mrs. Page. The Spirit of Wantonness is sure scar'd out of him; if the Devil have him not in Fee simple, with Fine and Recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our Husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means, if it be but to scrape the Figures out of your Husband's Brain. If they can find in their Hearts the poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the Ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they'll have him publickly sham'd, and methinks there would be no Period to the Jest, should he not be publickly sham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then sharp it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bar. Sir, the German desires to have three of your Horses; the Duke himself will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the Court: Let me speak with the Gentlemen; they speak *English*?

Bar. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my Horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll swace them. They have had my House a Week at Command; I have turned away my other Guests; they must come off; I'll swace them, come.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best Discretions of a o'man as ever I did look upon.

Page.

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Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an Hour.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt. I rather will suspect the Sun with Cold, Than thee with Wantonness; now doth thy Honour stand, In him that was of late an Heretick, As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more. Be not extream in Submission, as in Offence, But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives Yet once again, to make us publick Sport, Appoint a Meeting with this old fat Fellow, Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him Word they'll meet him in the Park at Midnight? Fie, fie, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the River; and has been grievously peaten, as an old o'man; methinks there should be Terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his Flesh is punished, he shall have no Desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes; and let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter, sometime a Keeper in *Windsor* Forest, Doth all the Winter time at still of Midnight Walk round about an Oak, with great ragged Horns, And there he blasts the Tree, and takes the Cattle, And makes Milch-kine yield Blood, and shakes a Chain In a most hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of such a Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed *Eld*.

Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do fear In deep of Night to walk by this *Herne's* Oak; But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry this is our Device, That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

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Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this Shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? What is your Plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and
thus :

Nan Page (my Daughter) and my little Son,
And three or four more of their Growth, we'll dress
Like Urchin, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white,
With Rounds of waxen Tapers on their Heads,
And Rattles in their Hands; upon a sudden,
As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused Song: Upon their sight
We two, in great Amazedness, will fly;
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight;
And ask him why, that Hour of Fairy Revel,
In their so sacred Paths he dares to tread
In Shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the Truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their Tapers,

Mrs. Page. The Truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dishorn the Spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The Children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their Behaviours, and
I will be like a Jack-a-napes also, to burn the Knight
with my Taber.

Ford. This will be excellent,
I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the
Fairies, finely attir'd in a Robe of White.

Page. That Silk would I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the Name of *Broom*,
He'll tell me all his Purpose. Sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us Properties
And tricking for your Fairies.

Eva.

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Eva. Let us about it,
It is admirable Pleasures, and ferry honest Knaveries.
[Exit. Page, Ford, and Evans.

Mrs. Ford. Go, *Mrs. Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his Mind.
[Exit *Mrs. Ford*.

I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good Will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*,
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Ideot;
And he my Husband best of all affects;
The Doctor is well mony'd, and his Friends
Potent at Court; he, he, none but he shall have her,
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her.
[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter *Host* and *Simple*.

Host. What would'st thou have, Boor? what, Thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap,

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff* from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, fresh and new; go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber, I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down; I come to speak with her indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat Woman? The Knight may be robbed: I'll call. Bully-Knight! Bully-Sir *John*! speak from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine *Host*, thine *Ephesian* calls.

Enter *Falstaff*.

Fal. How now, mine *Host*?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* carries the coming down of thy fat Woman: Let her descend, Bully, let her descend; my Chambers are honourable, Fie, Privacy! Fie

Fal. There was, mine *Host*, and old fat Woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise Woman of *Brainford*?

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Fal. Ay marry was it, Muscle-shell, what would you with her.

Simp. My Master, Sir, my Master *Slender* sent to her seeing her go thro' the Street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a Chain, had the Chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry she says, that the very same Man that beguil'd Master *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman herself, I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Master's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no; Go, say the Woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Host. Ay Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worship; I shall make my Master glad with these Tidings. [Exit. Sim.]

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*, Was there a wise Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more Wit than ever I learn'd before in my Life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bar. Out alas, Sir, Cozenage; meer Cozenage!

Host. Where is my Horses? Speak well of them Varletto.

Bar. Run away with the Cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a Slough of Mire, and set Spurs, and

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and away; like three *German Devils*, three Doctor *Faufufes*.

Hof. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not fay they be fled; *Germans* are honest Men.

Enter Evans.

Eva. Where is mine *Hof*?

Hof. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your Entertainments; there is a Friend of mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hofs* of *Reading*, of *Maiden-head*, of *Cole brook*, of *Horfes* and *Money*. I tell you for good Will, look you; you are wife, and full of Gibes and vlouting Stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver's mine *Hof de Jarteer*?

Hof. Here, Master Doctor, in perplexity and doubtful Dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand Preparation for a Duke *de Jamany*; by my trot, der is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come, I tell you for good Will; adieu.

[*Exit.*

Hof. Hue and cry, Villain go; assist me, Knight, I am undone; fly, run, Hue and Cry. Villain, I am undone.

[*Ex.*

Fal. I would all the World might be cozen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the Ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my Transformation hath been wash'd and cud-gel'd, they would melt me out of my Fat, Drop by Drop, and liquor Fishermen's Boats with me; I warrant they would whip me with their Wits, 'till I were crest-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at *Primero*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough, I would repent. Now, whence come you?

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd; I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous.

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lacious Inconstancy of Man's Disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd? yes, I warrant, specially one of them; Mistress *Ford*, good Heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white Spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all Colours of the Rain-bow; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable Dexterity of Wit, counterfeiting the Action of an old Woman, deliver'd me, the Knave Constable had set me i'th' Stocks, i'th' common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic. Sir let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and I warrant, to your Content. Here is a Letter will say somewhat. Good Hearts, what ado is here to bring you together? Sure one of you does not serve Heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talk not to me, my mind is heavy I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my Purpose, And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred Pound in Gold more than your Loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master *Fenton*, and I will at the least keep your Counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear Love I bear to the fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my Affection, (So far forth as herself might be her Chuser) Ev'n so my Wish; I have a Letter from her Of such Contents, as you will wonder at; The Mirth whereof's so larded with my Matter, That neither singly can be manifested.

Without the shew of both. Fat Sir *John Falstaff* Hath a great Scene; the Image of the Jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark good mine Host; To Night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen,

The

The Purpose why, is here; in which Disguise,
While other Jests are something rank on Foot,
Her Father hath commanded her to slip
Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton*
Immediately to marry; she hath consented. Now, Sir,
Her Mother, even strong against the Match,
And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed
That he should likewise shuffle her away,
While other Sports are tasking of their Minds,
And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends,
Straight marry her, to this her Mother's Plot.
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the Doctor: now thus it rests;
Her Father means she shall be all in White,
And in that Habit, when *Slender* sees his time
To take her by the Hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him. Her Mother hath intended,
The better to devote her to the Doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That quaint in Green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
With Ribbands-Pendant, flaring 'bout her Head;
And when the Doctor spies his Vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the Hand, and on that Token,
The Maid hath given Consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father or Mother?

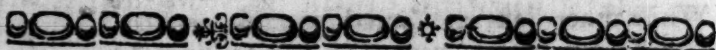
Fent. Both, my good Host, to go along with me;
And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And in the lawful Name of marrying,
To give our Hearts united Ceremony.

Host. Well, Husband your Device; I'll to the Vicar.
Bring you the Maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beside, I'll make a present Recompence.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. P R'ythee no more prattling; go, I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good Luck lies in odd Numbers; away, go; they say there is Divinity in odd Numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a Chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a Pair of Horns. [*Ex. Mistress Quic.*]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears: hold up your Head, and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, Master *Broom*? Master *Broom*, the Matter will be known to Night, or never. Be you in the Park about Midnight, at *Herne's Oak*, and you shall see Wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her Yesterday, Sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master *Broom*, as you see, like a poor old Man; but I came from her, Master *Broom*, like a poor old Woman. That same Knave, *Ford* her Husband, hath the finest mad Devil of Jealousy in him, Master *Broom*, that ever governed Frenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously in the shape of a Woman; for in the shape of a Man, Master *Broom*, I fear not *Goliath* with a Weaver's Beam; because I know also Life is a Shuttle; I am in haste; go along with me, I'll tell you all Master *Broom*. Since I pluckt Geese, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I know not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to Night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his Wife into your Hand. Follow; strange things in hand, Master *Broom*, follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Page. Come, come, we'll couch i'th' Castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son Slender, my Daughter.

Slender. Ay Forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a Nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in White and cry Mum, she cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shallow. That's good too; but what needs either your Mum, or her Budget? The White will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'Clock.

Page. The Night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well; Heav'n prosper our Sport. No Man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his Horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my Daughter is in Green, when you see your time, take her by the Hand, away with her to the Deanary, and dispatch it quickly; go before into the Park, we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice so much at the Abuse of Falstaff; as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the Welch Devil Herne?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a Pit hard by Herne's Oak, with obscur'd Lights; which at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting they will at once display to the Night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd he will be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their Leachery, Those that betray them do no Treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The Hour draws on; to the Oak, to the Oak. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, Fairies; come and remember your Parts: Be bold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the Watch-ords do as I bid you; Come, come, trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The *Windsor* Bell hath struck twelve, the Minute draws on; now the hot-blooded God's assist me. Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa*; Love set on thy Horns. Oh powerful Love! that in some respects makes a Beast a Man; in some other, a Man a Beast. You were also, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the love of *Leda*: Oh omnipotent Love! how near the God drew to the Complexion of a Goose, a Fault done first in the form of a Beast, O *Jove*, a beastly Fault; and then another Fault in the semblance of a Fowl; think on't, *Jove*, a foul Fault. When Gods have hot Backs, what shall poor Men do? For me, I am here a *Windsor* Stag, and the fattest, I think, i' th' Forest. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my Tallo? Who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford, and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there; my Deer?
My Male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the Black Scut? let the Sky rain Potatoes, let it thunder to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail Kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes; let there come a Tempest of Provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a brib'd Buck, each a Haunch, I will keep my Sides to my self, my Shoulders for the Fellow of this Walk, and my Horns I bequeath your Husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conscience; he makes Restitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome.

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what Noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our Sins.

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs.

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Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page. Away, away.

[*The Women run out.*]

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Lest the Oil that is in me should set Hell on Fire;
He would never else cross me thus.

Enter *Faries*.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You Moon-shine Revellers, and shades of Night,
You Orphan-Heirs of fixed Destiny,
Attend your Office, and your Quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your Names; silence, you airy Toys,
Cricket, to *Windsor* Chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where Fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearths unswept,
There pinch the Maids as blue as Bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and Sluttury.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink and couch; no Man their Works must eye.

[*Lyes down upon his Face.*]

Eva. Where's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a Maid
That e'er she sleep hath thrice her Prayers said,
Raise up the Organs of her Fantasie,
Sleep she as sound as careless Infancy;
But those that sleep, and think not on their Sins,
Pinch them, Arms, Legs, Backs, Shoulders, Sides and Shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windsor* Castle, Elves, within and out,
Strew good Luck, Ouphes, on every sacred Room,
That it may stand 'till the perpetual Doom,
In State as wholesome, as in State 'tis fit;
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The several Chairs of Order look you scour.
With Juice of Balm and ev'ry precious Flow'r;
Each fair Inttalment, Coat, and several Crest,
With loyal Blazon ever more be blest.
And nightly-meadow-Fairies, look you sing
Like to the *Garter*-compass in a Ring:
Th' Expressure that it bears, Green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the Field to see;
And, *Honi Soit Qui Mal-y Pense* write
In Emrold-tuffs, Flowers, purple, blue and white,

Like

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Like Saphire-pearl, and rich Embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knight-hoods bending Knee;
Fairies use Flow'rs for their Character.

Away, disperse; but 'till 'tis one o'Clock
Our dance of Custom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let us not forget. [set

Eva. Pray you lock Hand in Hand, yourselves in order
And twenty Glo-worms shall our Lanthorns be
To guide our Measure round about the Tree.

But stay, I smell a Man of middle Earth.
Fal. Heav'ns defend me from that Welsh Fairy,
Let he transform me to a piece of Cheese.

Pist. Vild Worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy Birth,

Quic. With Trial-fire touch me his Finger end;
If he be Chaste, the Flame will back descend
And turn him to no Pain; but if he start,
It is the Flesh of a corrupted Heart.

Pist. A Trial, come.

[*They burn him with their Tapers, and pinch him.*

Eva. Come, will this Wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh,

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in Desire;
About him, Fairies, sing a scornful Rhime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

The SONG.

Fie on simple Phantasie: Fie on Lust and Luxury:

Lust is but a bloody Fire, kindled with unchaste Desire,

Fed in Heart whose Flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him Fairies, mutually; pinch him for his Villany,

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

'Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-shine be out.

[*He offers to run out.*

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold of him.

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think I have watcht you
now;

Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you come, hold up the Jest no
higher.

Now,

Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor* Wives?
See you these Husbands? Do not these fair Oaks
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?

Master *Broom*, *Falstaff's* a Knave, a cuckoldy Knave,
Here are his Horns, Master *Broom*;
And, Master *Broom*, he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's*
But his Buck-basket, his Cudgel, and twenty Pounds of
Money, which must be paid to Master *Broom*, his Hor-
ses are arrested for it, Master *Broom*.

Mrs. *Ford.* Sir *John* we have had ill Luck; we could
never meet. I will never take you for my Love again,
but I will always count you my Deer:

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox too: Both the Proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the Thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my Mind, the sudden
surprize of my Powers, drove the grossness of the Fop-
pery into a receiv'd Belief, in despite of the Teeth of
all Rhime and Reason, that they were Fairies. See now
how Wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill
Employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your
Desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave you your Jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my Wife again, 'till thou
art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my Brain in the Sun and dry'd it,
that it wants Matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as
this? Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goat too? Shall I have
a Cox-comb of Frize? 'Tis time I were choaked with
a piece of Toasted Cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give Putter; your Pelly is
all Putter.

Fal. Seese and Putter? Have I lived to stand in the taunt
of one that makes Fitters of *English*? This is enough to
be the decay of Lust and late Walking, through the
Realm,

Mrs. *Page.* Why Sir *John*, do you think tho' we
would have thrust Virtue out of our Hearts by the Head

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and Shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our Delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A Bag of Flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed Man;

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable Entrails.

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife?

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Cack and Wine, Metheglins, and to Drinkings, and Swearings, and Staring, Pribbles and Prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme, you have the Start of me, I am dejected; I am not able to answer the *Welsh* Flannel, Ignorance itself is a Plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, we'll bring you to *Windsor* to one Mr *Broom*, that you have cozened of Money, to whom you should have been a Pander: Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that Money will be a biting Affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a Poffet to Night at my House, where I will desire thee to laugh at my Wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, she is, by this, Doctor *Caius's* Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slender. What hoe! hoe! Father *Page*!

Page. Son? How now? How now Son,
Have you dispatch'd?

Slender. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't; would I were hang'd-la, else.

Page. Of what, Son.

Slender. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Mrs. *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th' Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-master's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slender.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in Women's Apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own Folly.
Did not I tell you how you should know my Daughter
By her Garments?

Slender. I went to her in white and cry'd Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-master's Boy.

Mrs. Page. Good *George* be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my Daughter into Green, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanary, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is *Mrs. Page*; by gar, I am cozen'd, I ha marry'd one Garfool, a Boy; oon Peasant, by gar. A Boy; it is not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? did you take her in Green?

Caius. Ay by gar, and 'tis a Boy; be gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My Heart misgives me; here comes *Mr. Fenton*.
How now *Mr. Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon, good Father; good my Mother, Pardon.

Page. Now Mistress,
How chance you went not with *Mr. Slender*?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with *Mr. Doctor*, Maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her. Hear the Truth of it
You would have marry'd her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in Love:
The Truth is, she and I long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us,
Th' Offence is holy that she hath committed,
And this deceit loses the name of Craft,
Of Disobedience, or unduteous Title;
Since therein she doth eviate and shun
A thousand Irreligious cursed Hours,
Which forced Marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no Remedy.
In Love, the Heav'ns themselves do guide the State;
Money buys Lands, and Wives are sold by Fate.

Fal.

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Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what Remedy? *Fenton,* Heav'n give the Joy?

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Fal. When Night-dogs run, all sorts of Deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I will muse no further. *Mr. Fenton.* Heav'n give you many, many merry Days.

Good Husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this Sport o'er by a Country Fire.

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so, *Sir John*;

To Master *Broom* you yet shall hold your Word;

For he, to Night, shall lie with Mistress *Ford.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.



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